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GOVERNMENT AID OF MUSIC IN EUROPE*

By WILDER DWIGHT QUINT

GERMANY

ARE THE European nations more musical than our own? That is a question whose answer depends considerably upon its locale, and, further, upon the definition of the word musical. A citizen of Chicago, proud of the long-continued existence of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, might answer in the negative. So might a New Yorker, pointing to the enormous sums of money paid for that most expensive of playthings, grand opera. So might a Bostonian, rehearsing the history of the magnificent Boston Symphony Orchestra and its present popularity, and perhaps citing the Ancient Handel and Haydn Society as well as the city's various organizations for chamber music. Arguments based on these exhibits seem fair and strong to those who make them. But are they so in fact?

I fear the Chicago man forgets that that intense local pride for which the city is noted has been mainly instrumental for the comparatively long life of the Thomas Orchestra; the New Yorker fails to take into account, or to admit if he does, the fact that opera in his huge and glittering town is for the most part a social function paid for by the dollars of the very rich, who are perfectly satisfied to meet all the expense for the sake of having a place for the flaunting of their chattering, over-bemembered women. The Bostonian, even, sometimes neglects to give due credit to the devotion and pecuniary sacrifices of the one man whose life has made the Boston Symphony Orchestra possible today—Henry L. Higginson. In all three cases it is evident that something beside the impelling power of the musical instinct on the part of the people has been the prevailing factor for success.

And yet, conceding the word to mean certain things, we Americans are musical to a remarkable degree. We purchase more pianos, parlor organs, and phonographs *per capita* than any other people on the globe. We give enthusiastic support to that degenerate sort of comic opera known as musical comedy. We turn out large audiences from Maine to California when a celebrated *diva* goes on tour. We make millionaires out of the writers and publishers of that specialized drivel known as the "popular song." And we are beginning—which is the one great sign of promise on the horizon—to demand and to support in cities of the second and third size all over the country permanent symphony orchestras and organizations for the performance of chamber music. We are producing serious composers whose work is slowly but surely finding its way over the world. We are advancing, not retrograding. And that is much.

But as a nation we do not encourage the most inspiring art the world has ever seen. None of our forms of Government, whether Federal, State or municipal, gives any real help to the teaching or the practice of music. The feeble smattering taught in our public schools or State universities need not be reckoned at all. The United States Government squanders money on the distribution of seeds to the constituents of

* By permission from Government.

Congressmen, some of whom could not tell a carrot from a rutabaga, but it will not endow a national conservatory; the State pours out its funds for the killing of leaf-eating moths, but its purse-strings are tied against any possible demand from the apostles of good music; the city makes no protest at maintaining streets, but the "fathers" would stand aghast before a proposition to establish a municipal opera house. In a word, while we are beginning to like music more than moderately well, we are not willing, as a people, to encourage it.

In order to find governmental support of music, then, we must cross the ocean into the lands where both art and time are longer than here. We find almost all of the European governments doing something for the financial well-being of musical instruction and pleasure. I say pleasure, because it is chiefly opera that basks in the sunlight of official favor, and everybody knows that opera may sometimes be a thing of enjoyment. At any rate, the fact remains that this particular form of activity gets the lion's share of the subsidies. Nor need this be considered at all remarkable, for grand opera, being essentially spectacular, appeals more strongly to kingly powers-that-be than do any of the other musical manifestations.

We naturally turn first to Germany in any study of this sort. The land of the solid and substantial Teuton still remains, as it has long been, the most musical country in the world. Not that its people are bubbling over with natural melody like the Italians, or universally swayed by musical rhythm like the Spaniards, but that in their depth of love for serious and noble music, in their possession of many great orchestras, in their support of vast numbers of concerts of the highest type, in their widespread knowledge of the masterpieces of composition and in many minor essentials they are far beyond any other race of the earth. A German is the most crotchety of all music lovers, most intolerant in his tastes and views, but he is sincere. He would no more trifle with the quality of his music than with that of his beer. The faddish pretence of some English and Americans is to him abhorrent.

The great body of influential German citizenry having such characteristics, it has inevitably come about that government has aided the cause of music. To be sure, much remains to be done, even in Germany, but the things already accomplished may well serve as an example to other nations. In particular may this be said of the sound and sensible rule that the more prosperous an institution, the more aid it receives, instead of the conventional *vice versa*. There is good Biblical precedent for this in the parable of the ten talents, although few of our own municipal or national enterprises are carried on under that theory.

Germany begins early to instill the love of good music into the hearts of its children—or rather to cultivate that which has already been instilled by heredity. Even in the most elementary of the public schools, the *Volksschule*, music is taught, and taught well. The half-hearted attempts at instruction and the namby-pamby stuff dealt out to our American youngsters are in Germany unknown.

There is one very definite reason for the existence of worthy music in the *Volksschule* and that is that all teachers of these primary institutions must come from the government training colleges or seminaries where music is taught as an obligatory branch of the education of the future instructors. They are not permitted to go forth with a smattering of musical phrases and a feeble ability to read at sight a little easy writing;

they must not only sing, and sing intelligently, but must play the pianoforte, the organ or the violin—often all three. To add to this practice they must have theory. They must have a knowledge of instrumentation, of simple counterpoint and of the elements of composition. The consequence of all this is that in the humblest village schools you will hear songs for two voices beautifully sung at any time you may visit them, while excellent performances of three and four-part *lieder* are not at all uncommon. Thus Germany takes its doubtless splendid raw material and works it into stuff of the highest value for the coming years.

A step higher and we find the same careful attention paid to music in the gymnasia. Perhaps the best exemplar of the system is the *Gymnasium zum grauen Kloster* at Berlin. In that fine institution music is studied as a vital part of life, not as the little frippery "accomplishment" it is all too often considered in the United States. One ultimate object of vocal instruction is kept constantly in view, and that is to arouse an appreciation for good and serious music and to develop the pupils' understanding of the idiomatic, rhythmic and harmonic relations of the best vocal compositions. These are high aims, and it is only just to say that the results are in keeping with them.

It should be of interest to American teachers of music in the public schools to know how they do these things in Germany. Briefly it may be said that in the lowest grade of the gymnasium, the *Sexta*, the rudiments of harmonic and rhythmic proportions are taught together with musical notation, while scales, solfeggios, chorals and simple songs like the *Volkslieder* are practised in unison and their structure explained. In the next form, the *Unter Quinta*, the pupils are divided into sopranos and altos. They are given chorals, songs and motets by such composers as Palestrina, Graun and Marcello, practised "unisono" in each division separately. In the two second singing classes proper, easy two-part songs, chorals and motets are introduced, while in the first, or choral class, compositions for four, five, six and eight voices by the masters of the sixteenth and following centuries are sung *a capella* and even the sonorous choruses of mighty old Handel are mastered.

In the *Gymnasium zum grauen Kloster* seventeen hours a week are devoted to the study of music. At Torgau, a city of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, there is another fine choir of public school pupils, and you will find good ones scattered over the empire. It requires no argument to prove how highly stimulating musically is all this activity among the youthful citizens of the fatherland. In the work, too, the government exercises close control over such singing, for in the School Council (*Schulrath*) one member at least always has a sound musical education. Imagine that as a required qualification for a school committeeman in one of our villages or smaller cities!

Another strong influence that makes German musical education and taste what they are may be found in the *Institut für Kirschenmusik* founded in 1822 as a branch of the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin. This school has for its object the giving of such additional instruction to organists, cantors and other professional musicians as will enable them to take positions at the higher educational institutions of the country, special preference being given to pupils at the seminaries who have shown manifest talent for the art. The governmental subsidy is not large, but the professors give their services free and the instruction is admirable. About a score of organists and cantors are graduated every year, and they carry a good gospel into widely scattered sections of the

empire. They are no longer pioneers, for the musical trails have long since been blazed through Germany; they are husbandmen, rather, who must continue to sow new seed as each successive crop is harvested.

Coming to the very highest grades of subsidized musical teaching in the fatherland, the *Königliche Hochschule für Musik* is by far the most splendid and influential example. This world-famous institution, established by the government in 1869 as a part of the Royal Academy at Berlin, and under the direction of Joachim, the greatest violinist his country, at least, ever produced, has been one of the notable conservatories of the world and is still in the full tide of success. Spite of governmental aid it has always been thoroughly independent. Joachim himself fought the first and deciding battle for autonomy when, very early in his career as director, he entered the lists against an officious *Cultusminister* who attempted to discharge one of his appointees on the faculty. The sturdy fiddler sent in his resignation to the king, but it was not accepted; instead, the official was squelched and the liberty of the *Hochschule* established for all time.

This renowned conservatory is broadly inclusive in its curriculum. There are classes for every sort of orchestral instruments, for singing, for choral work and for all the various branches that any reasonable music student might care to take up. Better than anything else, there is an atmosphere of greatness in the place—or was so long as Joachim was alive—that has produced wonderful results in fields where the private conservatories are usually pre-eminent. It has grown and prospered according to its deserts. Whereas it opened in 1869 with only fifteen pupils, it had by 1890 over two hundred and fifty. This number is somewhat exceeded at the present day, although the government subsidy is very rigidly fixed and expansion is a pretty difficult feat. So it appears that even the nation most willing to aid the cause of the exalted kinds of music does not do its full duty, by any means. Some day when the United States and our individual States awake to the importance of the esthetic as well as the vegetable, as they surely will, we shall show all of the ancient folk of the earth how to do these things with an unstinting hand.

Within its limits, however—limits of quantity rather than of quality—the Berlin *Hochschule für Musik* has been a boon both to German students and those of other countries who flock to the capital of the German Empire for their musical training. Its concerts have held high rank of their class, and Joachim was always an inspiration both to the public and to his pupils. He threw his whole enthusiastic soul into the work and to such an extraordinary extent of conscientiousness that he never gave a private lesson in Berlin so long as he was connected with the conservatory, although tempted by the promise of fees that would have shattered the determination of a weaker man. On he went serenely, though, turning out artists who did him honor in every quarter of the globe. Among Americans, Eleonora Jackson and Maud Powell, the greatest woman violinist now living, came from the Joachim school, while the list of European *virtuosi* is too long to be catalogued in these pages.

If the racing of thoroughbreds is the sport of kings, grand opera in Germany may well be called the recreation of emperors and princes. It has all the elements of appeal to monarchical love of show and the desire to be a patron of something that fills the eye with its gorgeously. So, as I have observed before, we find opera getting

the cream from the various privy purses of Teutonic kingdoms, duchies and principalities. It is sometimes pointed out by those who argue against a subsidized opera that potentates themselves furnish the financial assistance for all the more important opera houses of the empire. That is true so far as it goes, but it should also be added that it is often only a pretty little fiction gilded over for the personal pride of those who reign. The money appears not to come from direct taxation of the citizens of states or municipalities, but as a matter of fact it is very rarely a part of the private fortune of the donor, and is quite often taken into account in making up budgets for the ruler's privy purse and voted upon by legislative assemblies of the various sorts. It is perfectly proper, therefore, to say that, with a few exceptions, the people themselves ultimately furnish whatever financial assistance is given to German opera houses.

Subsidized homes of grand opera may be divided into three classes: Court, national and municipal. They differ merely in methods of support and in grades of magnificence, whether of appointments or performances.

The court opera house, defined strictly, is the sport and plaything of the potentate. Being erected and supported by his private funds, it is his alone to do with as he likes. He may charge enormous prices of admission or he may throw his auditorium open to the world at no price at all. He may fill it with the pomp and circumstance of an audience of the great or he may listen, solitary in his own grandeur, to performances of supreme perfection as did mad Ludwig of Bavaria in the days when he, and he alone, saved the fortunes of Richard Wagner. But this class is now so small as to be beyond the pale of discussion, particularly as there is no useful lesson to be gleaned from the methods of its administration. It should be noted that most of "court" opera houses, so called, in the great cities of Germany bear the name merely as a title, or as signifying some assistance on the part of the ruler, but not complete support by him.

The next class, or national opera houses, are conducted along somewhat similar lines of administration to the first, except that the national exchequer takes the place of the privy purse as the real means of subsistence. The ruler may and often does contribute, but the burden lies more especially on the state. This expenditure is justified where any justification is called for—and there are Germans who do not always approve—on the ground that it is a part of the great work of art and education. And so opera really is in that land of serious striving. There it is no mere society function at which it is "the thing" to be seen. To be sure, it is not taken as a rather bad-tasting dose of educational medicine, but on the other hand it is not regarded solely as a syllabub. The state and those who constitute it, therefore, believe that it is right and fitting to give some of the public moneys for such a purpose. These national opera houses are, practically without exception, handsome and dignified buildings, because it is the German notion that they be taken as a type of the power and wealth of the state. That same feeling is exhibited in this country in the erection of expensive and elaborate capitols.

The third sort—the municipal opera houses—are perhaps the most remarkable examples of the German spirit as related to the fine arts. They exist in many cities, even those of relatively small population, and they are supported absolutely, when support becomes necessary, by the municipal governments. They are intended for the

education and recreation of the great average people, low prices of admission enabling all classes of citizens to enjoy the benefits thereof. Students are still further favored, and at Leipzig, for instance, seats in the parterre at the opera cost them only one mark, fifty pfennigs, or about thirty-five cents in our money. In that same Leipzig they are able for a little over three marks to procure season tickets to the *Abends*, or public practice evenings of the Royal Conservatorium, while for fifty pfennigs (about eleven cents) they can get admission to the *Prufungs*, the public examinations of the institution. The result of all this is that whole families flock to the opera and to concerts of superlatively fine music, and are not compelled to feel that they must live upon bread and water for the next month or two as the penalty for their pleasure.

Everywhere the municipal orchestra is in evidence, and everywhere it is regarded of as much importance in the lives of the people as, say, tram-cars or pavings. In Hamburg a great orchestra gives, in addition to its regular concerts, five popular ones each season, the admission to which is obtained for fifteen cents. Any hard-headed Yankee may well reason that this sort of thing does not pay. True, but the municipal corporation takes care of that and grants \$5000 a year for the Utopian purpose of giving its citizens good music at a price scarcely larger than that charged by the most hopelessly vulgar of our dime museums. It is only just to say that our own city of Boston for one season did the same thing and did it very creditably, but the ogre of economy quickly ate up the excellent municipal orchestra, and now threatens to eat up the still existent chamber concerts because, forsooth, it is believed that the "people" better love band concerts in the open air of summer, so that all the money available should be used for the exploitation of "The Merry Widow," or the song in honor of the gentleman who was afraid to go home in the dark.

But with true Teutonic obstinacy the authorities of the German cities still continue in their reckless ways. Cologne is an example. There the town orchestra plays at the opera and at a certain number of concerts in Cologne and Bonn. The prices for seats are very low. At the end of each season a balance-sheet is made out and the corporation pays the deficiency, which very often amounts to \$3000 or more. In Frankfort the municipal orchestra gives weekly concerts at moderate charges and assists at the opera when needed. To the opera and to the concerts the corporation gives \$50,000 a year, and is glad to do it. Even in little Mayence the municipality pays the deficiencies of popular concerts, not seldom handing over to the cause of art the very respectable sum of \$5000 a year. None of these cities, it should be carefully noted, is going into bankruptcy, and it is safe to say that every one of them is better governed than any municipality in the United States.

To their Emperor-king the people of Prussia owe more for the exalted state of opera than to any other living man. It used to be the fashion to jeer a little at the artistic aspirations of the strenuous "War Lord," but times have changed. The Kaiser has shown that he can be an effective and generous patron of the finer things of life as thoroughly as a stickler for military pomp and power. Those who believed that he was a *poseur* in his professions of devotion to music, in particular, have been compelled to admit that the pose has been of the very practical sort, the sort that is based upon the foundation of pecuniary assistance. Beside that, the Kaiser is deeply and energetically interested in the details of management of the opera houses he carries on

and, whatever his tendencies may be—whether reactionary and commonplace or truly artistic and progressive—he does his work for the real love of it and with all his characteristic vigor.

I find it little known outside Germany that the august William practically supports four opera houses in various parts of the kingdom of Prussia, those at Berlin, Wiesbaden, Hanover and Cassel. And all these are absolutely under his control and direction when he chooses, although he selects a general intendant who has immediate charge of the group.

Yet so firm is the imperial hold on the situation that all contracts must be signed by him and many other details attended to personally. The world has long known, of course, that the Kaiser is a prodigious worker; it has not realized, apparently, that he carries the burden of four opera houses on his shoulders.

The Royal Opera in Berlin is the Emperor's chief pride and glory. It has age as well as splendor, for it was founded in 1741 by that stanch old devotee of the best music of his day (his flute playing may be forgiven him), Frederick the Great. On his order the celebrated architect Knobelsdorf planned and erected the building, and it was opened in 1742 with a performance of Graun's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and with "the composer leading the orchestra in a long red cloak and white periwig." In those halcyon days the public was admitted free to the upper balconies, the king and his military notables being seated directly behind the orchestra, while the secretaries of state and the various court hangers-on were privileged to fill the first and second tiers.

In 1845 the venerable pile was partially burned down, but was at once rebuilt, after the same plans, by Langhans. The ornaments, however, were all replaced by new ones from designs of Rietschel and the ceiling was beautifully decorated in stucco and colors. Its auditorium and lobbies still remain among the most artistic and pleasing in Europe, but its exterior has been made somewhat unsightly in recent years by the application of iron fire-escapes.

It is to this institution, then, that Kaiser Wilhelm devotes his chief musical and executive energies. From his privy purse he grants to it every year the sum of one million marks, and when there is a deficit, as there generally is, he makes that up also. He is, in this case, actually and privately out of pocket every year, for it may be stated on the authority of Dr. Karl Muck, for the past two years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and one of the conductors of the Royal Opera itself, that the amount voted indirectly for the purpose by the Prussian Diet is never sufficient to pay the expenses of the four imperial houses. The Berlin opera house, for instance, is too small, seating but eighteen hundred, and although for ten months in the year there is a performance every evening and the places are always completely sold, neither the receipts nor the added subsidy can pay the expenses of the institution. The official staff is enormous—one of the few faults at all European opera houses; the orchestra is made up of the highest priced artists and the maintenance of the house, merely on its art side, calls for large outlays of money.

In addition to his expenditures in Berlin the Kaiser gives five hundred thousand marks to opera at Wiesbaden, two hundred and fifty thousand to Hanover and about the same amount to Cassel. He also assists many other theatres, including those at Strasburg, Metz and Kiel. It has been said that he is anxious to rival the reputation

of his august exemplar, Frederick, as a patron of the esthetic things of life; certainly a man who makes possible what are in many respects the most artistic performances of opera on the continent may fairly be given a rather exalted place in this particular hall of fame.

Beautiful Dresden also furnishes an admirable object lesson in the management and support of subsidized opera. There the King of Saxony gives for the two theatres, one of them the court opera house, the sum of \$220,000 annually. But the management is so wise and conservative on general principles, that it is usually able to put by a small reserve fund each year, sometimes amounting to as much as \$10,000. This is the one opera house in whose conduct I have been able to discover such a satisfactory state of affairs. It shows truly that such noble and artistic performances as are given at Dresden need not necessarily spell financial losses or extravagances. To the assistance mentioned is added the loan of the Royal Orchestra, supplied by the king, whose special hobby this admirable body of players still continues to be.

The original court opera house in Dresden was built some seventy years ago, but was burned in 1869. The famous Semper designed the old structure and it is a remarkable fact that he also erected the new, with the aid of his son. Originally the sum of \$395,000 was granted for the rebuilding by the government of Saxony, soon after increased to \$575,000, as it became evident that Semper's exquisite plans could not be put into effect for less money. Then came the costly Franco-Prussian War, with its train of higher prices, and much more money was needed, so that the total cost reached \$1,150,000. The foundations were laid in 1871 and the first performance was given in 1878.

Dresden is a very typical opera-going city of Germany. There everybody attends such performances, not only because of the spirit that impels them to do so, but because the prices charged for admission and for seats will permit. In the lovely opera house of perhaps the most charming city in Europe, there foregather, almost nightly, music lovers of high and low degree; of fat purses and thin; of exalted rank and humble station. No special dress is prescribed and no special lines of behavior are marked out, save that absolute quiet and promptness are the requisites *par excellence*.

The opera begins either at six or seven-thirty, depending upon the length of the work to be produced, but never later than the last-named hour. The nuisance of late comers is absolutely eliminated in this opera house. If the orchestra has begun to play, all must wait until the overture is over. If an act has commenced, no society disturbers can come swishing and chattering down the aisles to ruin the pleasure of the serious lovers of music drama.

An American girl who has written on student life in Dresden says of the Dresden opera house: "A few guards stand at the entrances to keep them free from loungers. Any unchaperoned girl can go to the opera in Dresden with as much propriety as she can go to church. In looking over the audience you can pick out diplomats, statesmen, soldiers, students, tradesmen and your washfrau. In the fourth gallery, where the music is best heard and the prices of seats vary from fifty cents down to fifteen, you will see first a gaily uniformed officer, whose small salary will not permit him to be further down. Sitting next to him is an old market woman, and next to her a thin, spectacled student who looks as if he had gone without his supper to be there.

"Everyone goes to the opera in Germany. One may get along without a fire or cut down on rolls and coffee or give up some much needed clothing, but a genuine, true-hearted son of the fatherland must hear good music."

And it may well be said on the other side of the subject that if the German citizen of whatever stamp must hear good music the government believes that it must furnish him or her an opportunity to do so at sums that are not only wholly reasonable in themselves, but within the reach of almost anyone who feels the calling of the divine spark within. It may be said, too, that beyond the original outlay on building, the taxpayers as a rule have only to make up the small difference between the actual expenditures and the amounts of money received at the box office. This is indeed subsidized opera in its best and most praiseworthy form. It does not mean that the people are wholly free from any obligation regarding it, or that they are given their seats, or pauperized in the slightest degree. It does mean, however, that they are all made to contribute, according to their means, a little sum for the enjoyment of the body politic.

Frankfort is a city particularly well endowed with subsidized opera. It possesses a municipal opera house, a beautiful building finished in 1880. This was erected by private subscriptions among the wealthy and artistic of the town. The city presented the site and contributed to the maintenance fund which is managed under municipal direction by men elected from the subscribers. The total outlay was \$1,150,000 and it has always been considered as well spent by those who love Frankfort and its esthetic aspirations.

Munich is another city finely equipped for the production of opera under government assistance. The King of Bavaria, whose race has always been noted for its devotion to the art of music, contributes \$125,000 annually to the two old play houses, one of which is a home for opera. Besides that, Munich possesses what is now the most complete and artistic opera house in the world, the famous Prinzregenten Theatre which was dedicated in 1901. This was built by a society of artistic and wealthy men and ceded for ten years to the management of the existing royal theatres, so that it shares to a certain extent in the subsidies granted those institutions. Chief among those to whom highest credit and praise must be given for the work of establishing this splendid opera house and managing it on broad and substantial lines is Herr Von Possart, its intendant, and who is also intendant of the royal theatres. This man has made the performances of the Prinzregenten, in which Wagnerian works figured to a very large extent, famous the world over, and close in rivalry, if not superior, to those at Bayreuth itself.

The theory of subsidized opera as it exists in Germany is on the whole fairly simple. As both court and national institutions are nowadays open to the public, except on state occasions and with the exception of such parts as are reserved either for royalty or for official use, the income can, to a great extent, be based on the sale of tickets of admission, with the addition of a suitable subsidy which, of course, need not be so large as if the whole expenses of the establishment were defrayed by the owner and no money taken at the door. This is where subsidized opera differs from its ancestor, the true court opera, for which the exchequer of the king or the grand duke or the prince was the mine from which came the financial support of the institution. Nowadays it is hardly possible and certainly no longer in fashion for any potentate to maintain for

himself an expensive corps of singers, a large and costly orchestra and a group of managers, all of whom must be placed at good salaries. The ruler still maintains much of his prerogative in these respects, but the state or municipality steps in and relieves him of a greater or less part of the burden that his forefathers were wont to bear without complaining. But one ancient principle still holds and that is that there are no profits to be made, and the amount of the subsidy is generally so calculated as just to prevent a deficit. In fact, so far as the opera-goer is concerned, he obtains his entertainment at less than its cost price, the owner, whether it be a society, a state, a municipality or a king, making up the difference.

There is one very convincing and suggestive advantage to opera of this sort. As it is not carried on for anyone's gain, the whole principle of its financing lies in the art of making the income and the expenditures tally. Thus when the income is particularly satisfactory the intendant can afford himself and the people the luxury of providing a more numerous staff, better artists, costlier scenery and generally improved performers. Nor is he compelled to worry as to profit and loss. He is paid a fixed salary without reference to deficit or surplus. He is mostly free from restrictions as to the acceptance of operas, the choice of casts, the manner of production and the hundred and one other details to which he must give his life.

Altogether, then, the intendant's position may be considered as highly desirable and one that gives him every opportunity for the expansion of the artistic side of his nature, as well as for the careful exercise of his financial instincts. That in general he has plenty of work to do is evidenced from the records of performances in the various opera houses of the sort under discussion. For instance, the municipal opera house at Frankfort in one typical season presented eighty-eight works—sixty grand operas, eleven comic operas, four ballets and thirteen spectacular performances. At Munich for the same year fifty-six operas was the total, at Stuttgart fifty-three and at Berlin sixty. These figures, it should be remembered, represent different operas, not performances, which is quite another matter. In variety, therefore, any one of the German subsidized opera houses is far in advance of the great opera houses in New York or London, and in other respects, save that of the possession of blazing stars, it may be said that most of these German institutions offer more complete and artistically satisfying productions than even great Gotham can boast.

When America—the Republic or the individual Commonwealth—begins in earnest on the great work of subsidizing music, she will naturally turn first to Germany for the best knowledge and the best experience of the system. The splendid nation of the Teutons will deserve that compliment, and yet there are other races and other governments on the continent whose achievements along these directions are worthy of study and emulation. They will be made the subject of coming discussion in this magazine.

FRANCE

IN France art is taken for granted. The spirit that has made Paris the reigning belle of all the cities of the earth and that has produced everywhere through the land monuments of architectural grace and beauty has also been the conservator of all those finer things that make life worth the living.

There may be and there often are violent and wordy warfares as to the particular form that is preferable in some particular art. Blood is often shed on questions of taste, and legislative assemblies have been aroused to pugilistic fury over debates as to this or that tenet in the creed of the artistic. But when all is said and done, when we make due allowances for the fiery temper of the Gaul and the absurd lengths to which his convictions sometimes carry him, we must admit with admiration that the Frenchman has made of his country and of Paris especially the most delightfully artistic part of creation.

It is thoroughly to be expected, therefore, that France should pay much and careful attention to the art of music. Next to Germany, indeed, we find the greatest accomplishments in the realms of the higher composition. It is an extraordinary thing that volatile and highly emotional as the French character often becomes, the great composers of the world, next to those of German blood, have lived and worked within its borders. Nor have the works of the best of the French makers of music been without sober and profound thought. They have not indeed reflected the commonly accepted quality of the Parisian "flaneur"; they have spoken rather of the great and nobly patriotic spirit that, after all, is at the depth of every Frenchman, especially him whom the soil has nourished apart from the great capital. And it is worth noting in this connection that as the years have lengthened themselves out from the earliest of the French composers, this quality of sombre beauty and mental exaltation has increased rather than diminished. From the glittering, magnificent Berlioz to the ascetic D'Indy and the weirdly mysterious Debussy, there is a gulf more enormous than between any set of composers in any other country during the same time. So it is not, after all, very surprising to find that in music the French genius is far from flippant, far from expressing, as most Italian music does, merely the froth and the melody of life.

It seems to have mattered little what sort of government France has had, so far as its nourishing of the art of music among the people is concerned. Whether monarchy, national assembly, empire, commune or republic there has always been time, even in the most exciting of moments, for the making of provision for the teaching and cultivation of the art among the people. Heads of kings and queens might fall into the dread basket; "citizen" tyrants might in turn be carted to the guillotine; the commune might tear down the costly and beautiful monuments of the empire; the German war-dog might roar and rage outside the gates of Paris, but ever and always the desire to give national support to music was unquenched and ever and always the money was found to assist and encourage the art for the honor of France.

France, like her bitter enemy, Germany, begins early with the inculcation of the musical spirit and practice. Even in her primary schools all over the republic, she insists that genuine and high-grade musical instruction be given and that the future citizens shall have as accurate and as useful a knowledge of the science of music as of the

science of geometry or of surveying. There is no city in France of any importance whatsoever where you cannot find in the schools a course of music carried on with high ideals by teachers who are presumed and indeed compelled to know something of that which they are imparting beyond having the mere ability to quote from the books of instructions or lead their little charges in the correct singing of a scale.

It must be remembered, of course, that in France national systems of music are national indeed. The days of the kings and the emperors have long since been numbered and what was once royal is now, by the right of inheritance, an attribute of the republic. So that government aid of music in France really means that the whole people do their share toward the cultivation of the musical spirit. And thus France enjoys the proud distinction of being the only large republic on earth that officially and through its legislative and municipal bodies grants subsidies to music. It is a distinction which ought not to be in existence many years longer and which, I firmly believe, will cease to be when within a decade or so the people of the United States awake to the splendid value of the musical education, not only as an artistic asset, but as a practical and useful portion of the equipment of a people.

The French practice of musical instruction begins at and radiates from the magnificent national conservatory of Paris, an institution whose full title is "Le Conservatoire de Musique et de Declamation," which occupies a big, dingy and unattractive building known probably to many American visitors in Paris as standing between the Faubourg Poissonniere, the Rue Bergere, and the Rue du Conservatoire. The very aspect of the structure speaks of an ancient and conservative history and such indeed it has had. It was founded in the troublous times of 1795, although as far back as 1784 the Baron de Breteuil, an amateur music lover of no mean ability, had established an Ecole Royale de Chante et de Declamation for the purpose of training pupils to sing in the choruses in the opera, which, up to this time, had depended for its recruits upon the churches and cathedrals. The school was a bad one, we are told, and in 1789 it went the way of other unworthy institutions and disappeared from the face of the earth. Three years afterward one Sarrette was granted permission from the authorities to establish a free school of music.

Sarrette was a man of intelligence and indefatigable energy and he quickly saw that it would better his plans if municipal aid were given to his institution. In 1790 he persuaded the city to undertake the charge of the establishment. The number of instructors was increased to seventy-eight and here, it is worthy of note, were educated and trained all those military bands which aroused the enthusiasm of the French armies of the republic for fourteen years. In 1793 the Convention established an Institute National de Musique and two years later the Conservatoire as it now exists was definitely and finally organized. The government of that epoch, unstable and cruel as it was in many respects, recognized by some supreme inspiration the power and the glory of music and established the Conservatoire upon a firm and prosperous basis.

It decreed that there should be one hundred and fifteen professors giving free instruction to six hundred pupils of both sexes, and 240,000 francs a year were voted to pay expenses. Sarrette was made director as a matter of course, and it was he who obtained from Napoleon the establishment of a school for declamation, as well as for music. In this institution a certain number of pupils were boarded free and,

to a limited extent, that system is in vogue today. Thus for a number of years the work went on and concerts were added with a view to strengthening and rendering more perfect the ensemble of the orchestra. That much for the credit of Bonaparte, at all events.

With the Restoration worse times befell the Conservatoire. The feeble king who came back for his brief reign must necessarily change its name and it was called the *Ecole Royale de Musique*, a more resounding title, perhaps, but with a diminished amount of money from the treasury, the suspension of the concerts and the ousting of Sarrette from his office. Then came into power Cherubini, the first of the great composers who have from that day been directors of the institution.

In 1830 the Conservatoire again regained its old name and Sarrette might have had the position of director but he put it aside out of respect for the venerable Cherubini. In 1841 the aged composer—he was then eighty-one—laid down the reins of office and Auber, best known for his delightful comic operas, succeeded him. Under his direction a fourth-class dramatic declamation was established, as well as a class of history and literature, from a stage or theatrical point of view. He also decreed that the keeping of girls as boarders should no longer be countenanced, a rather ungallant action but one that, in all probability, was fully justified. After Auber, in 1871, came Ambroise Thomas, who was not long ago succeeded by G. Faure, the present director.

As the Conservatoire now stands it is a marvelous implement in the creation of musical spirit and education. Six hundred pupils receive there the most effective and splendid training in the world. They must be subjected to the test of competitive examination, and nowadays only French subjects are ordinarily allowed to enter. Foreigners are occasionally admitted with the sanction of the *Ministre des Beaux Arts*, under whose authority the Conservatoire is governed by its directors. There are now about seventy professors or masters, the greater number of whom instruct in the various branches of music. These men, it is hardly necessary to say, are for the most part the pick and flower of the French composers, players and theorists, and everything that is humanly possible is done to make of the six hundred capable and conscientious musicians. They are sometimes of course more than that, for the occasional genius crops out often under such influences.

Besides the instruction to the vast majority, the state, through the Conservatoire, also grants each year the famous *Prix de Rome*, which is won by competitive examination and gives to the fortunate pupils who obtain it the sum of six hundred dollars a year for four years and a share in a beautiful residence in Rome where the most advanced study can be taken under peculiarly happy and suggestive surroundings. To name the winners of this coveted reward would be almost like cataloguing all of the great French composers, although here and there, of course, there has been an exception, in that some overwhelming genius failed in his early days to arrive at that peculiar distinction.

The Conservatoire concerts have long been famous and they are still regarded as among the finest in Paris. All the seats are filled by subscription tickets and no outsider has money enough to procure a place. The concerts are given once a fortnight from the first week in January until the month of April. The orchestra is one of the

finest in Europe—the best, Frenchmen believe—but that is a matter of opinion. At any rate, the whole output of the Conservatoire is a splendid demonstration of the value of state assistance to the various branches of musical activity.

Over in France they have a habit of giving a director of this, that and the other enterprise absolute and almost tyrannical power and the case of the Conservatoire perhaps furnishes no exception. The institution is under the sway of a man with absolute authority over the interior arrangement and the work of the instructors. He is appointed by the government, but from the moment in which he is placed in command he is as absolute as is the captain of a merchantman. He has under him a manager, a secretary, an accountant, an overseer of class rooms, an assistant overseer, chief librarian, a custodian and a “chef de classe,” besides; of course, all the members of the various teaching corps. The instruction is divided into nine sections: Solfege and a musical theory; harmony and composition; singing and lyrical declamation; piano and harp; stringed instruments; wind instruments; orchestral and chorus classes; reading aloud, reciting and dramatic declamation and the general history of musical and dramatic literature. The teaching corps is made up of home and outside professors, of “*accompagnateurs*” for the study of parts and of “*repetiteurs*.” The first and second sorts of officials are nominated by the state when presented by the director and proposed by the under-secretary of state for fine arts.

Although the government never interferes with the policy of the director of the Conservatoire it does keep closely, and properly, in touch with the spirit of the institution as expressed by its masters. For instance, there are two teaching committees or councils, one for musical and one for dramatic studies, presided over by the minister of fine arts, or, in his absence, by the under-secretary, or the director of the Conservatoire himself. These two councils may be summoned together or separately to decide on matters of general interest as to instruction in the different sections. Each of the nine sections has a jury composed of members of the council and its own special professors, which pronounces on admission to the Conservatoire, and another for class examinations from which the professor giving instruction is rigorously excluded. The competitive examinations for admission are held between October 15 and December 15.

The qualifications for admission are hedged about by what we might term severe restrictions. Every pupil ambitious to share in the glory of the Conservatoire must provide a birth certificate as well as one for vaccination before he or she can be permitted to enter the charmed circle of the musically elect. Then, too, any disfigurement of the face, any impediment of speech, any physical disability of any sort is fatal to the hopes of the candidate. The government demands that the men and women whom it musically educates with the old primary idea of fitting them for grand opera, must be, if not beautiful, at least perfect specimens of the human animal. And yet the contestants are handsomely treated. Those from the provinces have their fare paid from home and very often their board in Paris. They are looked after with considerable care, a relic no doubt of the ancient system of paternalism to which was due the very founding of the institution.

For those who have won their way through the barriers there are twelve pensions of 1800 francs each granted through the “*Counours*,” or yearly public examinations, to pupils of both sexes who have followed the singing classes with a view to preparing

themselves for the stage. These are given by the state on the proposition of the examining committee supported by the approval of the director. For their part the pupils are made to realize a duty they owe the government. They are bound at the end of their three years' course to give their services for two years to any of the theatres subsidized by the government and whose managers may claim their co-operation. But the grand opera of Paris has to allow the winner of the first prize in singing, or, in default, of the second, to appear on its stage a certain number of times during one year after the "Counours" and to let the public hear that singer in at least two operas. If the ambitious young man or woman proves in any degree successful the opera management often bestows gratuities and gets them engagements afterwards. Those who show that they have not the attractive vocal or physical stuff in them for the winning of audiences are allowed to sink into oblivion at the end of their obligatory term.

In the Conservatoire are eight professors of singing; eleven of piano; one of organ; six of the violin; six of the 'cello, besides a number of others promiscuously distributed. It is no flattery to France to say that this corps is the finest in the world. Joachim, a German, and Rubinstein, a Russian, have both said that no other teaching body on earth was so admirable as a whole. And yet these men are in a certain way the absolute slaves of the government. There is as strict a discipline for them as for their pupils. They are expected and demanded to give two hours at a time to each class and they must arrive punctual to the minute or serious things happen to them. They cannot leave an instant before the two hours are up, for an overseer closes the door immediately the clock has struck and is compelled to enter any professorial irregularity in a little book which is the terror both of pupils and those who are over them. The professor cannot receive any caller, no matter how urgent the business, while he is in his class room. If he misses a class, save only by illness, he must make it up before the end of the term. He must go through the drudgery of filling a daily chart marking in figures from 6 to 0 his idea of the performances and the progress of his pupils.

It might be thought that such severity as this would keep the big men of France out of the Conservatoire, but the very opposite is the case. The greatest composers, pianists, violinists—in fact every sort of musicians—have all through its history been connected with it and are today. And, as I have said, out through the nation goes the enormous and salutary influence of this great school of music.

The teaching of the art in France generally is very widespread and more than elementary notions of what it is made of are now demanded everywhere. Vocal music figures in the curriculum of primary schools for both sexes. It is demanded as a test of capacity and the "Lycees" prescribe it from their lower classes even to the fourth grade. The best musical instruction, of course, is that in the special schools, municipal and national. The municipal institutions now number about one hundred and they depend, as their name indicates, on the initiative of the community. Without any regular courses they are governed by the desires and the tastes of the people. Some favor vocal study completely; others that of stringed instruments, and still others that of wind instruments, but in all there is a real intent for the highest kinds of musical culture. Among the municipal schools the finest are at Amiens, Arras, Besancon, Cambrai, Carcassonne, Carpentras, Cette, Orleans, Oran, St. Quentin, Tourcoing, Valence and Marcille.

The national schools include, of course, the Palace Conservatoire and those in other cities under its direction and subsidized by the state.

These schools, it may be worthy of note, are divided into three classes; first, "Les Ecoles Succursales" of Avignon, Chambéry, Havre, Lille, Lyon, Nancy, Nantes, Rennes, and Toulouse; second, "Ecoles Nationales" of Aix, Bayonne, Boulogne, Caen, Digne, Douai, Mans, Nîmes, Perpignan, Roubaix, Saint Etienne, Saint Omer, Tours and Valenciennes, and third, "Les Maitrisses" of Langres, Montpellier, Moulins, Nevers, Reims and Rodes.

The Paris Conservatory exercises control over those institutions which prepare pupils for it by a oneness of direction, uniformity of curriculum and annual visits of inspection to all of them. Some of these subsidized institutions are of great age and honorable record, that of Lille, for instance, going back to 1801 for its beginning. The effect of these fine institutions scattered all over the republic can scarcely be over-estimated as a means of spreading the gospel of good music throughout the land.

In discussing the music of France, we cannot, of course, neglect the tremendous influence opera has wielded in the land for over two hundred years, and that continuously. It was in 1669 that the French National Academy of Music was founded by the reigning Louis of the epoch, and through all the vicissitudes of time, through all the manifold changes of authority, changes brought about oftentimes by blood and tears, opera has survived and is at this moment as powerful, though perhaps not as original, in France as it ever was, and it is today, as it has been for more than two centuries, a source of pride and of power to the French nation.

In many ways opera in France is unapproachable. It is housed in the most magnificent building in the world. It receives handsome governmental subventions and it not only hears but often produces the greatest operatic singers of the day. The Frenchman will point you to his splendid opera house, with its equipment, both human and physical, second to none and will tell you that there indeed is the soul of music in France. He may be over-enthusiastic in this, because, as we have seen, other influences are far more widespread and generally effective, but he cannot be blamed for a feeling that his country, "La Belle France," has done more for opera for a longer period of consecutive years than has any other nation on the globe.

It were a needless task to trace down through the years the course of French opera. But it is interesting to know, perhaps, that the first opera house was opposite the Rue Guenegaud, on the site of the building now numbered 42 Rue Mazarine and Rue de Seine. Here "Pomone," the earliest French musical comedy, whose words were written by Abbe Perrin and music by Cambert, a sort of pastoral in five acts, was performed for the first time. The auditorium was, for its day and generation, good, and even equipped with mechanical devices that would be considered fairly effective at the present time.

Quarrels between manager and manager, and manager and royalty, immediately followed this beginning of things operatic. And yet the organization survived every possible kind of assault, rendering a great service to the world in first producing the works of Gluck. A dozen opera houses succeeded that first tentative effort, and at least half of that dozen met the customary fate of incineration, the last one being burned October 28, 1873.

But before that final tribute paid to the flames, the movement for a new opera house, to be the best of its kind in the world, had already been set on foot. A resolution providing several million dollars in funds for the proposed new house passed the Chamber of Deputies December 29, 1860, and a competition of designs and plans between architects was ordered. In the single month's leeway that was given the extraordinary number of 171 designs were presented, and Garnier's now familiar to the whole world was chosen.

In July, 1861, the site was selected and the toiling, deliberate work was begun. So exasperatingly slow was the growth of the walls above their foundations that public sentiment was occasionally aroused to bitterness. Then, just before the completion of the great edifice, came the war with Germany necessarily putting an end to the enterprise for the time being. During the siege the building was used as a great military storehouse packed full of provisions and armament and every other sort of goods, except that for which it was intended. Then the strenuous gentlemen of the Commune seized it as a sort of rallying-place and turned its roof into a balloon station. Still not much harm was done, either by the German cannon or by communistic zeal, and 300,000 francs easily repaired all the damage.

In December, 1874, the splendid home of one of the most splendor-giving of the arts was thrown open to the public, and a dazzled world gaped its astonishment. It is neither appropriate nor needful at this late day to expatiate upon the glories of "The Opera." Magazine writers of high and low degree have done all that before. Lecturers, with blazing screens, have shown our people from the Atlantic to the Pacific the marvels of that stupendously ornate interior. They have discoursed eloquently of its marble monoliths; of its bronzes; of its lapis lazuli; of its pilasters of peach blossom and violet stone; of its allegorical paintings and its marble medallions; of its grand stairway, most imposing thing of its kind in existence, with its barbaric splendor of ornamentation, and of its countless works of art scattered in profusion through its halls. But it should always be remembered that while these things are overwhelming, they are not music. They are significant merely as showing the magnificence the French are willing to pour out as a tribute to a great and delightful art.

The Paris Opera House is the property of the state, which appoints a managing director for a renewable term of seven years, and pays him, after the regulation vote of the Chamber of Deputies, an annual subvention of close to 1,000,000 francs. With that he is bound to carve his own career, either of failure or success. He must give a fixed number of performances and keep the opera house open all the year. He must produce a stipulated number of new works and he must yield perfect obedience to the Minister of Fine Arts and Public Instruction, who has absolute sway over him and may remove him in case of nonfulfillment of his contract.

This minister should be one of the greatest figures in France. He should be equipped with every variety of artistic knowledge and tastes. He is the supreme ruler of the art museums, the galleries, the subventioned theatres and many other public buildings, and he must, in order to be thoroughly competent, know thoroughly painting, sculpture, the drama, music, poetry and most of the other fine arts. He should, I say, but no human being can or does know all these things. Still France is generally well served by the man she chooses as Minister of Fine Arts and he, when he is a man of

sense, will bow to the superior knowledge of the musical director of the opera or of the men in charge of museums and galleries.

The orchestra of the opera is composed of about one hundred musicians, all of whom must be players of high rank. These men are members of other orchestras, such as that of the Conservatoire and Colonnes. Their pay, judged from the exalted standpoint of the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for example, is wretchedly small, salaries varying from \$140 to \$600 a year. For this they must play at one hundred and ninety-two performances and whatever rehearsals are called for, and they are often called for relentlessly.

It is impossible to over-estimate the great influence of such a governmental institution as this. Here opera becomes not merely the pleasure of the rich and the enjoyment of the masses, but the expression of the great national spirit of devotion to art, the sort of adoration that takes practical form when legislative assemblies meet and public ministers take cognizance of the needs of a people.

NEW ENGLAND REMINISCENCES OF T. PRENTISS ALLEN'S ACADEMY, STERLING, MASS.

By CAPTAIN WYLLYS GANNETT

Author of "Twice Around the World," "Sailors We All," "In the Heart of the Himalaya's" A "Cruise Among the Leviathans," "Ben Doldrum's Yarns," etc.

A mile from the village, on the road to West Boylston and Worcester, the old buildings loom up before me, thirty or forty acres of New England farm land, the private dwelling of the principal and his family; the big school building, class room on first floor; dormitory; with fifteen or twenty rooms on the second; in the basement a primitive gymnasium consisting of horizontal bars, swinging rings, etc. How many of the old class are alive today, who, under the tutelage of the principal wrestled with Virgil and Homer, catch-as-catch-can, in order to fit them out for a reserved seat at Harvard or Yale? The head of the house, Rev. Thomas Prentiss Allen, was also the Unitarian minister and every Sunday he occupied the pulpit in the little church upon the village green or else exchanged with Clinton, Leominster or Lancaster, nearby towns, which saved the trouble of writing a fresh sermon, mutually satisfactory on both sides. A graduate of Harvard (I believe), he was well fitted to instill his educational experience into the young men who were to enter the arena of life. Mrs. Sarah Allen, his wife, was just the woman to aid and assist the Professor. Two children, Gertrude and Everett were in evidence. I can hear their voices now, and see their little faces; Gertrude with two braids hanging down her neck, Everett, short, chubby, curly head, and blue eyes—both are with their parents somewhere. Gertrude died in the South; she was one of those who volunteered to teach the young Afro-American, but she was stricken down with fever, so her father wrote me many years ago. Others comprising the household were Mrs. Everett, related to Edward Everett; Lucy—I never knew whether Lucy had any other name or not. She was just plain Lucy, a sort of major-domo and help to Mrs. Allen. She did not wear corsets, and reminded me of a big plum duff. The culinary department consisted of a chief cook and one or two assistants—names erased from my memory. Our esteemed preceptor had two assistants, Mr. Willard and Miss Bigelow; they were very serious in their work and gave the best there was in them to help mold the twenty-seven youngsters in order that they would be a credit to their parents who were paying seven hundred dollars per year—for bed, board and tuition. I must not forget Mike—a big strapping fellow, well up in agriculture, and also capable in looking after the stock which consisted of one horse, one cow, half a dozen pigs and thirty or forty chickens—no Wyandottes or Orpingtons in those days, just common everyday chickens. Mike's schooling was in the open. He cared more for fresh air than he did for Latin or Greek. Of Mike, more anon. I

will call the roll as it stood sixty years ago, and there are relatives living today who will no doubt recognize at least a few of them. I make no idle boast, but our old instructor had some good material to work upon, as was proved in later years. Here are the Old Boys:

Thos. Prentiss Allen. Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Allen. Dead.

Mrs. Everett. Dead.

Lucy ——. Dead.

Mr. Willard. Dead.

Miss Bigelow. Dead.

PUPILS.

Longworth Powers, son of Hiram Powers, American sculptor. Dead.

William Powers, son of Wm. Powers, oilcloth manufacturer. Dead.

Preston Rogers, nephew Col. Preston, Kentucky. Dead.

Sidney Rogers, nephew Col. Preston, Kentucky. Dead.

Otis Burt, Syracuse, N. Y. Whereabouts unknown.

Frank Colvin, Syracuse, N. Y. Whereabouts unknown.

Chas. Lieber, son Prof. Lieber. Believed to be dead.

Thomas Clay, grandson of Henry Clay. Dead.

Harry Baker, Louisville, Ky. Believed to be dead.

Wyllys Gannett, nephew Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett.

Henry McNeil. Whereabouts unknown.

Chas. Williams, Skowhegan, Me. Killed in Civil War.

Wm. Eddy, Taunton, Mass. Whereabouts unknown.

Chas. Fessenden, Massachusetts. Believed to be dead.

Ogden Codman, Boston, Mass. Whereabouts unknown.

William Rodman, New Bedford, Mass. Killed in Civil War.

Arthur Dehon, Boston, Mass. Killed in Civil War.

Thos. Robeson, Massachusetts. Killed or died, Civil War.

Augustus Crocker, Taunton, Mass. Believed to be dead.

Benjamin Chambers. Believed to be dead.

John Spaulding. Was living twenty-five years ago.

David Harris, Rhode Island, son of Ed. Harris, woolen manufacturer. Dead.

Edward Farnum, Blackstone, Mass. Believed to be dead.

Daniel Webster, grandson Daniel Webster. Dead.

George Patten, New Hampshire. Whereabouts unknown.

Henry Patten, New Hampshire. Whereabouts unknown.

Francis Loring, Massachusetts. Dead.

So far as my personal knowledge is concerned the following classmates served the Union, and the memorial tablets at Harvard stand forth as evidence thereof that they gave up their lives for the Union: Rodman, Dehon and Robeson. On the Confederate side, whose names are fresh as near and dear to those who loved them, were Preston and Sidney Rogers, Thomas Clay, and, I believe, Harry Baker. I also believe they have passed away. I would state here that I shall be pleased to hear from any relatives of the old class and correct any errors that I have made, as I have only

a memory of the past to guide me. As for myself, and, in brief, after leaving the Academy, I followed the sea for a number of years, and on return from my last voyage, August, 1861, I enlisted in the 24th Mass. Vol. Inf. and served twenty-one months in that regiment, afterwards about twenty months in the 55th Mass. Vol. Inf., Colored. To go back sixty years; among the Old Boys, I will mention, first, Longworth Powers. To enter his room in the dormitory, you could see at a glance that he inherited some of his father's genius, only all of his work was in wood. Chains carved from wood adorned the walls; frames, anchors, and figures of men were on the shelves or bureau, in fact quite a curiosity shop. Powers was pretty strong in gray matter, a good second was Harry Baker. He resembled Edgar Allen Poe, and could have made his mark as a poet, but he did not care to work along the poetical line. George Patten was about the best Latin scholar; Codman, Dehon, Loring and Lieber were well up in the class. Clay and Webster were students of history and when not busy with their lessons, discussed the mental calibre of their grandfathers, Henry and Daniel. I will now tack ship and give a touch of the humorous side of the Academy; all well regulated academies have a humorous side, and ours was no exception. Theatres were a thing unknown in Sterling, though once in a while a panorama would unroll in the town hall and the proprietor would probably take in enough money to carry him and his roll of canvas to the next town. We thought it would be a good idea to give the village folks a bit of real acting, therefore we conferred with the principal and he kindly gave us permission to utilize the attic above the dormitory, said attic was about eighty feet long and thirty-five feet in width. In a short time with the aid of Powers, we had a stage, curtain and scenery all complete. The Boston Theatre, which I have often visited, was not in it. Newspapers were not in evidence in Sterling, so we had some programs written off for the benefit of the villagers. Our first performance opened with the "Lady of Lyons." It was necessary in the play to have a pair of foils for Melnotte and Col. Dumas to settle the question which was the better man, so we had the village smithy concoct what he thought was just the thing. Each foil weighed about two pounds, and would have been equally useful as a crowbar. The cast as near as I can remember was as follows:

W. Eddy	Claude Melnotte
Thos. Robeson	Col. Dumas
W. Gannett	Beausant
Chas. Fessenden	Glavais
Ogden Codman	Pauline
Arthur Dehon	Widow Melnotte

Talk about stage fright, we had it good and strong on the opening night; but it wore off after a few performances, if I may call them so. Our stage costumes were made to order. I remember Pauline sending to Boston for a beautiful wig, long black curls hanging down a foot long—that wig must have cost fifteen or twenty dollars, but the Codman family had plenty of money so Pauline could afford it. Pauline's long black velvet skirt must have cost twenty dollars, so we were right up in the business and very proud of Pauline because he was a good looking young woman, so he was.

At one point in the play Col. Dumas happened to get too near Pauline and stepped on her train, which came down simultaneously with the curtain. It was rather mortifying

to be sure and it was some time before we could persuade Pauline to go on with the performance, and listen to Melnotte tell about "Lake Como." We gave the villagers a touch of the "Lady of Lyons" for several performances and then tried "Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves." I had the honor or audacity to put into dialogue the forty thieves and Powers manufactured a lot of pasteboard oil jars, warranted not to hold oil. He, Powers, also made a very good representation of a cave for the forty thieves to hide in and divide their loot. I remember we were short on thieves and could only muster eight or ten, so the same old thief had to come in from one wing and exit from another before he ensconced himself behind his oil jar, into which Morgiana poured invisible oil, boiling hot. I can hear the thieves groan in anguish to this late day, as Morgy doused them. Oh! we played Ali-Baba all right. Our next murder or assassination was "Bombastes Furioso." Tom Robeson was Bombastes. I remember that he had obtained a pair of long-legged boots and when he hung them up on a tree manufactured to order the boots were so heavy that down came the tree, boots and all. This was at the moment Bombastes had to say "Whoever dares these boots displace shall meet Bombastes face to face." It made no difference, however, the audience took it all in as part of the show. After this we gave the good people "Box and Cox" and "Slasher and Crasher." I remember that I was Slasher and Marm Everett gave me some real jam to smear over my face while hiding in the closet. It was the only time I ever got any real jam while attending the Academy. About this time we prided ourselves on having a good stock company and we were about to essay Shakespeare, when the thought occurred to us that it required some elocution to give the right intonation to "a horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" etc. So we stood by the light drama and farce. If I remember rightly, our funds in the treasury were very small, and in due course of time our dramatic venture died a natural death. I will now draw the reader's attention to fire engines. Speaking of fire engines reminds me of a little episode connected with our Academy. The town of Sterling had an old antiquated tub, called the "Ajax," stored away in a shed which they called the engine house. Anybody who was near the shed during the day or night was supposed to constitute the fire department, but I do not remember that any alarm was given during my sojourn at Sterling. The old tub had stood under shelter so long, without any exercise, that it was doubtful if it was good for anything excepting to water the road. One day in June, sixty years ago, a box-shaped machine arrived at the depot consigned to J. P. Allen. A tag on the machine indicated that it was from Parker and Gannett, agricultural warehouse, Boston, Mass. In about half an hour the news spread that Preacher Allen had an engine, the engine rally being a big box, painted green and would hold about 50 gallons. It was to be used for watering the grass and garden truck, etc., but that green box could throw a half inch stream fifty or sixty feet, the attachment being a force pump, and a healthy pair of arms could make the machine hum, so to speak. Now some individual with more gray matter than his fellow townsmen, conceived the idea that it would be a good plan to have a try-out with the Allen Machine. After due deliberation the Sterling fire department issued a challenge to the Allen Academy Department, which was accepted, as it was presumed that a friendly trial for distance was all that was required. On our farm was a pond, the only body of water accessible for such a trial, so far as we were concerned. To make a long story short, the "Ajax" made its appearance

and the members of the S. F. Department unlimbered their suction hose into the pond to draw water. Our little machine had to be fed by buckets so we placed the green box very near the edge of the pond and the fun began. The old "Ajax" that had not been in use for years coughed and wheezed like a boy with the whooping cough; and when they got the old tub under way, the water came all right but more like a sprinkling cart, while our little box threw a fine, clean-cut stream 40 or 50 feet. The Sterling men saw it was no use, and in a spirit of deviltry commenced to wet down the Academy Fire Department. That was their finish. The A. F. D. turned the little half-inch stream, which cut like a knife, on them and in five minutes the Sterling men cried, "Hold—enough!" Who of the Old Boys, or the Sterling men, alive today remember that wet day in June, sixty years ago? When I made my appearance at the Allen Academy, coming from the wild and woolly West, the principal said to me: "Young man, I want you to say harf and not haff; also say karf and not kaff." So I have remembered and always say harf and karf. Sometimes I think of Dotheboy Hall and Mr. Squeers. We did not have treacle, but we did have hulled corn. I can see old Dick, the horse, look back at Mike as he carried a half bushel measure of corn into the kitchen, as much as to say, What are you doing with my rations? The wash boiler was on the stove; into this was dumped a good shovelful of wood ashes, then two pails of water, and last but not least, the corn. After boiling in lye for two or three hours the corn was taken out and fresh water, minus the ashes, was brought to a boiling point and the corn replaced. When thoroughly done, it came forth soft and like snowflakes. Hulled corn is good once in a while but not too often. Marm Everett was noted for being an expert in preparing tomato figs. She would put them up in the old style, round salt boxes. I never had any of her figs but once, as she made them for her friends outside of Sterling. About vacation time, when those boys who lived in Boston or vicinity would take a run down to see their folks, Marm Everett would always have some errand she wished done. Two days before I made my semi-annual trip to Boston, Marm Everett said to me: "Young man, do you like tomato figs?" As I had never tasted a tomato fig, I could not say. "Well, young man, I am going to give you a couple of tomato figs, and I want you to do an errand for me when you go to Boston." The next day she brought a gallon jug of sweet cider, and drew my attention to the fact that she had put a patch of sealing wax over the cork, not but what she had the greatest confidence in my honesty, but if the cork should come out I might lose some of the cider. Just so. Before I started for Boston she gave me a note to Edward Everett, and I had to lug that jug and note out to the Hon. Edward Everett's house. It was evident he liked sweet cider for he pulled the cork and filled two glasses. So I had some of Marm Everett's sweet cider after all. As I was about to bid Mr. Everett goodbye, he took a dime from the mantelpiece and handed it to me. "Put that in your pocket!" I never knew what became of that dime. I suppose that I spent it, as I never could keep any money. We had an amateur botany class, ostensibly to study the different plants, leaves and flowers, but in reality to gather sweet fern to make sweet fern cigars; tobacco was tabooed, so we fell back on the fern. In the nearby woods the boys would set traps, box and snares. Sometimes a cat would get in, but it was not the kind of cat that is domesticated. I remember distinctly a man by the name of Butler. He was a phrenologist and traveled from town to town,

head examinations one dollar a head. He carried an old-fashioned carpet bag, which contained a plaster head of "Spurgheim" or "Gall," some charts and other things used by phrenologists. Mr. Butler had the usual mansard roof over his eyes, which indicated large perceptive faculties. I believe every teacher of "Gall" carried the roof as a trade mark. To make a long story short, he examined most of the boys, myself among the number. He told our principal that I was way up in mathematics, when the principal, as well as myself, knew that I was shy on calculus, but we did not enlighten the professor. He tried to get up a class in phrenology, but the boys did not bite. We also had an occasional visit by Prof. Papanti, the elder. What he did not know about the light fantastic toe was wonderful. A few of the old class took a few lessons, but we did not have any girls to waltz with, and the lessons became stale and died out. Once in awhile a gate would escape from its hinges and the chairman of the selectmen would come up from the village to see the principal as to how the gate could get off its hinges and travel over to the church. The mystery was never satisfactorily explained. All the chairman would say when he reported to the full board was: "Allen's boys did it, and I told Preacher Allen not to let it happen again." One or two more little episodes, and I will close the book of memories of sixty years ago. Marm Everett one day had an attack of nervous prostration and the principal sent to Worcester or Boston for a galvanic battery. It was a strong one, and the good old lady was soon restored to a normal condition. Mike was in the principal's study one day taking his orders, when he happened to cast his eye on the battery — he had never seen one before—and he was curious to learn the "modus operandi." He took hold of the handles and when the principal pulled out the regulator full length, the "modus operandi" began to materialize. It would have made the noble red man envious if he could have heard the war-whoop that Mike let out of him. He also executed a war dance ending in his pulling the battery from the table onto the floor—exit battery; ditto, Mike. The town of Sterling boasted of several families who came under the F. F. S. and were entitled to the respect that all first families are entitled to. Two elderly maiden ladies came especially under my notice; I can see them now, as they sat at the Academy tea table, their little corkscrew curls bobbing up and down. They were well versed in philosophy and the principal would be dazed with the Platonic questions they hurled at him. Moreover, we were glad to have them to supper, because our muscle builder, hulled corn, was not in evidence. In my next reminiscence of by-gone days I will vacate the academic hall with its hulled corn to the deck of the whaling barque Greyhound, with its lobsouse, and "there she blows!"

“DIANA OF THE TIDES” AND THE MAN WHO PAINTED IT

By SYLVESTER BAXTER

One of the most significant features of the beautiful new building of the National Museum at Washington is the commensurately beautiful mural decoration that when the building is completed cannot fail to make the first impression for the visitor who passes from the entrance into the great gallery at the right. It is a work that will rank among the exceptional decorative paintings that in recent years have found place upon the walls of monumental buildings in the United States. Very appropriately for a building devoted to science and to art this work symbolizes one of the great elementary forces—the force whose dynamic reactions in rhythmic rise and fall under the pull of the moon and the sun, the planets and the constellations—as the younger Darwin tells us—keeps this globe spinning in its daily revolutions while it whirls it round about the sun. But for the daily tides this world of ours would hang inanimate in the heavens, as hangs the moon itself. Instead we have in death the mother of life: The moon, the dead planet, exerting the daily regenerative force that finds paternal impulse in the light and heat imparted from the sun. May it not have been the artist's thoughts as to these things that found expression in the remarkable beauty of this picture? Or perhaps, what fundamentally is the same, it was that exquisite interplay of the natural elements which underlies the classic myth here taking shape in a traditional interpretation.

At all events, in his “Diana of the Tides” the vision of the artist shapes for our perception the higher and subtle implications that for this sophisticated age endow the ancient mythology with a saving grace. For, as the mind of man penetrates farther and farther into the depths of the infinite, does it not substitute the mysteries of science for the cruder mysteries of fantastic tradition and childish faith? Hence, though fashioned in classic guise, we here have a fitting adornment for a modern temple of science in what two thousand years ago might have drawn hosts of devout believers to worship at a pagan shrine. When Professor Charles Eliot Norton saw the sketch for the Diana, he remarked that in his opinion the subject was an entirely original one. In his memory, there existed no other composition where the moon goddess was represented with just this attribute, as the Controller of the Tides. The artist, he said, had gone for his inspiration, not to the poets, but like the poets had drawn his inspiration from Nature itself.

The more immediate inspiration for the painting of this picture came from the unique phenomenon that characterizes what for the artist is the supreme hour of the year: “The poet's hour,” he calls it. It is an hour that comes only once a year—that stage in the hunters' moon, the moon of October, when both sun and moon face each other; the full moon rising in the east before the sun has gone down in the west. For John Elliott, the painter of this picture, this has always been the great, the culminating mo-

ment in all the splendid pageant of the year. One can see how intensely it might appeal to the finest sensibilities of a painter; the fascinating problems of lighting and of luminous shadows set forth in the dual illumination proceeding from opposite quarters of the heavens, the softly fading light from the sinking sun blending with the advancing flood from the rising moon. That is what one sees whether standing either somewhere in the flat open country or upon a hilltop. "Then one feels a child of God, not merely a thing of clay," says one who has felt the witchery of the moment. All through his life the artist has felt himself under the spell of this hour, and it has ever been his dream to express the spirit of it in what might be a master work. The picture well attests the potency of the spell and the fabric of beauty its charm has wrought in his soul. No other word than "charm" can better express the sentiment of this work with its magical, its fairy-like realization of the emotions induced by year after year of subjection to the enchantment of the moment. As here portrayed the Moon Goddess is not the stern, the icily chaste Diana of so many a picture, but one of the loveliest of youthful women of pure Greek type, an embodiment of happiness, of friendliness for the world into which she comes; of joy in living, as befits a Mother of Life. She comes out of the sea to the shore, her chariot a great seashell, and the steeds that draw it are four enchanting white horses, leaping onward in glorious sport and in wild delight in free movement. These form a quadriga that typifies the four tides: The high and the low, the ebb and the flow. Somehow they stand for the action of the sea as its waves move endlessly landward. Who has ever looked upon the sea and not fancied in the white crests rising and falling a host of white horses with wind-tossed manes? So here we see in the center horse, his head thrown high in spirited movement, a repetition of the breaking wave behind the goddess. In the backward curve of the spray thrown up by a wave at the extreme left and showing white against the dark cliff we have a similarly equine movement.

It is a twilight hour in its truest sense—an exquisite rivalry of equal illumination from the sun and moon shown in the luminous sky, all rose and lavender with sunset tints, and the two lights that blend in charging the waves with opalescence, while the creamy carpet of foamy water slipping back to the sea from the yellow beach reflects the glow. One notes, too, how the figure of the goddess projected against the great disc of the moon—a wondrous halo—is not in silhouette, but stands glorified in the sunset light that modulates the shadows cast from behind. It will be noted that no harness, no reins are visible. Nevertheless, while the horses prance forward in all the superb freedom of wild nature, yet they are invisibly harnessed and guided unerringly by the will of the goddess. The very absence of visible restraint thus typifies the supreme powers of intangible natural forces. In the same way no string shows upon the bow from which an arrow has just been released. It is the hunters' moon and Diana is the goddess of the chase. But this moment, when the sun and the moon look each other full in the face across the levels of the heavens on the plane of the earth, is the time of fruition. The life born of the moon-made tides and kindled to growth by the sun has had its fruition in the gathered harvest. This cycle of life complete, the great consummation of a long sequence of subtle forces at work, may be held to be typified in that which has been closed by the shot from Diana's bow.

It is to be remarked how thoroughly characteristic of the artist's work is the blending

of the real and the ideal here depicted: The lovely Diana in the shell, a creature of the imagination, ideally conceived, and the intimate reality of the carefully studied scene; the water, the clouds, the sky, the distant land, the seagulls wheeling and sweeping about the goddess—the whole showing that while the painter gives free rein to a fancy that imagines subjects of ideal beauty and paints the supernatural thing that thus appears to the inner eye, yet he renders with extraordinary truth and accuracy everything that is natural and real.

John Elliott was born on Good Friday of the year 1859. He is of the historic border family who figure so largely in the old Border Ballads. Robert Louis Stevenson was of their kin; in his "Memories and Portraits" he says: "Parts of me have shouted the slogan of the Elliotts in the debatable land." Stevenson devoted a chapter in his "Weir of Hermiston" to the "Four Black Elliotts." This attests how deeply he must have studied the history and traditions of that branch of his kinsfolk. Certain aspects of face and figure have come to be accepted as the Elliott type: Lean, tall men with fine black hair; rather prominent melancholy eyes, a marked elegance and distinction of bearing, an imaginative temperament full of poetry, tinged with a dry wit and a tendency to melancholy. Stevenson had a certain resemblance to this type and John Elliott is very decidedly of it. Apparently, as the Elliotts like to think, Stevenson drew from that family much of the blood that made him what he was.

Jack Elliott, he is almost universally called by his friends. And there is usually no little difference between a man called Jack and one who walks through life known as nothing more than John. For one thing he is apt to have more friends, being more companionable. As a dreamer of dreams from boyhood Jack Elliott was early marked as of the artistic temperament. When a Scotchman dreams he dreams as earnestly as he does everything else. Young Elliott was drawn to the stage and he studied seriously for it. He even got so far as to contract to appear as Romeo. Happily something happened that changed his course and he turned to painting. At first he drew from the marbles in the British museum. Then at Paris he drew from the cast at the Beaux Arts, followed by study at Julien's and a year with Carolus Duran. A strong influence came from a tour through the English lake country with Onorato Carlandi, a Roman painter then living in London, his landscapes still highly popular with English picture-buyers. Later young Elliott went to Rome and studied at the San Lucca academy. Here he formed his most significant artistic friendship. The Spanish master, Don Jose di Villegas, now director of the Prado museum in Madrid, was then living in Rome. Something about Villegas was immensely attractive for the British youth, and he grew "possessed" to study with him. The eminent Spaniard, however, had always steadily refused to take pupils into his studio. Persons marked with a certain temperamental streak are wont to call it "firmness," while other people call it something else. This trait in Young Elliott has always disposed him to attempt the most difficult thing, rather than the easiest; his is a nature little attracted along the line of the least resistance. About the only studio in Rome closed to him was the one he most wanted to enter. Happily, Villegas is one of the most genial and lovable of men. The boy—he was still considerably below twenty—managed to make his acquaintance and the two entered into a compact. Villegas was to teach the young fellow to paint, and in return was to be taught to speak English. The latter appears

to have got the best of the bargain; at the end of two years he had made good progress in painting, but Villegas had acquired but one English phrase: "I haf no money!" At last Elliott came to Villegas much concerned with a confession he had to make; he realized that he was more than ever enamoured with his master's manner of painting, but he despaired of ever painting in that way himself. So he thought he had better leave the studio.

"That is the very reason why I have allowed you to stay," said the master. "It is because you have kept to your own natural manner of expression, and have neither copied my style nor (like so many others) my subjects."

After this there was no more question of separation. For five years the pupil continued to paint in the master's studio and later he took quarters for himself beside Villegas in the Via Flaminia, the old Flaminian way of the Romans, sharing them with Aristide Sartorio, now one of the foremost of painters in Rome. Here he carried out his first important mural decoration, having been commissioned by Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago to do it for the dining room of her new house, one of the first of the great palaces on the Lake Shore drive. This early work will always rank with the artist's best. It is charged with the exuberant spirit of youth—a quintessence of the youth that conceived and executed it. "The Vintage" is its subject. Traditional material is worked up in delightfully original and individual fashion. In the ceiling a company of lusty amorettes—perhaps they might be called winged Bacchantinos—with a sort of earnest merriment pluck the grapes from the vines; then in the several panels of a deep frieze the same captivating youngsters bear the grapes to the press, tread them out and in Arcadian fashion illustrate the several stages in wine-making and the enjoyment of the product, ranging along to a state that as here set forth seems quite other than reprehensible. It is all splendidly decorative with a dashing abandonment, a joyous brilliancy and sparkle, in the rollicking movement of these pretty cupids against a background of gold. If Chicago palaces should have anything like the life-expectancy of those of the Italian Renaissance this frieze and ceiling must some day be treasured much as a like work of Correggio would be today.

A drawing in red chalk, called "The May Dream," represents an earlier period. In the gracious regularity of a somewhat conventional type of beauty it shows the strong influence then exerted by Rosetti and his fellows in the pre-Raphaelite school. It has long been popular in the reproductions made by the J. B. Millet Company many years ago. Although somewhat conventional, as aforesaid, there is a decided individuality in the charming symmetry of the young girl's head with the limpid, longing eyes, all softly framed in the blossoms of springtime. The original is owned by Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Since the artist came to Boston on an important errand in 1887—it was to be married—he has passed much of his time in that city. His decoration for Mrs. Potter Palmer had given him a high reputation in Chicago and a year or so after his marriage he responded to a call thither and joined forces with Mr. William Prettyman, the interior decorator. Mr. Prettyman had been so impressed by the decorations there that a correspondence resulted in Elliott coming to spend a year and a half in Chicago, engaged in decorative work and portraiture that are prized in some of the

best houses there. Among these portraits is that of a celebrated beauty and belle, Miss Rose Farwell, now Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor.

Meantime Mr. Elliott had been commissioned with a decoration for the Boston Public Library, and in 1894 he returned to Rome to paint it. He had always been strongly drawn to portraiture and for the six years of his stay he did much work of this kind. He is shown at his best in such portraits as that of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, first cousin of the late Queen Victoria—a strikingly lifelike presentation in red chalk of the old commander-in-chief of the British army. At about this time were done his portraits of the "Soldiers Three," heroes of the Boer war: Lord Ava (son of Lord Dufferin), the Marquis of Winchester, and General Wauchope. Through the artist's friend, Hamilton Aide, these portraits were taken to England as a contribution to the Lansdowne fund for the widows and orphans of the officers killed in that war. They thus became the nucleus for the great exhibition held at Stafford House, the town house of the Duke of Sutherland, which netted a great sum for the fund. At about this time the painter had the good fortune to have sittings from Lady Katherine Thynne, now Lady Cromer, and one of the most celebrated of English beauties. He not only made her portrait, but was privileged to make her the original of one of the finest figures in his Public Library decoration—the second flying figure in the lower panel of the ceiling, representing the second of the Christian centuries. This decoration is the ceiling of the children's room. It is an extraordinarily imaginative conception, notable particularly for the absence of conventional decorative paraphernalia. It depicts "The Triumph of Time," as shown in the flight of the centuries towards a steadily augmenting enlightenment of the world. Just as the ocean billows suggest sea-cavalry so clouds in the sky make men think of steeds of the air: The Ride of the Valkyries, the Wild Huntsman, Pegasus. Here the heavens are shown filled with a seemingly infinite array of beautiful white horses led on by heavenly winged maidens. The horses are the centuries; the maidens are the aspects of divine intelligence that century after century steadily makes for human progress. It is a work of vaporous lightness, an infinitude of gracious shapes informed with aerial delicacy. Among Mr. Elliott's studies of Lady Cromer for this decoration were three heads—a full face and two profiles—published in reproduction as Copley Prints. The originals are now in the possession of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson.

For some time the Elliotts occupied the apartment of Mrs. Elliott's cousin, Mr. Marion Crawford, in the Palazzo Santa Croce. In writing "With the Immortals" Mr. Crawford had collected a group of death masks of great men. Fascinated with the mask of Dante, Mr. Elliott fell under the sway of the great Florentine. Two pictures of "Dante in Exile" were the result. One of these hangs in the living room of Queen Margaret of Italy, the other in the library of Mrs. Montgomery Sears in Boston. They are works of rare charm and pathos, sad with a sense of the loneliness that the poet must have felt afar from his beloved Florence. The poet, pensively inhaling the fragrance of a Florentine lily, wanders in a typically lovely Italian landscape; in the fields near Ravenna he had chanced upon a lily of the sort that grew at home, filling his memory with old associations, as such things will. A curious history is that of a rough unfinished sketch of Dante's head now owned by Mrs. David Kimball of Boston. The artist, dissatisfied with it, had thrown it into the waste basket.

Mrs. Elliott, who had liked it, rescued it, smoothed out the crumpled paper and had it framed. But she was allowed to keep it only in her own room. One day her uncle saw it there and said: "Do you know that is a remarkable drawing?"

After that it was promoted to the parlor where it was seen by Mrs. Kimball, then in Rome for the winter. Mrs. Kimball bought it, but the artist had characteristically forgotten to sign the sketch. Admirably reproduced as a Copley Print it has become a standard Dante head. It has gone all over the world, has been awarded honors in Japan and elsewhere, and it is said that it is to be seen in the libraries of most Dante scholars. Yet there are very few who own it who know the name of the artist. Harried by a divine discontent, he has neglected to sign many a work. It is to be hoped that some day he will make a picture from a cartoon that depicts the historic scene when Dante stood before the council at Florence when they were discussing the question of sending him as ambassador to Rome and he asks: "If I go, who stays? If I stay, who goes?"

The delicacy, the infinite pains, of the artist with his work, is shown in his results with the silver point—a process dear to the old Italian masters, but which few moderns have the skill or the patience to employ. "Raphael used a silver-pointed pencil else he only used to draw madonnas," wrote Browning of a sonnet that the great painter wrote to his mistress. Silver point being the most difficult of mediums, it is by that very reason also the most fascinating for our artist. Mistakes, uncertain touches are with it impossible. Its lines are indelible; once made they must stand. Mr. Elliott's silver-point drawings are finely felt and of an extraordinary delicacy, so subtle in technique that, while every touch is a touch that must tell, it is difficult to trace out just how they are done. In this they are akin to his painting; in his method process, or the effect of process, plays a secondary role as compared with result. One of the artist's most notable works in silver point is a portrait of the late King Humbert. Queen Margaret treasures it as his best existing portrait. Wherever she goes the drawing goes with her, and it always stands on her writing table.

Mr. Elliott is particularly fond of making portraits in red chalk. A drawing of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at the Metropolitan museum in New York was a study for a painting which must live as the artist's masterpiece in portraiture. Mrs. Elliott, it should be remarked, was Miss Maud Howe, a daughter of Mrs. Howe. This portrait is an apotheosis of age—age sublimated and glorified; its silvery beauty a spiritual illumination. One feels the affectionate veneration, the fine understanding that inspired it. Here are perceived and nobly expressed two cardinal points of the subject's character, depicted both reverently and commandingly: The uplifted eyes, clear-seeing, tender, prophetic—the eyes that saw and that yet see "the glory of the coming of the Lord" and the firm hand that rules, lying clenched on the arm of the chair. In these traits we have the mother in Israel, the old chieftainess of her tribe and leader of her people, and the sybil who has visions. In its tempered breadth, its large simplicity, its sympathetic delicacy, its firm characterization, its noble tonality, it takes rank with the great portraits of great personalities.

Queen Margaret was impressed by this portrait when she went to see the "Diana." Ever since she went to Mr. Elliott's studio to see the ceiling for the Boston library Queen Margaret has been one of the artist's firmest friends. "That portrait deserves

to go into any collection of portraits in the world," she said, "not because it is a good portrait of a distinguished old woman, but because it is a portrait of old age as it ought to be."

The "Diana of the Tides" was exhibited in the artist's studio in Rome in February, 1909. No decoration is likely to look as well as when in its permanent place, seen under the conditions for which it was specially painted. It should be observed that the great gallery in the National Museum in which this work finds place is a magnificent room 150 feet long. But "all Rome"—a brilliant cosmopolitan society, reputed the most brilliant, critical and artistic in the world today—went to see it. "Great is 'Diana of the Tides'," was the verdict. It may be noted that the first visitor was the Chinese minister, who arrived on the stroke of ten, attended by all his suite. Art is a matter of the profoundest significance with the Chinese. Hence the representative of the Celestial Empire was on the spot the instant the exhibition opened. The invitation was for five days only. But the studio, in the palatial Studio Corrodi where it was painted, had to be kept open a fortnight, and it was crowded all through the day for every day. It turned out to be the artistic event of the year. Queen Margaret was among the first visitors. Mrs. Elliott was wearing the jewel the Queen had sent her nine years before, after she had visited the quaint old studio in the Bergo Sant Angelo to see the ceiling for the Boston Public Library. She had been so pleased with it that she sent Mrs. Elliott as a *ricordo* a beautiful jewel of diamonds and blue enamel with the initial "M" and her coat of arms with the royal crown. The Queen was so delighted with the Diana that she volunteered to try to send her son, the young King, to see it. "Though I cannot promise for him," she said; "it is not so easy, he is so very busy."

A few days later there came a knocking at the door at 7.30 in the morning, with the announcement: "A message from the King."

The King would be at the studio in an hour. At half past eight, exactly on time—punctuality being a royal virtue—King Victor Emanuel drove up in an automobile with two aides—an admiral and a general. They remained half an hour; and the King, who is passionately fond of horses, had much to say in praise of the picture. The artist went down to the door with them and at the carriage thanked the King for the honor of his visit.

"Not at all, my mother told me to come!" the King replied in his excellent English.

No impression concerning an artist can be more erroneous than the very common one that, because he may be highly imaginative, sensitively organized and devoted to his ideals he must necessarily be "unpractical," a mere dreamer of dreams, and correspondingly of little use in the real work of the world. On the contrary, the truly unpractical ones are the unimaginative, the matter-of-fact, people. They lack "vision," consequently they cannot see the possibilities of their tasks. Hence when opportunities occur they fail to grasp them. But the men of high success in practical affairs are akin to the artists; they are constructive, and they plan and execute accordingly. The greatest leaders in the world of affairs would be likely to prove incapable should they be charged with certain activities most commonly associated with "business." So John Elliott would doubtless cut a sorry figure at driving a sharp bargain or in at-

tempting to work along various other commercial lines reputed as "practical." Yet not many months have passed since the artist, the man of vision, was put to a supreme test for executive efficiency,—a test imposed by a great crisis. And the trait which is held to mean genius, "the power of taking infinite pains," here made him the man for the hour and enabled him to perform a great service for humanity. Every true artist has a passion for perfection. Hence John Elliott puts his best into everything he attempts, if it is nothing more than tying up a parcel—which he does with the extreme of neatness. The perfection of manipulation that marks his drawing in silver point attends him in all sorts of handicraft. All his life he has been wont to do all manner of useful things. It was now to prove of the highest practical worth.

The "Diana of the Tides" was finished and signed on Christmas Day, 1908, and it was to go on exhibition early in January. Three days later, on December 28, came the greatest catastrophe known in history—the fearful earthquake that destroyed Messina and Reggio, devastated much of Sicily and Calabria and cost Italy more than 200,000 lives. The American ambassador at Rome, the Hon. Lloyd Griscom, organized a relief expedition and called for volunteers. John Elliott was one of the first to respond. He was made interpreter for the expedition, but he performed many services outside his official duty—chiefly as stevedore. He spent the greater part of his ten days on the relief ship, the steamer Bayern, in the hold arranging and systematizing the supplies. Three days with the cargo reduced his hands to such a state that he reported: "I have dropped my last knuckle down the hold this morning and have only two fingers left that I can wash." He had been so affected by what he saw in Messina, his sympathies had been so wrought upon, that he wanted to be of further service. So when he returned to Rome he remained only long enough to hold his exhibition. Commander Belknap, the naval attache at the American legation, had been in charge of the relief expedition, and he wrote Elliott asking him to return with him and help put up the American houses to be built at Messina. "I would rather have this invitation than an order to paint the biggest decoration in the world," remarked the artist when he got the letter.

Commander Belknap put Elliott in charge as architect of the American village that sprang up as if by magic in the lemon grove on the outskirts of Messina. Here he served with the gallant, intrepid Belknap and the other American officers of that truly heroic little band who, laboring under difficulties and hardships of every sort, brought order out of that awful chaos wrought by the earthquake. His duties were varied; now he acted as interpreter between the navy doctor and his wretched patients, now he helped Belknap to receive Sir Thomas Lipton and other distinguished visitors, but of course his chief work was in raising the shelter which, above all else, the survivors were in desperate straits for. He was set down as "designer and architect" of the expedition. Italian architects who looked over his drawings were incredulous when told that he was not a trained architect. But he had been much with architects, and with his quick adaptability he at once set about his work in their fashion. He put his art into it as well; he loves trees almost as well as human beings and wherever it was possible he saved the lives of the trees. So today the dwellers in the much coveted "American houses" have to thank him for many of the lemon

trees which cast their graceful shade in the little neat streets of the settlement in the *Zona Americana*.

Elliott's task included the erection of a number of large buildings—among them schoolhouses, a hospital, a hotel, and a great meeting house, which became the pro-cathedral for Messina. Nearly all the lumber had been cut with reference to the speedy erection of small houses. These limitations were ingeniously utilized in ways that made these structural units effective architectural elements in the larger masses, thus obtaining a degree of large and simple dignity in these buildings. In the same way diversity in expression was obtained by grouping ready-made windows in diverse compositions. Probably no better instance can be found of architectural possibilities in a crude cheap and temporary material worked up by the hand of an artist under conditions of the utmost haste in a great exigency and with prime regard to the most practical purposes. In such ways the Grand Hotel Regina Elena, the Hospital Elizabeth Griscom, and the great church took shape. The King came to the American village on the same day that Ex-President Roosevelt visited Messina. On his way with his party to the tiny drafting room to inspect the plans for the hospital he noticed pinned against the wall of Commander Belknap's office a photograph of "Diana of the Tides" and recalled having seen the original at the artist's studio in Rome. All this American work done under the splendid leadership of Commander Belknap was so admirably organized and in so strong a contrast with much of the other new housing activities, that when Queen Helena visited Messina she summoned Mr. Elliott to the royal yacht and carefully went over his plans for the hospital and the specially designed semi-detached houses for her own village on the opposite side of Messina, the Villagio Regina Elena. So in four months he planned and built a village for 3,000 people, with its various public buildings. On June 12, after sharing the farewell banquet given by Belknap to the local authorities and receiving with the American officers the freedom of the city—where in the neat little settlement there remains an "Elliott Street" as well as an "Avenue Roosevelt"—he left Messina and returned to Rome. It had been the greatest experience of his life. Commander Belknap's report on the American relief and construction work at Messina included a high tribute to John Elliott as "the first to volunteer and the most devoted worker, sharing every hardship with unflinching good humor and leaving his beautifying touch on every part of the work."

He has been decorated by the King of Italy for distinguished services at Messina, and in the same connection has been awarded a medal by the American National Red Cross Association.

THE TOY THEATER OF BOSTON

By ROBERT SWASEY

IT is a significant thing in considering the status of the theater to-day that during the past two years the Little Theater Movement has spread broadcast through the land. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington all have their little theaters where plays of more than ordinary literary merit and artistic worth are produced before audiences especially capable of appreciating that sort of thing. Boston is the home of the first little theater in this country — the Toy. Under the inspiration and enthusiasm of Mrs. Gale, this theater has become one of Boston's most interesting institutions in the realm of art. Plays of unusual interest and artistry have been produced at the little playhouse on Lime Street for two seasons, and the announcements of the third season are now being made.

The season begins Monday, November 17, with the production of three one-act plays: "Uncle William's Lobster," by Jennette Lee; "Hilarion," by J. Hoel Carter; and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by George Bernard Shaw. It is the intention this year to produce more long plays than formerly. The second bill of the season, on Monday, December 8, will be a four-act play.

An innovation will be a publication called "The Crier of the Toy Theater," which will be sent to every subscriber a fortnight before each performance. The "Crier" will announce the play or plays to be given, with information about the author, the actors and the producers, and any further facts of interest in regard to the program.

A brief review of the work accomplished at the Toy during the past two years may be of interest to readers who perchance know only vaguely of the aims and scope of this little theater. The theater was conceived in the month of July, 1911, by Mrs. Gale.

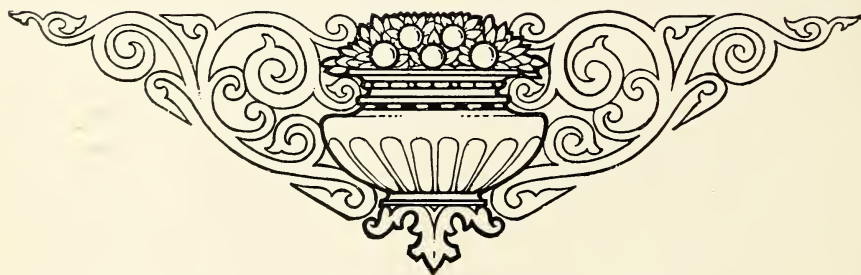
She obtained the lease of a stable on Lime Street, which is immediately off Brimmer. With little labor, but with an infinity of taste, the long, narrow building was transformed into the cosy playhouse. The interior is done in soft gray tones with hangings of old rose. The drop curtain is of rich old rose velvet. The stage, small but adequate to the production of the more intimate type of play, is fully equipped with a lighting system and method of shifting scenes precisely like the stage of a large theater. Last season a tea room was opened over the entrance to the theater, and it proved a pleasant place in which to discuss plays and actors during the *entr'actes*.

Some of the most significant plays of the first season were Sudermann's "Das Gluck im Winkel," translated under the title, "The Right to Happiness"; "The Wings," by Josephine Preston Peabody; "Sire de Maletroit's Door," by Stevenson; "The Caprice," by Alfred de Musset; "The Confession," by Dennis J. Shea; "L'Ecran Brisé," by Henri Bordeaux, played in the French; "The Literary Sense," by Arthur Schnitzler; "Fritzchen," by Hermann Sudermann; and "How He Lied to Her Husband," by George Bernard Shaw. Also, the works of two young playwrights were tried out with much success: "The Child in the House," by Homer Howard; and "Fealty," by Ernest B. Starr. The season of 1912-13 four long plays and four groups of short plays were produced. "Maria Rosa," a three-act tragedy translated from the Spanish of Angel Guiméra by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg, was a very great success, and this play is to be given a New York production this coming winter with a very well-known actress in the title rôle. "Victoria," a comedy of summer life by Laura

Wynne; "Cupid and Common Sense," by Arnold Bennett; and "The Shepherd," a three-act poetic drama by Olive Tilford Dargan, complete the list of long plays.

The coming season promises to be an especially interesting one. Livingston Platt, whose splendid work as stage director and designer of scenery has been so much appreciated and commented upon, will return and again work marvels of beauty on the

stage of the theater. A somewhat different policy in the matter of subscriptions has been devised, — enabling every one to come to the Toy who cares to do so, even though he or she is not a subscriber to the entire season. Thus the Toy, pioneer among small theaters, makes ready to open its doors; and indications at present promise a series of very interesting productions impelled, as ever, by high aims and conscientious and artistic endeavor.



VIEWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE*



I. — THE STADIUM — HARVARD COLLEGE

* Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey for "The Story of Harvard" by Arthur S. Pier.
Published by Little, Brown & Company.



II. — HOLWORTHY HALL — HARVARD COLLEGE



III. — UNIVERSITY HALL — HARVARD COLLEGE



IV.—GORE HALL—HARVARD COLLEGE
Torn down to make room for the new library building.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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NUMBER 2

BALANCING THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

BY PETER MACQUEEN, F. R. G. S.

(Recently returned from extensive travels through the republics that lie to the south of Panama)

AND GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

DOUTBTLSS to many a casual reader of daily press news, the recent delegation of Boston merchants and professional men to various ports in the southern continent of America has brought the first realization that between Cape Horn and the Caribbean Sea extends, not a backwoods nor a savage wilderness, nor even the playground of an *enfant terrible*, but a group of large and important countries already much developed and containing numerous thriving, modern cities.

That idea fires the imagination, for here in North America most people have been accustomed to think of South America as very far off, vague, barbarous. Rumors of a half-breed population wrangling constantly in petty warfare; of jaguars, pumas, head-hunters, giant Patagonians, barren peaks and dreadful jungles; of some weird and possibly insurmountable hazards threatening any expedition into the central regions of the Amazon, have given the impression that nearly all of our sister continent is as wild and terrifying as Darkest Africa, and the rest no safer to dwell in than turbulent Mexico. Infrequent mention of young American engineers going to Peru or Bolivia or Chile, because they could find interesting and profitable work, only increased the romantic mystery. So common is it to depend on the daily press for information and confine one's reading of books to fiction; while schoolroom studies cover only the most cursory outlines of geography or local

history, and some news prominence is needed to bring instructive articles about distant lands into magazine and newspaper.

The real South America is a revelation that fires the imagination anew. In it you find some of this planet's most majestic scenery, its densest verdure, its vastest plains, its mightiest river. You find some of the most ancient and puzzling archæological remains, and the direct descendants of an ancient race unable to tell you anything substantial concerning their ancestors. You witness an eighteenth century civilization living in twentieth century cities; and you discover a new kind of Daniel Boone opening the wilderness with implements of science far more modern in device than many a New England farmer has ever heard of. The travel-thralled should certainly visit South America.

There is no field for the kind of dreaming adventurer who went to California in the forties, or to Alaska ten years ago. Nor is there much opportunity for the poor family that wants to own the land it undertakes to till, except in Chile. But the mechanic, the skilled artisan of every craft, the engineer whatever his science, the person with money to invest, the merchant, even the humble school-teacher (who can speak Spanish), — all these are needed. Most of the rougher manual labor is performed by peons — native peasants, Indian or mixed Indian and white and by negroes and immigrant Italians. There



HARBOR FRONT — RIO JANEIRO, WITH MOSIAC SIDEWALKS

is not yet extensive manufacturing, so that comparatively few mill and factory folk would find employment. But the manufacturers will increase, probably at a rapid rate, as time goes on. What is needed now is the honest promoter who will seek out judicious ventures.

All these countries are open to immigration, and two, Brazil and Peru, are particularly desirous of attracting thither colonists from the United States. There is no problem yet of unemployed laborers, hence no rowdyish gangs of idlers practising the arts of unrest. Those who do not work are too lazy to do so, and are mostly negroes in Brazil and along the Caribbean *littoral*. There is not much disorder on the streets. Nor are there many banditti in the wild lands — not nearly

so much criminality as existed in our own West when prairie schooners and mail-coach lines launched out among the Indians and Buffalo.

No; the principal republics — Brazil, Argentine, Chile, Peru, Uruguay — are well organized, with very good constitutions modelled more or less closely upon that of the United States. Chile, Argentina and Brazil, in particular, have become nations in the true sense of the word and are likely to become great world nations long before the present century ends. All the countries just named seem to have finished with the kind of metamorphosis through which poor Mexico is passing now. A miniature revolution breaks out locally now and then in Uruguay between hereditary Blanco faction and hereditary Colorado, quite in the manner of

a Kentucky mountain feud. Word is passed round that some Blancos in arms will be in a certain locality at a certain time, prepared to fight, and a squad of Colorados is pretty sure to be on hand to meet them and duel it out, the government rushes off a few soldiers to stop the fight (by taking sides often), and Montevideo goes on unconcernedly about its business. Threats are rumored sometimes in northern Peru of Colombia's intent to fight about the boundary line, but they never reach powder nowadays, and Peru doesn't want them to. Chile and Argentina are not quite satisfied yet about the boundary line that King Edward drew for them through the Andes, notwithstanding the noble figure representing the Redeemer which looks down upon both countries from the heights of Las Cuevas. In consequence a few Chilean bad men hide

in the hills south of Bolivia and sometimes swoop down to capture Argentine cattle, but their adventures are constantly discouraged by the government. On the whole there is established peace and friendliness among the chief Latin republics of southern America.

The traveler there is as much impressed by their civil quiet as by the New York or Paris-like modernity of Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro or Valparaíso. The spirit of a New Advance, which is marshalling all the backlands into a grand parade of continents, has got hold of South America, and has found it prepared for immediate and immense development.

The continent is wonderfully rich in natural resources, perhaps beyond all other continents — almost El Dorado the Spanish adventurers sought in California. But precious minerals are only a tithe of its treasures. And it is



ENTRANCE TO RIO JANEIRO HARBOR

upon those treasures that the future prominence of the Latin republics is going to depend.

Plus national enterprise and integrity, to be sure.

At present, finances in all the republics need firmer control. There is not enough of native enterprise; both that and capital to a large extent, are in the hands of foreigners. A great deal might be said about the causes that have led to such a situation, but first the situation itself claims attention.

more centuries, they continued to be worked through all these four and still yield well. Some of them extend far into the bowels of the mountains. None of them was worked scientifically or regularly after the days of the Inca kingdom until capital and practical methods arrived during the latter half of last century.

Now the mines of Peru and Bolivia are almost entirely owned in the United States, and managed by North American engineers, whose staffs number



THE "GLORIA" — RIO JANEIRO

The Andes from Colombia to southern Chile are full of valuable minerals. The Incas used to dig out the gold, and silver, and copper near their highland valleys in Peru, and it did not take the old conquistadores long to observe where all the rich deposits were and set the natives to work digging it for them. Thus Peruvian mining gained interest for the world four hundred years ago. Some of the deposits were so deep and extensive that after having been already worked through one or

some of the most brilliant young men who graduate from our technical colleges. Millions are invested in the Inca mining properties, in the Cerro de Pasco, and Casapalca. The largest quicksilver mines in the world, at Huancavelica, represent more United States millions. All the silver mines of Bolivia are owned here. The great copper mines of Chiquecamata in Chile represent twenty-five millions in the Guggenheim interests. All these properties were acquired by buying



OBSERVATORY FRONT STEPS — AREQUIPA, PERU

out older companies, new concessions, and rich though they are, they do no more than begin to open up the rich seams. There is ore on the east slope of the mountains also — gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, coal — in Argentina, which is apparently much less valuable; it has been mined only by a few prospectors thus far. Peru has plenty of good anthracite that has only been tapped, and excellent petroleum that begins to count as an export.

Chile has her curious borax lakes and her nitrate fields, which supply the whole agricultural world with its nitrates, and her own treasury with the mainstay of its exchequer. In the last thirty years Chile has received in export royalties on nitrate over \$412,000,000.

There is another borax lake in Peru, but these are the only nitrate fields yet discovered. Both deposits are very interesting to the visitor. Their presence depends on the rainlessness of the region, for rains would wash them out of the soil and sweep them down into the Pacific. The lake looks like a sheet of ice from the thick crystallization on its surface. In spots there is open greenish water, deep and

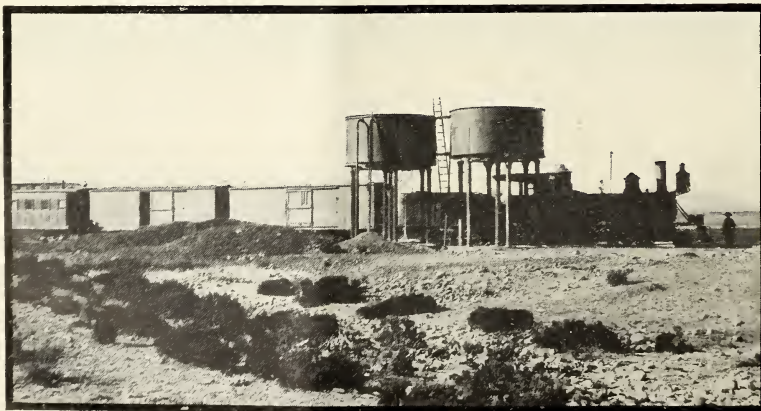
stagnant, holding borax in strong solution; elsewhere it is mud covered, white and smooth, which would trap the unwary explorer who might try to cross its firm-looking expanse. There are two of the Chilean borax lakes at Cebollar, lying close together near the Bolivian frontier amid some of the loftiest volcanic peaks of the continent. They have neither influent nor outlet, and are gradually but surely drying up. The larger lake is twelve miles long and from two to five wide. One end is fairly dry, a thin stratum of whitish earth covering the bed of borax, which is three feet thick. The mineral is dug out and spread on the ground round the works to dry thoroughly; then it is calcined in furnaces into a mass of white crystals which are packed in sacks, sent down to the coast and shipped to Europe to be turned into the borax of commerce. The lake is one of the sights that will be mentioned in future guide-books on South America as making the journey from La Paz to Antofagasta a memorable route. You study it from the railway coach window, and note the large number of laborers in so lonely and cheerless a spot fifty miles from the nearest village. You



MOLE AT MOLLEDO

marvel at the fuel used for the furnaces. A long wire cable stretched through the air from the works to a point high on the mountainside opposite Ollague is the trolley for small cars which run up or down constantly bringing masses of a kind of very hard, stiff plant with whitish flowers, — a resinous plant that grows abundantly on the high rocks, so hard that its mossy cushions have to be cut away with a pickaxe, and that burns as fiercely as pine knots.

The nitrate fields lie a little further along within the Chilean border.* They are desert, a region of barren stony hills on the high plateau. Sources of fertility to other countries, they remain themselves forever sterile. But there is plenty of life about. Everywhere there are narrow-gauge lines of rails running hither and thither, with long trains of trucks passing down them carrying lumps of rock. Groups of men are seen at work with pickaxes breaking the ground, or with shovels



WATER BROUGHT ONE HUNDRED MILES ACROSS THE DESERT

*Chile took her nitrate beds from Peru and Bolivia in 1882.

loading the trucks. Puffs of smoke or dust rise here and there from blasts of dynamite. Buildings with machinery and tall iron pipes show the *oficinas* where the iridescent nitrous rock is ground to powder, washed and boiled, then drained and dried into a whitish powder, packed into sacks and prepared for shipment to the coast. Each *oficina* is the center of a "nitrate estate," of which the larger ones are conducted somewhat like our Pennsylvania coal mines — a sort of village of houses for the managers and work-people having been erected where the company supplies everything through corporation stores. The workers are mostly sturdy Chilean peasants, or *rotos*, of half-Indian blood. The nitrate fields cover a large area in northern Chile, and it is said that at the present rate of removal the mineral will last about two centuries. Its industrial value as a fertilizer is already threatened by certain experiments now in progress in German laboratories.

But for the time being, nitrate is the chief source of Chilean revenue, and the republic is wisely expending part of the yearly income in railways, docks, and other public improvements which will add to the nation's permanent



LA CAMPANIA CHURCH, AREQUIPA



SPANISH AQUEDUCT NEAR FOOT OF ELMISTI



GUILLERMO (c) BILLINGHURST

wealth. Because of the size of this income, taxation is kept at a low rate. The nitrate exports have continued for seventy years. Both this industry and the borax lakes, which send out eight thousand tons of borax a month, are controlled by foreign capital, the latter by the Borax Consolidated Company of the United States.

There is more gold all along the Caribbean *littoral*, in Colombia, Venezuela, and the Guianas, and in Brazil, much of which is obtained by hydraulic mining. Taken together the figures of this output reach millions, but the companies are all small and most of them native.

Brazil is the largest producer of coffee and rubber in the world. It is a very great country, more than twice the size of India and larger than the United States. Most of it lies within tropical zones, and all its territory except the tops of some mountain ranges in the central and Atlantic part, is believed to be very fertile. Cotton, maize, rice, yams, wheat, sweet potatoes, black beans, manioc (a root from

which tapioca is made), arrowroot, bananas, sugar, Brazil-nuts, are raised more or less industriously and count among exports. But the development of the country has designed itself first to favor the coffee, and second to extend the rubber industry. Most of the railroads were built to carry coffee to the seaports. It made Rio de Janeiro the commercial center of Brazil and the second largest city in South America. Coffee can be grown anywhere from the Amazon to Sao Paulo City, but nearly all the production is confined thus far to the states of the south-east section. Over a billion plants are under cultivation in Sao Paulo province. Some of the estates comprise 50,000 acres, giving employment to thousands of laborers, most of whom in recent years have been Italian immigrants. The owners are chiefly Germans, some twenty thousand of whom came over to settle between 1843 and 1859. There are about two hundred thousand of them now, forming a distinct community that admin-



SEÑORITA GALDOS

isters its own affairs quite unmolested by the Brazilian government — a thrifty, progressive state, the best conducted of any in South America. In Rio Grande do Sul many of the Italians have become well-to-do peasant proprietors. Everything in this region points to further progress, to a pushing out into unsettled areas and the building up of new communities equally orderly and industrious as the descendants of these people grow up and attract further immigration. For several years Brazil as a country has suffered by an over-production of coffee causing reduced prices, a falling off of two cents per pound lately, (in good years the crop amounts to about 11,000,000 sacks of 132 pounds each) — but on the whole, this condition does not seem to have interfered seriously with the general trend of growth of population and progress.

Rubber also is affected lately by the importations England is making for herself and Europe from the Straits settlements, but the demand for rubber increases yearly, and some readjustment of prices and market will set conditions normal ere long.

The Argentine and Uruguay are ranching regions. Vast exports of wool, cattle, beef, and by-products (chiefly hides), have made the Argentine a potent factor in the commerce of the world. Already she has been for some time supplying English markets with beef, and very large sums of English capital are invested there. Already, too, she is in the throes of monopolistic conversion. There is a great fight on right now between the six English and two Argentine companies on the one hand and the three United States companies on the other. The three latter are Swift, Morris and Armour, who have established packing houses worth several million dollars, and the best refrigerating plant in Buenos Aires, and are getting control of the beef by putting up the price of steers and cutting down the price of dressed meat out of the power of competition by their rivals, and yet are said to be making a profit out of the



MR. F. E. POLO

by-products, which they know how to utilize as no foreign company has ever learned to do. They raised the price of steers from about \$40 to about \$60, and reduced the price of beef in London to about ten cents a pound, while the English companies lost some \$60,000 a day. It is supposed everywhere in the Argentine that the North American companies are bound to win. The government refuses to interfere, very likely because a large number of the members of their congress are *estancieros*, or big farmers, who are pleased at the momentary high quotation on their cattle. But the English are a good deal nettled. They have planned great gains for themselves through South America.

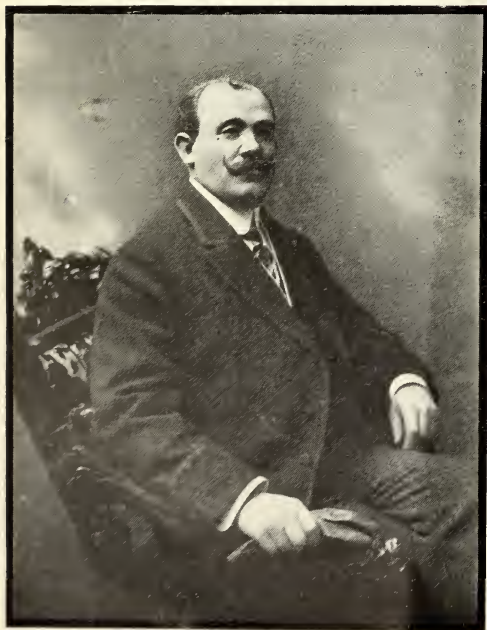
It is of interest in this connection to note that such syndicates as are debating the beef question in Buenos Aires are called limited liability companies when they are English, and trusts when they are American.

The smaller countries in South America are not yet of any conspicuous importance to commerce, though by no means negligible. Paraguay, in the middle of the continent between Bo-

livia and Argentina and Brazil, with no market outlet yet except the steamers which ply up and down the Paraguay and Paraná rivers from Montevideo and Buenos Aires to Asuncion, sends out quantities of *yerba maté*, or Paraguay tea, which is distributed to various points in the Latin republics as a good substitute for oriental tea. It is a very rich but almost entirely undeveloped territory that will very likely become absorbed some day by one or more of its stronger neighbors. Hardly any of its exports reach the United States, though many would be appreciated here if they could be brought safely and cheaply enough. There are delicious oranges and pineapples, for instance, which spoil while in transportation in rough ox-carts to the steamers. Some of our essences are from Paraguay and so are probably some hides, which pass through Buenos Aires with other meat by-products. Venezuela, Colombia and the Guianas send out many kinds of tropic and semi-tropic products. British Guiana has planted its old



BLUFF AT CAYCAY



DR. CELSO PASTOR, MAYOR OF AREQUIPA, PERU

sugar estates to rice and tobacco; Dutch Guiana has also wearied of sugar and is cultivating cacao and coffee; French Guiana does not count because it is little developed and trades almost entirely with France. From Colombia have come during centuries the world's chief supply of emeralds. Ecuador is the chief source of cacao and the home of the Panama hat, though many a fine *chapeau* comes from skilful Indian hands from Piura or Payta in Peru.

And so the exports of South America stand to-day.

What influence have they in developing the land and the people? How far has development proceeded? That is a still more interesting story.

The first railroad in South America was that of Demerara (Georgetown), the capital of British Guiana, which owes its growth to the palmy days of the old sugar trade. The second was built in Chile. Then followed two or three short ones in Brazil between 1859-68, and a twelve-mile line in Argentina in 1857, and then with considerable speed lines began to stretch

out in various directions and through various republics. The British having begun such enterprise at Demerara, and having financed some of the other lines with fine profits, it is not strange they should continue interested until their concessions represent an investment of more than three billion dollars scattered through the continent. In Argentina alone there are more than 20,000 miles of railway with a revenue last year of over \$1,000,000, and new ones under construction or being surveyed. The ambitious Germans have not been slow in imitating the English investments wherever they could, and they own several important lines in Brazil. In most cases the governments benefited have retained share-privileges. We now have the interesting spectacle of first-class railroads financed and owned in England, or Germany; built with native material or that brought from Australia; constructed almost invariably by Yankee engineers and often managed by them; officered by *mestizos* (mixed Indian and white), and paying a small interest to the national treasury.

Argentina has the most complete network of lines, laid over beds that are surprisingly easy to construct, so flat is the land. One plain, or *pampa*, is flat as a billiard table for six hundred by one thousand miles. Talk about feeling the grandeur of space in our Great Northwest! It is nothing compared to the vastness of scale by which you have to measure South America. And the railroad carries you far or near as you will. Down to Neuquen where Patagonia used to be on our old school maps; or far up on the Bolivian border to Tucuman and Jujuy among the gauchos and Aymarás or straight westward through the vineyards of Mendoza across Las Cuevas to Los Andes and Valparaiso, whence you may sail on the best of big ocean greyhounds, whither you please. Or you may just run out by train to La Plata or some other suburb of Buenos Aires, or go visit Rosario or Concepcion to observe Argentine university life, and the fine old courteous society



CALVAEZ CALDERON, CHIEF OF STREET CAR LINES,
AREQUIPA

there; or if you are so fortunate as to be invited, pass a week-end on some wealthy *estancia* amid its groves and gardens, and sip champagne while you listen to the latest Paris gossip.

Chile, Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay, Ecuador, Colombia, — every republic has railways except poor Paraguay, which still depends on steamers. The most comfortable are those of Peru, and they are also the most scenic railways in the whole world, and will be until somebody rivets the shining steel upon the Roof of the World beyond Thibet. Engines and coaches are of the best English or American pattern, as they are in other parts of South America, but narrow gauge beds are laid in most places among the mountains, while the roadbeds of Argentina are a gauge wider than ours. In Peru, however, one finds many of the small comforts that make for pleasant travel. The trains always stop at some station at about eleven o'clock in the morning for breakfast, you have early coffee long before; you pay only fifty cents, and are served

at least six kinds of meat, fresh and tender, taken in on the route from the neighboring pasture where the animal grazes.

Here you ride over ground that is just as sacred as the Nile banks, Tangier, or Assyria—it is full of relics. And as the train brings you up terrace after terrace of mounting plateaux, each ridged with dreary desert, and serrated by abrupt valleys that are oases of tropic beauty in the midst of utter desolation, with the snowy Cordillera ever beyond and above, you admit that, no matter how far you have traveled, there is nothing the least bit familiar in this landscape, nothing at all to compare it with. The Peruvian Central mounts to Ticlio at 15,670 feet, the highest railway station in the world, then over the pass to Huanacayo at the head of the Amazon, and any traveler should take the trip if his heart and lungs are sound. If he eats sensibly and does not exercise too arduously on the height, the dreaded soroche, or mountain-sickness,

will not likely trouble him. Even to bear that is worth while for the sake of looking upon the majestic and awe-inspiring panorama of Andean peaks, sharp, volcanic, strangely colored, towering to left and right far as the eye can see, and separated by gorges so deep that you might drop Mt. Vesuvius into one of them quite out of sight. The scene is splendid and awful beyond description.* I had the thrilling experience, through the courtesy of the managers of the road, of riding back down the whole long descent on an open hand-car with one of the superintendents, Mr. Ellis. Need-to say, it was a ride never to be forgotten.

Looking from these heights you can see far away to the east the beginning of that vast region along the Atlantic slope of the Sierras called the Montaña, where a luxuriant vegetation flourishes amid the headwaters of the Amazon and the valley of the Ucayali river. It belongs to Peru and contains the famous Putumayo rubber forests. To



CASAPALCA — INTAKE OF MINING PLANT

*Personal references by Mr. MacQueen are given.

the north, the Marañon, as the Amazon is known here, forces its mighty current through one of the deeper gorges seeking the broad alluvial plain across Brazil. So it must have been near here that Gonzalo, the doughty brother of Pizarro, and his Spanish companions looked out over the valley in 1540 and planned the wild adventure that resulted in his lieutenant Orellana being swept through that gorge in a rude little rustic ship, hastily constructed there in the forest, and sailing with a few daring followers all the way down the Amazon to the ocean, and then across that to Spain.

Every glimpse from the car windows on a Peruvian railway suggests either a world in ruins or some chaotic fragments of a world in the making. The mountain range is volcanic and contains several slightly active craters, such as the Inca-worshipped El Misti, out of which steam escapes frequently. The rocky plateaux are wilderness for lack of rain, — curious wide levels, each higher than the last, which the Indians call *nanasca* (wilderness of pain), but which their ancestors transformed into a paradise of delight by ingenious methods of irrigation that involved a stupendous amount of toil, but can even yet be utilized here and there. The remains are still discernible of their two splendid highways that led over the mountains a thousand miles from Cuzco in Peru, their Inca capital, to Quito on the equator in Ecuador. Massive ruins of their palaces and temples, and of the work of still more ancient races appear again and again. And all the way at intervals occur those picturesque little valleys wherein are always Quichua homes and flourishing gardens tilled with the utmost patience on slopes too steep often, it seems, even for hoeing. At the stations are sure to be Indians, the men working about (they are not the least bit idle like our accustomed North American Indians), and the women squatting near the rails talking to each other in Quichua, and busily spinning threads of llama wool with odd little hand spindles called *ruecas*.

They look rather melancholy, but if they ever feel a wistful pang for the empire they might, perhaps, think they ought to have inherited, their inscrutable countenances never betray the thought. Apparently submission and contentment withal has become as natural to them as living year in, year out upon their plane of rarified air.

These railways in Peru were built by American engineers with Peruvian capital, the first lines several decades ago. After the disastrous war between Peru and Chile (called the Chilean Invasion) of 1879, almost bankrupt Peru made a deal with an English company, called the Peruvian Corporation, through an American agent in New York, named Grace, by which this company assumed the full indebtedness of the republic and agreed to complete several needed lines of railway and other considerations; receiving in return the free use of docks at the seven chief sea ports, and free navigation of Titicaca, their boats to be commanded by Peruvian navy officials and their train employees, to number at least half Peruvians. The corporation also got the revenue from all the deposits of guano they might find in Peru except that on the Chincha Islands. The roads are managed by very brilliant American engineers and superintendents — Mr. Blaisdell of the southern railways, and Mr. J. H. Feehan of the Peruvian Central. It appears now that American capital is getting control of the stock, and that it is only a matter of time before the Peruvian railways pass into American hands entirely.

The Inca Mining Company has just put in a trail from Tiripata on the way to Cuzco, one hundred and fifty miles to their mines in the Montaña country, which is of great value to them.

In Brazil there is quite a network of railways near the coast, and several excellent lines extend far into the interior. The first rails were laid nearly fifty years ago to bring the coffee to the ports. Now branch lines run up to the very doors of the factories that prepare the coffee berries for shipping on

each of the great estates. The best paying piece of railroad property in the world is in Brazil,—originally from Santos to Jundiahy, and now to Sao Paulo, fifty miles,—it used to pay fifty per cent dividends. It is a very scenic route, over a picturesque countryside from sea level to the top of the Serra do Mar plateau behind the coast by a series of five steep inclines up which a cable engine hauls your train by a complicated but perfectly safe mechanism, 2,500 feet.

It is well worth describing briefly, as an example of the wonderful strides the New Advance has been taking in South America. It was first built in 1867, but laid out afresh between 1895 and 1901, and is a very skilful piece of engineering performed for a British company by British engineers. The extraordinary completeness and finish of every part; not only of the roadbed and rails, but also of the stations and other buildings, and of the iron bridges, and the thirteen tunnels, together with the neat tile drains that have been laid down all the slopes to carry off in channels the rainwater which might otherwise dislodge loose earth from above and weaken the embankments below,—all these things witness to the unusual success and prosperity of the line as a business undertaking. Since the dividend assignable to the shareholders is restricted, the directors spend their surplus in securing not only efficiency and security, but even elegance. The saying, current among Europeans in Brazil, is that the only thing that remains to be done upon the Sao Paulo and Santos line is to gild the tops of the telegraph poles. The scenery viewed from this railway is very lovely, and reminds one of French and Spanish landscapes.

Now, while the English have been supplying the railroads, Americans and Germans have put in the electric car systems. More German than American money is invested thus. They furnished a number of the old horse tramways years ago and more recently have electrified some and replaced others, also installing a num-

ber of entirely new ones. Almost every city of any size in South America, south of the Amazon, has quite as good a system of electric street cars, electric lights, and telephones as the average New England one. There seems to be a kind of passion for electric lights in Brazil—many of the small towns are so lighted every evening, and not a few of the plantation houses as resplendent as a city mansion, are electrically lighted and supplied with the latest make of electric device for accomplishing the agricultural work. So it is generally throughout Chile, Argentina and Uruguay. When I was in Rio Janeiro, the Germans were just completing a fine system of subways to relieve the streets of some of the car traffic.

There is just one defect in the rail and tramways of South America—a grievous one from the viewpoint of a Northerner. There is never any artificial heat, and no arrangement for supplying any. Even the houses are not heated, as we understand heating. The best heating contrivance I saw in any ordinary home or public building was a kind of oil heater. And I suffered tortures of cold on the monotonous two days' ride from La Paz in Bolivia to Antofagasta in Chile last June, during the period that corresponds to our December—over high altitudes amid snow, and not a source of warmth except what your shivering body can supply to itself in a swathing of rugs and ulsters. In Buenos Aires also I felt as uncomfortable most of the time as I would in the unheated sleeping-room of a Vermont farmhouse, in March.

Here then, in a matter in which Americans are supreme, is one of the probable opportunities for establishing a very large source of trade for the future. We would be almost without rivals in this field, and that of providing good plumbing and proper sanitation for houses, hotels, public buildings,—bad plumbing being the other considerable defect of South American cities. The people there recognize their great need of these important

adjuncts to comfort and health, and I was told by some of them that they really intend securing both. The lack of heating facilities may be compared to English and other European conditions as well as to our own Southern and Californian form of discomfort; but it is the more apparent in those South American latitudes that are almost or quite as cool as Boston, or on occasion as Portland or Eastport or Burlington.

Another important need for us to supply comprises the various devices for making a housewife comfortable that few households possess in completeness outside of the United States and Canada. Those things we invent as well as manufacture, and New England is the most active agent in making and distributing them. Our hardware, too, is unexcelled, yet many South Americans never saw any of it or dreamed of so much ingenuity and variety. European houses supply too many of their tools and too much of their machinery. But as manufactures increase during the Panaman era now opening, United States models, and probably United States capital will predominate in the building and equipment of factories. Not even their bridges do we construct so frequently as Yankee achievements in Africa, China, and so on, would lead one to suppose.

At the same time, we are importing heavily from South America. We take about half of all Brazil has to sell, but supply her very little in proportion, so that our yearly payment there above what we receive back through our goods bought there is over \$40,000,000. Those figures just about equal the total present value of our sales in South America. The fact is, the United States have not tried yet to secure their share of South American trade, for when they do business they are direct, and drive straight to the point without equivocation, and their goods are beyond competition in many respects. The Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburgh, has just completed a very expensive and elaborate power-

station at the city of Tucuman in the Gran Chaco of Argentina, while the Western Electric Company of Chicago, is at work on the great power-station of Rio Janeiro. American engineers are building the harbor of Victoria in the Brazilian province of Bahia. American automobile companies are contesting inch by inch for that trade with their European rivals in the cities of Rio, Buenos Aires and elsewhere. The Singer sewing machine has oversold all other sewing machines, though several French and other agents are always on the ground. The Oliver chilled plow, the Fairbanks scales, the McCormick reapers, the National cash registers, have driven their foreign competitors out of the market. The Heinz company is contesting successfully with Cross & Blackwell of London. The Walkover shoe is making a walk-over its French competitors. The great house of W. R. Grace & Company of New York has stores and small banks in nearly every one of the important cities and towns of the west coast. The beginnings of a wool trade, looking to textile manufacture on the ground, have taken root in Peru, and I am told we are to do much in that line ere long. As already stated, nearly all the mining, valuable beyond present calculation, is in or coming into American hands, with all its immense auxiliary business. We supply nearly all of the kerosene used in South America, an enormous item; about half of the flour and much of the lard and dry groceries; all their barrel staves and a good deal of dressed lumber.

These facts show that trade between the North and South American republics is already in an established and progressive condition, and that the Latin Americans are not slow in recognizing and demanding merit, nor do they entertain any serious objection to buying from us. Many influences have converged to direct their custom away from us in the past other than the one so often repeated recently regarding ill-trained salesmen and brusque office dealings. The want is imperative of American banks through which our

merchants may put their cheques and invoices and other business without subjecting it to the very natural temptation — in the European banks — of being reported to European competitors. But transportation is the main difficulty. Considering how keenly the foreign steamboat companies discriminate against our shippers, it is a wonder Americans have sold so much. For instance, commission merchants of Rio generally find it more profitable to receive flour from New York by way of Hamburg, three thousand miles out of line, thereby securing a lower freight charge. The United States is in very great need of American steamship lines. And that statement cannot be made too many times just now. The hour is momentous. With the New Advance rushing the world forward at a rate it has never known before, and the wonderful Panama Canal about to open a new era, the possibilities of commerce, and of development depending on commercial enterprise stretch out magnificently, yet dimly, into the farthest future even as those gorgeous Caribbean shores stretched out to remote and unguessed recesses of natural wealth before the wondering eyes of Amerigo Vespucci. Shall not we, the chief manufacturing nation in the world, hasten to set up our standard on the unpossessed shore, and claim some portion ere it is all appropriated?

Let us build a merchant marine with all speed. There is no reason why our flag should not be seen flying at any masthead in Valparaiso, on whose heaving roadstead as motley craft ride at anchor every day in the year, as those that make the harbor of San Francisco famous. Where are the spirits of those valiant skippers who flavored Salem and Marblehead and Portsmouth tradition with romance? They should be frantic with unrest by this time lest New England rise not to her hereditary station and fill her lovely little coves and harbors again with the "white-winged fleet of the world," now questing hither and thither from Hammerfest to Celebes, now homing for welcome and rest. No

other part of the United States is so well fitted either by natural geographical advantages, or by wealth (one-fifth of that of the whole nation is said to be owned or operated from within twenty-five miles of Boston), or by tradition and convenient nearness to manufactories, as New England for building up and maintaining a large and valuable merchant marine. Perhaps the visit this summer of the delegation from the Boston Chamber of Commerce to South America to interest the Latin republics in extended trade relations will help arouse sea-dreams that have slumbered in America since our War of 1812.

There are other things interesting to mention which the South Americans will some day want to buy from us, when the freight charges can be forced low enough to make them available. All the so-called American notions which are already becoming so popular in different countries of Europe; our fine cooking-ranges, and utensils, which are excellent and not expensive; and above all, so far as quick profits are concerned, our soda fountains. No where but in the United States and some parts of Canada, is the "ice cream parlor," and the soda fountain a feature of community life. A very few have been opened in Great Britain and they are enormous hits. Foreigners visiting the United States are delighted with them. One Argentine gentleman who came to New York on the *Basari* with the returning Boston party was so impressed with our form of drug store, with its variety of desirable wares besides medicines, its handsome fountain and delicious drinks, that he could hardly keep out of them for the first day or two. He declared his country must introduce them. The delegation of Argentine riflemen — splendid young soldiers — on their way to the international shooting match at Cleveland, also expressed delight over our ices and phosphates, on a hot New York day. At this point, perhaps, the quibbler will say we had better not pour soap-suds concoctions down unsuspecting foreign throats, any more

than force our cheap grades of jewelry into the hands of ornament-loving *mestizos*. The answer is, that plenty of delicious drinks and delectable ice cream combinations that are not saponaceous or otherwise harmful are served at any first-class fountain; and South Americans are shrewd people with a taste for best qualities, and are quite able to choose for themselves. More cafes are needed. The Germans conduct coffee houses all over the continent, but they are not the kind Northern folk like, and everywhere the food is too expensive.

Somebody is going to make a lot of money by opening a series of little shops corresponding to our five and ten cent stores in Buenos Aires, Rio, Santiago, Valparaiso, Montevideo, Arequipa, and elsewhere. Such shops in London have paid well. There is a fortune awaiting men who will establish good cold storage plants in all the important cities and towns of the northern lands from Montevideo to Guayaquil. At present, fresh meat, eggs, butter and milk cannot be kept more than a few hours, so that people have to live on jerked beef. No one owns an "ice-chest" because there is no ice. In Buenos Aires ice is manufactured for freezing the beef and mutton that is shipped, but even there one sees no ice wagon delivering at the houses. We regard such things as necessities and have had them so long that we consider them a matter of course.

Lack of them certainly does not constitute a lower civilization, for nine-tenths of Europe gets along without numerous American comforts—and demands various more artistic and elaborate things than we. South America is patterned very intricately, after a jumble of European and American ways. The people, too, are not similar to anybody but themselves. They are a new race, a new type, just as the people of the United States are a distinctive type blended out of many. And each South American nation seems to have its distinctive national type also. They are

all composite like ourselves, and far more closely, for there much intermarriage of original Spanish and Portuguese stock with Indian and negro and immigrant Italian, and then the intermarriage of their descendants has produced a large population very unlike that to be found anywhere else. At the same time you meet splendid old courtly families that have kept their lineage clear and are very aristocratic and cultivated; also pure Indians and negroes. You try in vain to class the Latin Americans with Old World or modern nations. Sometimes you are reminded of Spain, or Italy; sometimes of France, whose literature and ways of thinking they admire; sometimes of the Middle Ages; and again of late in the twentieth century. This is the nearest comparison you can make: the Peruvians are the French; Bolivians the Scottish; Chileans the Yankees; Argentines the New Yorkers, and Brazilians the Irish of South America.

An inadequate description; but the traveler finds them all agreeable, very hospitable and responsive to kindness, more heedful of the gracious manners that please society than many North Americans. Their environment is extremely interesting. True, they have not yet many of the accustomed small comforts of North American life, but they are no frontiersmen. Their cities are far ahead of some of our own in the scientific and artistic arrangements that they have. Moreover, the number of cities is impressive. On a map a few names remembered from geography-lesson days catch the eye, and nine out of ten of us would think the other names represented mere hamlets, a few thatched huts. But they don't. Sao Paulo is a big half-German city over fifty miles from the coast of southwestern Brazil, with a large number of factories, with electric lights, street cars, telephones, nice streets, charming homes, and all the rest of city ways as we know them. It was founded in 1553.

Mendoza is a large city, nestling under the shadow of the Andes at the

very back of Argentina, where the fine Argentine wine is made for home consumption.

Valdivia is a thriving German city in Chile, where you could hardly tell you were not in the north, if you merely glanced around. Nearly every name you see on a small map of the continent represents a city, and almost every city has modern equipment. There were ten miles of street railways in Lima in 1892, long before most New England towns had them. Buenos Aires was called a city almost a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Montevideo with its 300,000 inhabitants on the other side of the Rio de la Plata in Uruguay, is a most attractive city, having handsome architecture, fine avenues, and scarcely any sign of poverty or meanness. It is surrounded by tasteful villas for miles round the environs. Even La Paz in the mountains of Bolivia, with a population almost entirely of Quichua and Aymara Indians, has its street cars and its fine plaza. Every South American city has its theater, and many of them much finer than any but the most elaborate theaters in the United States. The opera-house in Buenos Aires is second to none except that of Paris.

Buenos Aires is not so little known in our world; it has been talked of in the press from time to time. But it is not the marvel it is painted, except in so far as the achievement is marvelous of having built a city of nearly two million people with super-New-York-like splendor upon a perfectly flat, low plain, and having transformed a shallow sand-filled river into a great harbor with docks for the mightiest ocean steamers. Rio Janeiro is the wonder city. It is just as modern and prosperous and cosmopolitan, and a thousand times more beautiful than Buenos Aires. It is far more beautiful than Edinburgh or Algiers or Naples. Nature has given it a situation of surpassing unrivalled beauty, and a climate of perpetual spring. It is really amazing how beautiful this place can be. City and a twenty-five mile back-

ground of enchanting suburbs lie among hills, abrupt like the Berkshires — high as the White Mountains — idyllic as the Alps —, great granite aiguilles draped with tropic verdure that surround and descend in crags and gleaming green bluffs into the most glorious harbor in the world. Between the hills is a labyrinth of leafy glens. Splendid boulevards wind over and around the hills. Electric cars carry you to the farthest suburbs by the most scenic routes. Everywhere are lovely villas with magnificent grounds. There are parks and pleasure spots and a botanic garden that contains a better collection of tropical trees than the famous one at Calcutta. The harbor indents the land twenty miles, and is deep enough for the largest sea-craft. Magellan called it a river (the River of January) because it is so narrow; it is extremely irregular in outline, entered between two lofty promontories so near each other that the channel does not appear until your boat is almost under their shadow, and then broadening out sometimes ten miles to encircle many an island and form picturesque coves. There are villas on the bluffs, busy little steamers ferrying hither and yon, beautiful bending beaches with happy bathers, life and fragrance and lights, and tones and tints, and wildness and peace, all blended in bizarre abandon. The city shows no squalor. It is full of business, but abounds in beauty. The late mayor, Hereira Pasos, spent twenty-five million dollars in improving and adorning the city and its environs, and this was truly the most valuable public improvement ever undertaken in South America. For Rio Janeiro will be the mecca for travelers through all the years to come. The streets are no wider than those of Boston, but they are crossed by broad avenues, lined by fine shops and carry excellent car systems. Automobiles scurry about and people are always going and coming just as here. There are Parisian-like open air cafes in the most charming spots. A cable car lifts you twenty-three hundred feet up the steep Cor-

covado, which is barely a half mile in circumference at its base and towers out of the very dooryards. A magnificent esplanade winds over bluffs and terraced embankments like another Riviera around the harbor.

Such is Rio. Truly the angel of the New Advance must love to work in South America.

Brazil has a great variety of splendid scenery and a number of prosperous cities. One of the least conspicuous sounding furnishes another sensation—Manáos, a modern city of 100,000 people, the terminus of ocean steamboat lines from Europe and North America one thousand miles up the Amazon. That is like sailing from the Atlantic to Chicago. And fancy sailing up the Amazon! One would think from the ideas that get into print sometimes that no white man's eye had ever gazed upon that river except near its mouth. Now in fact, a good-sized city stands on the delta at its mouth, like Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile. And ocean and river craft sweep up and down. Manaos is built on the bluffs where the Rio Negro pours its black flood into the yellow waters of the Amazon. It is a busy place, with factories, warehouses, printing, hotels, electric cars, and Brush arc lights put in by an American company before 1890, telephones, *et cetera*. Smaller steamers leave from here for Iquitos among the Andes in Peru, one thousand three hundred and fifty miles further up the Amazon, and for various points up the Rio Negro and other tributaries. These boats are operated by the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, which was formed by English capitalists in 1853. There are already 5,000 miles of navigation on the Amazon and its tributaries. The South Americans are getting ahead of us in the development of their waterways, because they are guided by Europe, which has the good sense to utilize every brook and rill to its utmost. And they have a wonderful river system to develop. Our river scenery excels theirs, but their rivers are navigable by ocean steamers for great distances.

Between the Amazon and the Orinoco, the two largest rivers, exists the unique phenomenon of a natural canal, the Cassiquiare River, also navigable, which unites them; so that by cutting a very short channel between one of the Amazon tributaries to the Paraná and Paraguay system, it would be possible for ocean steamers to sail from the Caribbean Sea through the continent into the southern Atlantic at Montevideo on the De la Plata. What possibilities for inexpensive inland transportation during halcyon days as this century moves onward!

For with so much advancement accomplished, South America has far more to unfold. If, as the sanguine believe, the world is being guided into a long era of peace and prosperity, fifty years hence the hinterlands of these republics will be filled up by native growth and immigration, even as our own West has filled since 1865. The swamps that border the Amazon will have been drained, and the annual overflow confined as that of the Mississippi is confined, only more securely; fevers will be abolished as they were eradicated from Panama, and from Rio Janeiro; the pitiful Indian *bravo* of Amazonia, who alternately suffers now by compulsory rubber gathering, and makes desperately futile attempts to drive away his tormentors, will be dead then or educated. Inquisitive man will have spied out Sir Jaguar's last devotion, and will hold harvest home among the lush wonders of the jungle.

The Amazonian selvas comprise the largest unused piece of productive soil that remains anywhere in the world to be turned to the service of mankind. Its forests are the densest in the world. In their dank depths grow an infinite variety of woods, ferns and flowers. Many of these are very valuable. Mahogany, the red trees of Ecuador and the calisaya trees of Bolivia, cinchona bark,—whence comes quinine,—coca leaves, which yield cocaine, cacao, rubber, vegetable ivory, are some of the profuse supplies. Amazon cacao, which supplies chocolate, is considered by the French the best obtainable.

It is here the boa constrictor hides, and here the alligator reaches its greatest size. Naturalists from all nations study here. Hither too, come the orchid and the butterfly hunters. The brothers Denton of Wellesley, Mass., who, since their romantic boyhood voyages with a sea-captain father, have given all their time to mounting butterflies and have originated a kind of beautiful brooch and buckle that contain bits of wing and tiny specimens under glass, — were of the first to penetrate those tangled glades, and now send hither for the loveliest of the winged creatures to tempt eye and purse. The diamond fields of Brazil, forgotten in the capture of Kinberley, are by no means exhausted. There are vine growing valleys in eastern Peru where some new wine may yet be expressed. The coldest heights of the Andes are the home of the chinchilla rodent, whose fur has been much favored by fashion. These animals are becoming very scarce, and I heard it said in Peru that efforts might be made to start a farm or two among the snows for breeding them; the business is expected to pay well. With better development of the petroleum regions, it is likely Standard Oil may meet a strong rival unless it buys them in. Petroleum is used by locomotives all through South America, and for the engines of the sugar estates with a saving of forty per cent. Tank steamers ply constantly along the west coast to supply the railways. The anthracite seams of the Andes and the Atlantic ranges, and the lignite of Punta Arenas may some day be mined for Latin America alone. Now their coal comes from Newcastle and Cardiff. There is fuller's earth near the oil wells in Peru, while other sources of income not yet half developed are the olive plantations and mulberry groves, the tobacco fields and the cochineal industry. Some of these latter four industries have continued undisturbed since the days of the Inca kings and have piled up the enormous fortunes that the people of Arequipa and Cuzco have expended so freely in imported gowns and laces and

jewels. There used to be a native industry in wonderful vegetable dyes, but now even the Indians buy aniline dyes from Germany to color their ponchos and gorions. Perhaps it is not generally known that the potato is indigenous to the higher agricultural areas of the Andes, and was first domesticated there by the Incas. It still grows wild on San Lorengo Island in Lake Titicaca. The Incas and their ancestors cultivated it through centuries, until Peruvian plateaux produces the most toothsome potato in the world. Think what an opportunity for some future potato magnate!

But notwithstanding all this wealth, the real source of permanent strength for South America consists in her vast grazing fields, and her wonderfully fertile soil, deep with the accumulation of tropic ages, which makes cereal cultivation already a factor in her world commerce, and will hence foster a myriad of scientific herb and vegetable gardens and fine fruit orchards. An estimate made for last year shows that hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and horses are pastured upon the plains of Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Colombia, and Ecuador. Cattle, sheep, alpacas, and llamas, and the curious, shy vicuna graze among Andean solitudes in Peru and Bolivia. Hogs are raised to some extent in southern Brazil. The llama, though eatable, is not regarded as a source of food. His thick long wool is as useful in the manufacture of textiles of certain qualities and kinds as sheep's wool is for other goods. He is also the beast of burden of the Andes as the mule is in Colombia and Ecuador. He likes the cold rare air, is sure-footed and uncomplaining as a camel. The wool of the vicuna is handsome and more valuable than that of the alpaca, expensive robes and rugs as well as fabrics being made of it. The vicuna is not yet domesticated, so must be hunted for its wool. Probably much profit might accrue to those who would undertake the breeding and protection of the rarer animals of this continent, just as scientists are seeking to turn to the

greatest service for man the wild creatures of Africa. Cabrera, a priest at Caranaya, Peru, once succeeded in rearing a small flock of delicate animals crossed between vicuna and alpaca, which grew a long, silky white wool, but after his death they were neglected and all died.

It is in pastoral and agricultural pursuits that the Latin republics will build up, are indeed now building up the national competence required to hold back too controlling an influx of foreign capital. It has been said that they prefer foreign capital, recoil blithely from the onerous task of opening up the treasures of their continent, expect to luxuriate indefinitely upon the allowance of the industrious foreigners who have undertaken that task, like children of a wealthy father who does not ask them to work. It is said that the people are extravagant, especially in the Argentine, and inconsistent in legislation. But all such statements are unjust. It is true that the people of European ancestry in South America are as a people light-hearted; the French are notably gay, but who can say they do not govern themselves well or have not achieved with the leaders of the world in science, art and literature? Only recently it was bewailed of North America that we had no great writers or artists to compare with English and other European genius. Then it dawned on the world that this present constitutes a new era, an era of transition in which fresh standards are arising both of values and of forms, and that the dominating spirit of a new era is more readily apparent in a newer than in an older land. When North America was developed, as rapidly as possible all the lessons science had taught or government demonstrated were put into practice in the colonial territory and there added to and built upon. Now again, in the development of South America, the world's storehouse of scientific and administrative knowledge is drawn upon to the utmost. The point of difference is the very dissimilar experience of the pioneers who first entered

these two American continents and the imprint that they stamped upon their environment. No band of exiles moored their bark on the wild Peruvian shore. It was "with the roll of the stirring drums and the trump that speaks of fame" that the Spaniard swept into South America to enslave and lay waste, and to gather away the spoils, and it was for spoliation that those brave lands were held until they revolted in imitation of the indignant young insubordinates to the north of them. But the young insubordinates had had a long training in helping support and take care of themselves, and a tradition of self-reliance coming down through generations of increasing democracy in England and Holland. The South Americans knew nothing of freedom except the blissful cadence of its name. Since the Viceroyalty was established in 1776, and more specifically, since their independence from Spain was won in 1825 (Brazil, less oppressed in later years under the Portuguese, did not become a republic until 1888), a people unaccustomed to form their own opinions, much less to express them, or to direct any sort of public affairs, has struggled successfully upward, alone, into the plane of true national unity. The causes previously referred to as having wrought a seeming stringency in finances are rooted in this past history. We see the Latin Americans to-day in an advanced state of transition. Because in days of national poverty they borrowed foreign money and invited foreign investors to bring shovels and pickaxes and show them how to wrest revenue out of the rocks; because, the loans being prompt, and the investors diligent, national relief reacted in what seemed overhastiness to accumulate the good things of life,—let us not presume disaster for them, as good souls used to foresee ruin for England in her war-debt. Exuberant with youth and optimism, they laugh and sing as they proceed about their national housekeeping.

Nor is there lack of patriotic zeal or of *bel esprit*. Dr. Jose Toribio

Polo of Peru is a historian well worthy of the name. Colombia has some very sweet verses to show, wrung out of her turmoil. Argentina has contributed valuable writings in the sphere of theoretical jurisprudence and international law. Pride of country is everywhere evident. Composite, like ourselves, the South Americans possess all the elements necessary to economic and civic growth. Less and less do they entrust civil office to hands that hold it for greed.

Their press is becoming not only a powerful influence for good citizenship, but a respected voice in the forum of the world. *La Prensa*, in Buenos Aires, the leading newspaper of the South American continent, is a really great journal, that one may compare favorably with the best New York, London, and Paris journals. Moreover, it has the finest building possessed by any newspaper in the world, combining luxurious club-rooms for its staff and employees with a valuable publishing plant and elaborate architecture.

They send their sons to our universities, and to those of Europe, and they have excellent universities of their own. The way is being prepared for general education. Only the Indian among the mountains and wild lands is inert, and education will overcome his inertia and stolidity.

Of the Monroe Doctrine, which many would have us think a *bête noir* before the eyes of our southern neighbors, even pens not guided by statesmen may prophesy that it is certain to be transformed or abolished as reforms already discussed are established in the foreign policy of the United States, while the disinterested candor and tolerance of our great country is sufficiently apparent in its attitude towards Cuba and concerning Mexico.

The United States, so favored in the high gifts of democracy and education, recognizes its lofty mission in the world and the supreme work of Uncle Samuel in the lands south of Panama must be the carrying thither of better ideals along with its example of practical business and scientific methods and interest in the comforts more than in the frivolities of life, while he may himself learn the finer manners of the heart that make for happiness. If, as Sarmiento once said, the free primary school is the foundation of national character, the foundations have already been laid in Chile and the Argentine on which the grand national superstructure is arising, from which, as from a beacon, shines the light that is to lead all the Latin republics into the mighty brotherhood of nations and present their continent to the world—a glorious continent, modern, united and free.

NOTE.—President Billinghurst of Peru has offered Mr. MacQueen a command of soldiers with all other necessary equipment for exploring the region of the headwaters of the Amazon for the Peruvian government. Mr. MacQueen is planning to undertake this interesting expedition.

A WILD ROSE

BY ETHEL SYFORD

Palest glow
Fragile petals, — pale pink breath of
Beauty,
Breathing fragrance, — caressing,
lovely, —
Too harsh for thy loveliness
Are the trials of earth,
All too compelling the Wind
To thy charm and thy daintiness.
Pale glow of Beauty,
Breathing fragrance,
Vibrating Love, sensitive loveliness,
The Angels dropt thee, — but not for
long, —
They come to find thee.
Thou art frightened!
Away Beauty flutters!

THE RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC

By JOHN F. MOORS

"THE Public be damned." This ejaculation of the former railroad magnate, William H. Vanderbilt, has perhaps done more harm to the railroads of the United States than any other single adverse incident. For we Americans like to govern ourselves by phrases. The truth is that the railroads have to serve two masters, the stockholders, on the one hand, and the public, on the other. Serving two masters has never been easy. Mr. Vanderbilt clearly thought that the claims of the stockholders were paramount. Recent legislation, both state and national, has tended more and more in favor of the public and against the stockholders. And the other day the vice-president of the country was quoted as saying that railroads should earn enough to insure safety for the passengers and good wages for the employees, but inferentially no more. If he was correctly reported he believes that it is the stockholders who should now be damned.

No one can deny that American railroads have served the public beyond measure or that the capital invested in them at the outset was welcomed as a benefaction. Passengers and freight are carried by them speedily ten times as cheaply as by any other conveyance on land. Destroy railroads to-day and American civilization is destroyed. Nevertheless, while the railroads have become more and more useful, the power to earn money from them has become more and more circumscribed. Wages have been raised to the extent of millions of dollars, supplies cost more, higher interest has to be paid on new issues of securities, new safety appliances are required, just now the demand for steel cars is as insistent as was the demand for life-boats after the *Titanic* disaster, and there are countless other

increases in expenses. Nevertheless railroad rates have been either rigidly kept from rising* or have been actually reduced. While no one will deny that some regulation is necessary, or that, if the railroads were to-day unrestricted, another unpleasant phrase might apply to them, viz.: that they were ready to charge "all that the traffic would bear," or that, where monopoly is possible, unrestricted railroad earnings might now be fabulous; in short, while the rules of the game have admittedly had to be changed, the question now is:—Have they not been changed too much? The enforced expenses and the restricted earnings have so altered the railroad business that it is very doubtful if those who originally contributed the capital and the brains to building railroads would have contributed either if they could have foreseen present conditions.

Unfortunately for the railroads, there has grown up with the idea of regulation, the even more popular idea of competition. The Sherman law insists on it. The present national administration makes a favorite theme of it. Almost no one disagrees or would except railroads from the Sherman law. As a result, we find the railroads to-day facing both regulation and competition, the former being enforced by both the nation and the states, while "pools" and "gentlemen's agreements" and "community of interest," once popular among the railroads, have been thrown into the great junk-heap of the past.

The railroads of the country are thus to-day in a much more vulnerable position than are other public service corporations. The latter mostly operate under the idea of regulated monopoly, charges and service being subject

*The Boston and Maine rate hearings began after this article was written.

to state supervision and control. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, for example, does its business practically without fear that another corporation will be allowed, even less invited, to tear up the streets and become a competitor. Throughout this commonwealth, and in most other states, the tradition is becoming more and more recognized as sound that if the state reserves to itself control of the charges and of the quality of the service, public service corporations should not be in danger either from competition or the threat of competition, that the capital invested beyond recall in gas pipes, wires, and machinery shall not be endangered, so long as the work is done well and at reasonable rates. As a consequence, capital has been forthcoming even for comparatively obscure public service corporations. Not only have they, as a rule, prospered, but rates have tended downward and service has improved. Confidence has made all this possible.

How far regulation has taken the place of competition is illustrated by a recent circular from one of the large organizations operating gas, electric, and street railway properties. The circular speaks of "the protection against reckless competition which is being afforded by the various commissions and regulatory bodies in consideration of the rights of these bodies to regulate the charges of the utility companies in their jurisdiction," and adds that this protection "is resulting in a more satisfactory condition of operations than has heretofore existed." This is typical of the now prevalent attitude of the public authorities toward gas, electric light, and street railway companies.

Railroads are not thus protected. It is true that recent regulations against rebates and those affecting "long haul" and "short haul" transportation have partially protected railroads against themselves. But in their case there is no such acceptance of the sound economics of regulated monopoly as is frankly recognized in the circular above quoted.

The advocates of competition, who make no exception of railroads, are in an overwhelming majority, and assume indeed that they are merely propounding an axiom. They insist that railroad competition not only lowers rates but improves service, because competitors vie with each other for patronage.

Without denying all truth in this contention, or doubting that competition is in most business essential, it may be profitable to consider certain facts under our very eyes.

Until recently, the railroads have seemed in their terminals to possess the best of real estate corner lots, increasing constantly in value as cities and towns have grown up about them. No new railroads could afford to duplicate these terminals and the unearned increment might in time become enormous. This long seemed particularly true of railroads in the East. In the West building might continue on a large scale and parallel roads might be stretched across prairies. But in the East new competition seemed practically impossible because no new railroad could afford to build into the centers of large cities. But in the East new competition has come from another source, i. e., interurban trolley lines, inexpensively built, without way stations or, usually, stations of any kind, with rights of way and other privileges liberally granted, connecting with city trolley lines and thus reaching every corner of the larger cities far better than they are reached from the expensive terminals of the big railroads. Not only may a hospitable apothecary shop serve as an exceptionally palatial waiting room for a trolley line, but passengers in trolley cars have become wonted to strap-hanging, whereas the same people in a steam car are outraged if they cannot get a seat. Similarly steam railroads are more criticized for tardiness, partly, at least, because they are usually so prompt. If it were their custom to be tardy, the fact would be as little noted by a careless public as it is noted in the case of trolleys. Trolley com-

petition is a condition and not a theory. For example, the Boston & Albany Railroad between Boston and Worcester is practically paralleled by an interurban trolley line. According to the advocates of competition, this paralleling may, it is true, have caused a money loss to the Boston and Albany, but it should have spurred that road to better service, to retain business. Does any one, however, believe that the reduced traffic on the Boston and Albany has led it to put on more and faster trains?

Another noteworthy example is the effect of trolley extensions on the suburban lines centering in Boston. Years ago, heavy train-loads of passengers came from such near-by places as Brookline and Jamaica Plain. Now, notwithstanding the great growth of the suburbs, only a few light, profitless trains are run. The railroads, having had the worst of the competition with the increasing trolley lines, have allowed their service, inevitably, to shrivel. They had intended, long ago, to improve this service by the introduction of electric power. Silent witnesses to this expectation are the never-used tracks running to the basement of the South Terminal Station. When profit disappeared from the business, a desire to improve the service through electrification also disappeared.

Lest this unpopular view of competition seem peculiar and heretical, let us consider the lilies of the field and all things growing according to the laws of nature. The wise farmer cuts the suckers from his corn. He roots up the competing weeds. The wise gardener prunes his plants. On the other hand, the trees of the forest choke each other in their unrestrained competition, all the branches dying except those which reach the sunlight on the top. Strength comes by selection, by surviving the vital thing best able to survive all the sustenance and strength which it can get. Economy lies in not having the telephones of two rival companies on one's desk, in not having two railroads, where one

will suffice, in not eating one another alive, as the fish eat one another in the sea.

The money which has been invested in railroad property other than railroad equipment, bonds on which have become peculiarly popular, cannot be transformed into other investments as would be the case with a bank or many mercantile establishments. It is planted for better or for worse, and where it has been planted, there it must remain. Not only this, both it and the equipment must be improved. The old car stove has given place to steam heating. Better couplers have been installed. Block signals have been introduced, and one type is hardly introduced before it has to be changed for another. If a certain type of cross-over seems dangerous to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads must at their own expense change it. Grade crossings are being abolished. Steel cars are taking the place of wooden, the demand for them just now being insatiable. There can be no doubt that most, if not all, of these improvements are sound, and there can be no gainsaying the historical fact that railroad managers have, until recently, been opposed to most of them, the master whom they have primarily sought to serve having been the stockholders and not the public. Now, however, as a triumphant social philosopher has stated, there has been a great conflict between the railroads and the public and the public has won. This, in his judgment, was a consummation devoutly to be wished, and most people will agree with him. But has the last word been said?

Should the railroads be obliged to pay all or nearly all the expense of the public improvements forced upon them by the public authorities in the interest of the public, or should the public contribute a more liberal portion for what the public secures? As it is, the public now pays less than formerly.

From the point of view of employing trained experts, railroads were never before so well managed. A generation has seen the great railroads of the

country emerge from the management of rich owners into that of salaried officials who have risen from the ranks. Management of railroads directly by Goulds and Vanderbilts, Huntingtons and Villards, Forbeses and Thayers, seems to have gone forever, and in their place we have railroad presidents like Mr. Bush and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Rea, and Mr. Elliot. Harriman and Hill represented the transition stage between the rich owner-manager and the trained expert-manager. No longer do unscrupulous land deals stain the records of our railroads, while more and more it is beginning to be recognized that railroad directors should not deal with themselves in new bond issues. Richer and more populous the country is steadily growing. Yet the railroads serving this growing country better than ever before are not allowed to share in the prosperity. For them the hope of reward both in the nation's growth and from their own skill and economies is denied.

Look at the facts. After a year of the most bountiful harvests on record, those of 1912, not a leading railroad in the country has increased its rate of dividend, unless we count as such increases the restoration of a five per cent dividend rate on Southern Railway Preferred, after a secondary depression succeeding bankruptcy, and the restoration of two per cent dividends by New York, Ontario & Western, after this dividend had been passed for a single year on account of a coal strike. On the other hand, Illinois Central, long considered one of the strongest railroads in the country, has had to reduce its dividend rate from seven per cent to five per cent; New Haven from eight per cent to six per cent, with a dismal prospect of a further reduction; Chesapeake & Ohio and St. Louis Southwestern Preferred, each from five per cent to four per cent; Big Four has ceased to be able to pay any dividend on its preferred stock; Boston & Maine on either preferred or common; St. Louis & San Francisco has fallen into the hands of

receivers. New York Central ekes out its dividends only by the extraordinary contributions of the Lake Shore, which years ago charged all its construction expenses to operating, and has recently enabled the New York Central to escape a condition similar to that of the New Haven; Pennsylvania dividends are six per cent instead of the seven per cent which in 1906 seemed firmly established; St. Paul cut its dividend rate in 1912 from seven per cent to five per cent, because it had the courage to extend its lines to the Pacific coast, thus opening new country. Wabash and Pere Marquette continue indefinitely in receivers' hands; Missouri Pacific, Erie, and Rock Island never pay a cent on their common stocks. Though the last-named stocks may represent little more than hope of profit above simple interest on the investments which built the roads, it has proved hope of the kind which maketh the heart of a stockholder sick. Increases in gross earnings, however large, are nearly, if not quite, offset by increased expenses. In July of this year gross earnings of the New York Central increased \$1,500,000 and of Pennsylvania \$2,000,000. But net earnings in the case of one decreased \$900,000 and in the case of the other \$750,000. These are typical examples.

The two great exceptions during the past year have been Great Northern and its subsidiary, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. On these two roads both the gross and net earnings have increased heavily. But note the consequence of such prosperity, which has been largely due, let us concede, to the exceptional skill of Mr. James J. Hill. No less an authority than the United States Supreme Court decided in the Minnesota rate cases that, because the Great Northern was prosperous, the state of Minnesota would be allowed to reduce charges, whereas in the case of another comparatively weak road the state could not legally reduce them. The logic of this decision seems to be that skill and industry may not lead to rewards in the railroad

business, but are actually to be handicapped.

In the many recent attacks on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad it has been persistently maintained that, as a railroad, apart from its steamship and trolley lines, it should prosper because it runs through the best railroad territory in the country. But such excellence of territory no longer helps a railroad. If it did, think how prosperous to-day would be not only the New Haven, as a railroad, but the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, and even the Boston & Maine! What crowds throng the cars and how closely the freight trains follow one another as compared, for example, with the lines of the Union Pacific in the sparsely settled states of Utah, Wyoming and even Nebraska! Yet Union Pacific, in spite of its own troubles, — strikes, adverse court decisions, severe restrictions, — is more prosperous than any of the eastern roads mentioned above.

Not only have the latter suffered from competition but they seem to have suffered almost as much from threats of competition and from their own efforts to protect themselves. Recently the *New York Times* and the *Boston Herald* have printed stories indicating that the most persistent charge of extravagance against the New Haven road — the purchase of Rhode Island companies' stock for \$24,000,000, valued later at, say, \$6,000,000 — was really such an effort. The stories in these papers may be without basis, but, according to them, strong interests held a franchise to build an interurban line between Boston and Providence. Entrance into Boston was possible over the elevated tracks from Forest Hills, but the Rhode Island companies had an exclusive right to enter Providence and hence held the key to the situation. The threatening competitors were bidding for the Rhode Island trolleys when the New Haven secured them. If the stories referred to are true, the real question before the New

Haven management seems to have been whether it was cheaper to lose a large sum in buying the Rhode Island trolleys or to lose another large sum by allowing the Boston and Providence railroads to be paralleled by a new interurban line.

This explanation of a much criticized transaction could not, if true, be safely admitted by the New Haven management. Last autumn the president of the New Haven was indicted, charged with having endeavored to ward off competition into Providence threatened by the Grand Trunk, such competition being specifically encouraged by various states. He denied the charge. Could he with impunity have admitted the truth of a similar transaction or was he practically obliged to let the purchase of the Rhode Island companies stand as apparently an unexplained act of inexplicable folly?

According to the testimony the other day of the president of the Pennsylvania railroad before the Massachusetts public utilities commission, that company, being face to face with interurban trolley competition, took the other alternative and lost \$350,000 a year by so doing. Thus, whether a railroad protects itself or not, the situation may become for it very costly.

In its recent decisions the United States Supreme Court has made plain that confiscation of railroad property will not be knowingly tolerated. But it has also made plain that railroad owners need never expect more than moderate returns on their investments. Experience seems to show that at present, with the regulations, thus allowed and encouraged, and the competition, which cannot legally be warded off, no sufficient allowance is made for disasters such as have befallen the railroads this year both from floods and drouths, or for periods of business depression or for the risks of new construction or for inevitable human errors of judgment. All of these have contributed to the present ills of American railroads. Our rail-

roads are, on the whole, well managed, but floods and drouths and business depressions are sure to come.

It is a tradition of the New York banks that, of the collateral offered them by brokers, at least sixty-five per cent shall be represented by railroad securities and not over thirty-five per cent by industrial. This tradition is because of the time-honored conviction that railroad securities are safer than industrial. Railroad companies must give fuller reports, the property is more divisible, the business is more diversified and therefore, as a rule, more stable,—railroads are peculiarly essential to all mankind. Yet the big industrials of the country have, as a group, fared far better of late than the big railroads. With all the new restrictions on industries there is still a hope of profit from them and sometimes the actual profit is very large. Note, for example, United States Steel, General Electric, International Harvester, United Fruit and National Carbon. Not a few investors now avoid railroads altogether. Meanwhile the losses have come mostly on those who have meant to keep away from speculation, who have saved for moderate returns, and have been largely, perhaps altogether, dependent on the income from their investments.

Now it may be that the public will suffer directly from the present plight of the railroads not nearly as soon as the owners of the railroads. Better service may perhaps be forced for a time from railroad owners without hope of reward to them, for the capital invested in railroads may be saved, even partially, only by continuing to serve the public. But the bleeding process cannot go on forever.

Among the increased expenses, not to be ignored, to which railroads are now subjected, are the higher rates of interest which must be paid on new bond issues. This increase is at least twenty-five per cent, compared with a decade ago, measuring the difference by, let us say, the new issue of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul 4½'s last winter and of Chicago, Burlington & Quincy

3½'s ten years earlier, and without allowing for the now impaired credit of many railroads. For short periods the increase in interest rates is even more serious. These increased expenses are not to be avoided by any skill on the part of the railroads. Yet the public, through its representatives, has as yet seemed to give no thought to them.

As most railroads cannot now issue stock for improvements, except at great sacrifices, both in market value and otherwise, the tendency is to increase indebtedness, a dangerous development. Both Great Northern and Pennsylvania stocks declined sharply when new issues were recently announced and have never recovered. Yet these railroads are admittedly among the strongest and best managed railroads in the country. Other roads have not dared to risk new stock issues but have piled up short-term obligations. These are now proving an uncomfortable burden not only to the New Haven and the Boston and Maine but to the New York Central and others.

The proposition that railroads could save fabulous millions by "scientific management"—a proposition which served as an obstacle to an increase in rates when these were sought on a large scale of the Interstate Commerce Commission—has never been substantiated. The Atchison tried the experiment, but only to lead to the conclusion that the claims made were little more than unsupported assertions calculated to impress the public through newspaper headlines.

The logic of the situation seems to be that the railroads of the country should be allowed to make a substantial profit above simple interest on the money invested. The owners should have a hope that they will reap an additional reward, if they manage well, and that all the reward shall not be taken from them. If there is to be regulation, as seems inevitable, the justice of competition at the same time should be subjected to close scrutiny. If the public wants safe,

comfortable, clean and prompt service, it should pay for it. If it does not pay for such service, it will sooner or later get poor service.

There can be no doubt that the American people always intend to be just. No problem is settled by them until it is settled right. All the newer part of the country has been largely made and the older part largely made over by the railroads. The tracks and equipment and stations look impersonal but they represent the savings of hundreds and thousands of people to the extent of billions of dollars. The rules of the railroad game have been changed many times since most of this capital was invested. Such changes have been admittedly due in great measure to greed and unscrupulousness on the part of the railroads, as a whole. It has been necessary to correct abuses as well as to protect public interests. But the railroads are now, one and all, chastened. In most respects they are ex-

traordinarily well managed. They are necessary. They should be profitable, if justice is to be done and if the public is in the long run to be adequately served. That is, they should earn simple interest plus a profit, plus an allowance for inevitable disasters, such as floods and drouths, plus an allowance for mistakes of judgment. They should be so profitable that capital will be glad to improve them and to build new roads, not so afraid that it has to be tempted from its hiding-places by expensive inducements. In short, if the public wants good service, its regulations, through state and national commissions, should be generous to the railroads, fully as generous, for example, as are the commissions throughout the country which regulate gas and electric light enterprises. In particular, it is to be hoped that the railroads will get some relief from the appeals recently filed with the Inter-state Commerce Commission.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FALLS

By SYLVANUS VANAKEN

THE daylight was waning as the man whipped his flies over the black water of a famous trout pool on the little St. Pierre.

The man was my friend Phil, a strong, quiet lover of the woods, and a patient learner of their secrets. He was alone. So far as he knew, he was, with one exception, the only living man in a circle of seventy miles diameter. The exception was an old Indian, who at that moment drew a glowing coal out of the camp fire, spat on it thoughtfully, and then, watching the black spot suddenly flare and disappear, knew by the infallible sign that a storm was coming.

A sudden low rumble of thunder came down the river and was lost in the roar of the falls. As if a blow struck the water the trout ceased rising. Up to that moment, they had flashed up at the flies by twos and threes, dark, strong, lusty fighters that seemed to hide in the depths under every foam bubble. The man dressed his catch hurriedly, climbed the bluffs behind him, and hastened back to camp.

The storm broke as he hurried up to his little tent in the short twilight, where old Noel was trying to cook supper at a fire that was jumping like a witch. The night followed quickly, a night almost unearthly in its darkness and wild commotion.

Now and then the Indian would point a finger and mutter with awed voice. "Look! fire see-um Spirit come in from Mukkeennoise. Das w'y he jump up from the fire to meet-um."

The man moved quickly to where he could see the Indian sitting on his heels close to the fire, his dark face and powerful shoulders thrown into bold relief by the flickering light.

"Are there spirits here, Noel?"

"Plenty, O plenty! Das w'y he call-um Mukkeennoise, spirit place."

"How do you know, Noel?"

It was the scholar that spoke here, but the primitive man shrugged his shoulders and drew close to the fire.

"White man tink he know how he know. Injun don't know how; he just know."

"You promised me a story once, Noel; such a story as is heard only among your own people. This is just the night. I am listening."

Old Noel hesitated, for an Indian rarely speaks of his traditions — never speaks of them, in fact, unless he is sure of his man, that he will not doubt or make light of what is to him sacred. Then, in the soft voice of the Milicete, with words so low that it hardly seemed possible that a human voice was speaking, he told a legend of his people. And this is the story — I tell it briefly, for what follows, and change only the curious dialect:

"Once, long ago, my people owned all these woods and rivers. The Milicetes are peaceful; they are hunters. But way off that way," pointing to the west, "lived an awful people,— the Mohawks. Nobody knew where they came from, where they went to. We only knew that when they came they were like the Injun Imp when they tasted blood.

"One spring they came when the Milicetes had been camped all winter on the great meadows below here — you remember the meadows we passed this morning? Well, it was fifty years since the Mohawks had been seen; the Milicetes had forgotten. No one knew they were coming till Killooleet discovered them, and saved her people with her life.

"Killooleet was the chief's daughter. She was beautiful, my grandfather said, very beautiful, and her voice — would you hear why she was called Killooleet? Come!"

Old Noel seized a brand from the

fire and started into the forest. The man followed, wondering. Beyond the fire-light the Indian went cautiously, waving his brand to keep it burning. He stopped as a clear, low whistle came from the bushes on his left.

"Listen," he whispered.

There was another soft whistle; then the clear, beautiful song of the white-throated sparrow, that sweetest minstrel of the north woods, came tinkling out of the darkness.

"That is Killooleet," said Noel. "He sings always when he sees the light. And that is why she was called so, because her voice was beautiful and cheered the heart like his."

They stumbled back to the fire, and Noel went on with the story.

"Killooleet had been loved many years by Malsunsis, the wolf, who wanted to take her away. But the chief said no; she must sing for him yet a little longer. At last he consented, and then the days seemed long to the lovers till the ice should melt, and the fish be running and the birds singing in the woods again. For the Milicetes marry only when the young beavers go out to find their mates—and that, you know, is a sad time only for the old beavers.

"At last they came, the birds. With the first song that they heard Killooleet, the wolf and Mooshawis, his mother, went three days across the hills to the meadows on the Musquabit, which flows into the river far above here. They were planning the house they would build, as the young beavers do, when they came to the meadows. Then suddenly out of the bushes rose tall warriors with frightful faces.

"Mooshawis fell down shuddering, and muttering the Mohawks! the panthers! Killooleet ran screaming away. The wolf sent a hunting arrow straight through the heart of the leader. Then he went down, with a tomahawk in his brain.

"They took the Wolf's scalp, trailed and caught the two women quickly, and hurried away to the river, where

there was a camp and a great war fleet of canoes hidden away in the swamp. Two warriors bound the women and placed them in a canoe that was lying ready.

"You must be our guides, they said, for none of us have ever seen these waters. Help us and you are free; betray us and you die. Then they pushed out into the river.

"By day the war party remained hidden. Only the two warriors with the women prisoners, stole on to spy out the way. All day long they would skulk and hide along the river, watching for Milicete hunters, and drawing near to the big camp below the falls. Then, toward night, they would search out a hiding place where the war party might hide for the next day undiscovered by the keen eyes of wandering hunters. At a safe landing place two small fires were lighted close together and facing up river. That was a signal. Towards morning the great canoes, that traveled safely only by night, would come sweeping down to where the beacons blazed, and hide themselves away again in the alder swamp that had been selected for them.

"On the third day, as they neared the Milicete country of all the Mohawk warriors, the talk lasted long, as Indian pow-wows do, so that it was afternoon before the scout's canoe swung out into the river. The two Milicete women were in it, one in front of either warrior, their hands tightly bound, answering brief questions about the river with briefer answers, knowing that discovery or treachery meant instant death, yet praying and hoping for the sight of a Milicete canoe. At twilight the canoe rounded the bend of the eagle cliff, and for the first time the Mohawk scouts heard the falls — Listen!"

As the Indian ceased abruptly the heavy roar of Mukkeennoise came throbbing through the night. The man shuddered at the thought of canoes approaching in the darkness, for he knew the place well — the frightful rush of a swollen river to its leap,—and then the sheer plunge of fifty feet down

among the rocks of a mist-filled gorge. "Hark! what do we hear?" said a Mohawk, trying to check the canoe that already felt the pull of irresistible power beneath it.

"It is Mukkeenoise, the Ghost Falls," said Killooleet.

"Land quickly — no, on the other side. If you pass that point you die."

"As she spoke the girl's heart leaped fiercely, for her hands, which she had been working steadily the past hour, dropped free from their bonds. She gripped the knife that was hidden under her broad otter-skin girdle; but she made no movement.

"The canoe touched the shore — just opposite where you fished this afternoon, and the warriors sprang out to drag it up out of the current. As they bent to the work Killooleet was creeping nearer, nearer. Suddenly the outer warrior threw up his hands and toppled into the river with the death whoop on his lips. The other leaped back, but the girl was upon him like a lynx, and he went down among the rocks with the knife in his throat.

"She sprang to the canoe, which had swung adrift; with all her strength she pulled old Mooshawis and the fire basket out upon the bank.

"Quick, mother!" she cried, tearing at the bonds, 'quick to the falls! You know the great rock that juts out below them. Build the fires there.'

"And you?" cried the old Mooshawis.

"I go to the Wolf — and the Mohawks go with me. Hurry! Build the fires bright; then go to the big camp below and bring my father and our people. She turned to hurry away, but the old woman caught her by the arm and clung to her desperately. —

"You are mad, child, and they will not believe you. Come, we are free; we will warn our people and escape. Even if they drive back these panthers it means a hundred deaths and a hundred women wailing. I

myself will save them all that. They shall tell of it in the wigwams — yes, they that are babies now will tell their grandchildren how the falls fought for the Milicetes, and how one girl saved her people.'

"My life? What is my life here when the Wolf is calling me away? Quick, mother; build the fires bright, on the great rock below the falls.'

"She turned again and bounded away up the river, leaping from rock to rock, her heart springing within her and her eyes bright.

"The camping-place is ready and the two warriors wait," she said, gliding into the Mohawk camp an hour later, and standing with folded hands before the chief.

"And what message do they send?" demanded the old warrior suspiciously.

"That the place is good and your sleep shall be sound. The Milicetes will see you ere daybreak. Even now your two warriors are creeping down on their camp. They sent me back to bring you.'

"The Mohawks were filled with wonder that she should come back to them alone when she might have run away, but the war fleet swept out into the river instantly. If their fears were roused they were still ashamed to show that to a single girl who must go with them and share the danger. They bound her again and put her in the bow of the foremost canoe with the chief and ten warriors.

"Paddle fast," she said, 'the river is clear and the current deep.'

"They paddled down quickly, silently. The half moon was shining clear, flooded the river with silver light as they swept over it.

"Hark! What is that?" said the chief. The air about them shivered; a deep, low roar surged up the river.

"It is Mukkeenoise the Ghost Falls. Below them are the meadows where the Milicetes sleep. Look, the fires!"

"Around the point swept the war fleet. The air began to hum; the heavy roar throbbed to the quickened beat of the warriors hearts, which

felt the danger. Still the signal fires beckoned. Still the chief feared to seem less brave than the girl before him, who sat so still, with eyes fixed on the mist images that dance over the awful place, waving wild arms to those who come but never go.

"Nearer they swept. The current dipped sharp and sudden, rushing to its leap. A cry rose from the outer canoe, which began to jump spite of strong paddles. Then the girl turned.

"Sing your death song, chief. The fires are bright, but the warriors will never come. Look, the falls! And see, my people on the shore!"

"She turned, and standing in the canoe with head thrown back gazing toward the mist images, broke out into the low, wild death-chant of the Milicetes. From the shore the wailing of women answered above the throbbing hum of the falls. All about her were shouts, cries, groans, the dash of paddles, and the fierce death-whoop, as some swift Milicete arrow found its rest. Under all and above all was the deep shivering roar sweeping nearer and nearer with the rush of a storm.

"Still she sang on. The mists closed round them — and they were gone.

"Listen," said Noel.

The man, released from the swift, rushing end of the story, started up from the spell of it and listened, thrilling and creeping in spite of himself.

"Did any of the Mohawks escape Noel?"

"Not one. They all went over the falls. But they stay here yet."

"What do you mean, Noel?"

"There are spirits in every waterfall," said the Indian earnestly. "If you look you can see them sometimes when the mists are rising."

The storm blew out in another hour. Old Noel was sitting silent by the fire; but the man, sleepless and uneasy, wandered along the bluff above the falls, fascinated by the wild beauty of the plain, shivering now and then as he remembered the legend and the

voices that were now all still. When he came to the highest point of the bluff he looked back.

Far below him raced the river, strong and dark, to its leap. Thin mists wavered over it — it was easy to imagine them taking human form. When they lifted he could see the great flat rock jutting out below the falls on the other shore. If a fire were built there it would prove a deadly beacon to canoes coming down. But the phantom canoe, what would account for that? The mists or —

As if in answer to the question something appeared moving swiftly on the river. The man stopped as if struck. Now he was grasping a dwarf spruce, peering down over the cliff in dangerous wise, as if fascinated.

There was a sudden tingle in the man's spine that no cold or legend, nor even the voices could have given. He started and rubbed his eyes, there was no mistake. Now it swept under him, and he saw plainly a woman crouching in the bow, shrinking together as if paralyzed with the speed and the roaring in her ears. In the stern knelt a man, his paddle trailing but gripped deep, his whole attitude that of a man who waits and is ready. So they swept into the mists and were gone.

"When I came out of my trance," he said, "my spine was tingling, but my head was buzzing with ideas like a beehive. I ran back along the bluff to the falls and stared hard at a bit of clear water between the first two rapids. If that were a real canoe that I saw, it went over the falls; and I might catch a glimpse of wreckage on the clear water. But I saw nothing, though I looked until my eyes ached. Then I went back to camp.

"Old Noel sat just as I left him staring intently into the fire. He had heard me as I ran past; now he rose slowly, drew near, and peered keenly into my face.

"Ah! You see-um, too? Now, p'raps you believe. That was all he said; and I made no answer.

"At dawn, next morning, I was back at the spot, leaving Noel asleep by the fire. Beneath me the cliff dropped sheer to the river. On this side the current moved deep and strong, swirling along the crag's foot; on the other it raced swifter, the first movement I was hurled violently to the ground. Before I realized what it was all about a big man was kneeling on my chest, the muzzle of a revolver wavered threateningly across my face.

" 'I've got you,' he said, digging his knees into me as if he were riding a balky horse. 'I've got you!'

"He was powerfully built, with a strong, dark face, and good French blood showing everywhere. That was my first flash of observation.

" 'A beastly, cowardly way you took to do it, you hanged brute.'

"I gasped, 'Perhaps you'll also tell me what you've got me for?'

"He started a bit when I spoke. I lay with my head partly under some brushes, and the twilight was deepening. His knees relaxed their terrific grip, and he bent to peer into my face.

" 'Suspicious!' he muttered, more to himself than to me, 'and I'll take no chances. What are you doing here?'

" 'Let me up,' I said, 'a man can't talk with a ton on his chest. Besides it's none of your business.'

"He looked me over searchingly, felt my pockets, and pulled my hunting knife from its sheath. Then he sprang to his feet like a cat, and stood waiting with his big revolver ready.

" 'If you attempt to run I'll shoot you dead. That's straight,' he remarked briefly. 'Now give an account of yourself.'

"I got up and shook myself, scowling at him in no amiable temper.

" 'Who are you, you brute?'

" 'I beg to remind you that that is not my question. Still, as there's a doubt in the case, you have a right to know.' He opened his coat, showing a little silver badge on his breast; but his eyes never left mine for an instant. 'I am a Nevada officer, and I want you for murder and

robbery. I want you bad. That's why I took the law into my own hands and came over the line myself.'

" 'You are mistaken,' I said shortly, repressing several things I wanted to say, out of respect for the law. 'I am fishing here on the St. Arden. If you doubt it, come and see.'

"I turned short, without looking at him again, and walked back through the woods. I heard him spring, and then the brush cracking at my heels.

" 'If that's true, I'll apologize,' he said in my ear. 'Meanwhile this revolver is cocked, and it's pointing right at the middle of your back.'

"He started again doubtfully when old Noel, whom he seemed to know, jumped up startled as we crashed into camp.

" 'I begin to think I am mistaken,' he said, turning to me after a moment, 'but pardon me if I question your guide a bit.'

"They talked hurriedly apart. Then he came back to me with hand extended frankly.

" 'I beg your pardon. I am more than sorry. If you will let me sit down by your fire here, I'll tell you how I came to make such a mistake.'

"I kicked a log to windward of the fire, and looked at him expectantly. I still felt shaken up; and my feelings hurt worse than my neck.

" 'My name's Quereau,' he said, not seeming to notice my scant hospitality. " 'For three years I have worked night and day to track down the worst band of smugglers and cut-throats on the border. Last week one of them, a half-breed named Gaspaux, knifed an officer in his own bed, and burned his place, and —.'

"I saw the muscles on his cheek swell as his teeth ground together. His strong face grew white as a woman's in the firelight.

" 'The murderer and his gang carried off — the daughter, I mean,' he added with an effort. 'I was in the village at the time, and followed them a — one, five of them — across the border, up the Musquabit, and over into the St. Arden, three days above here.'

Last night I lost their trail. I have hunted all day and found no trace. They told me, down below, that no human being was on the river; so when I saw you I thought naturally that you were one of the band. I was desperate, and used you rough. I am sorry.'

"He dropped his head into his hands as he finished, and seemed to forget me.

"What did you expect to do alone with such a gang, if you found them? You could hardly expect to throw them all from behind,' I said a bit sarcastically.

"He looked up quickly. There was the flash of a devil in his eyes as they burned into mine.

"Listen,' he said, 'I came with them last night at dusk; but the man I wanted most, and the girl, were not there. I followed and lost them all in the storm. I am sorry now I didn't shoot the four as they ate.' He broke off and stared hard at the fire again.

"You are a curious kind of an officer,' I remarked at last; 'and your zeal seems more personal than civic. Who was the girl?'

"He quivered as if in pain; his shoulders began to heave.

"Lise — my God!' he groaned, as if there could be but one in the world.

"What!' I cried, 'Bonneur's Lise?'

"He looked up quickly.

"Do you know her, then?'

"I had a swift vision of a splendid girl whom I had seen when I called at Bonneur's farm to buy provisions, a girl tall and dark, with the bearing of a goddess, and abundant traces of fine old French blood, which gave the warm color to her cheeks and the blue gloss to her hair, like the glint of a crow's wing in the sunlight. My heart had been restless ever since.

"Yes,' I muttered, 'I know her.'

"Then you know why I followed them alone,' he said. 'If I stayed, I should have gone mad. I was to have been married to Lise to-day — O God, my, my pretty one! I could stand it if she were dead. But to be with him —'

he sprang to his feet and strode off hastily into the dark woods.

"When he came back a half hour later I could only stand beside him and be silent, while the shadows quivered about us. But he felt the sympathy, and he needed it.

"I used to call her Killooleet, my Whitethroat,' he said softly at last. 'She was just that, always sweetness, always music wherever she went; and her voice was like his to me. When I was alone in the woods and heard him, it was of her I thought.'

"At the name, the Indian's story flashed back upon me suddenly. An idea, a great fear swept over me. He felt my arm tremble on his shoulder, I think, for he looked up.

"I am afraid I have seen her — come!'

"I led him to the spot where I had seen the canoe.

"It was again moonlight, and the mists were waving over the falls. I told him the legend briefly, and what I had seen afterwards, and thought. He listened; he questioned me closely, fearfully, how they looked.

"It was she, I know it!' he groaned and his face was deadly white. 'Gaspaux has sworn to be even with me for sending him to jail; and he has done it. They are dead. And — he — dared — to — love — her; the beast, the toad!'

"The last sentence seemed to be pulled out of him, word by word, with pincers. He broke off, and stood leaning far out over the spot where I had last seen her. Suddenly he started back —

"Look, look!' he whispered fiercely.

"A canoe with two men had swung round the point, and was shooting down under the cliff straight to the falls. We watched it spellbound, breathless, till it swept over its swift course and was lost in the mists. The grip upon my arm became painful.

"Well?' he breathed. He was trembling violently.

"It went the same way as the other,' was all I could say.

"Then she is not dead,' he shouted,

all fire in a minute. 'There is some way out of this, some mystery. Where is your canoe?'

"In the river below the camp. What would you do?"

"Do? Follow. What else?"

"To death," I said.

"To death? To hades, if they go so far! Come on?"

"He dashed back to camp, then down the steep bluff headlong to the shore; while I followed more slowly, trying to think for this madman. In a moment he was back with my canoe on his shoulders. He hurried back along the cliff, and went crashing down the steep bank to the shore. Any other man would have broken his neck in half the journey. Like a flash he had whipped the canoe over into the flood, where it began to veer and jump like a witch under the swirling drag of the current. As he poised to spring aboard I stopped him with a grip on his shoulder.

"You will go?" he cried eagerly.

"No; nor my canoe neither."

"He drew back; his face grew black as the shadows under the bank.

"Are you a coward he sneered?"

"No; but you are a fool. A man in love, as you are, always is. Look here, if there's a mystery about these falls, the man who finds it out from this side will have about a second to congratulate himself before he goes over. That is death. I am convinced now that the canoe last night didn't go over; nor this one either; but the men running this risk know where the turn is, know just when to shift their paddles. I don't.

"It's evident," I went on, "that there's a den here somewhere, and your men are in it. It's merely a question of time and watching to find where they come out. Still, for the girl's sake I'll stretch a point. I'll follow the next canoe close, if you like."

"He was quite a long time thinking, struggling with himself.

"You are right. I will wait," he said at last. "But it's hard. God knows what she suffers while we wait."

"All night long we crouched there

in the bushes, stretching our eyes up river. When the moon went down I suggested taking turns watching and sleeping till daylight. But Quereau would not hear of it.

"Go to sleep," he said, "I will never sleep till I know where she is."

"I think I must have been unconscious several hours, when I felt my arm gripped as in a vise. Quereau was pointing up river. In the gray light I saw a canoe with a single occupant sweeping down.

"It's him," he muttered fiercely, and I felt his big muscles twitching. He turned to me swiftly.

"Our time comes in a minute. It's dangerous work, even if we escape the falls. Are you still willing?"

"I looked full into his eyes for moment. They softened wonderfully as we read each other's souls.

"I've seen the girl, too," I said, and pushed my little canoe out just as the outlaw swung round the point below. Light and quick as a cat Quereau sprang to the stern.

"Are you a good canoe-man?" I asked.

"The best on the river, quick!"

"I placed my rifle handy in the bow, and jumped to my place, gripping the second paddle. The canoe shot forward around the point, and there was our man just dropping into the mists.

"Over the dip we shot like a race horse, till hardly a canoe length separated us.

"Bending so that Quereau could see over my head, I kept my eyes fastened on the back of the man in front. No likelihood of his turning to see us. He was not paddling, but sitting in an attitude of waiting, steering merely and gripping his paddles deep. Then I noticed with amazement that our speed slackened.

"Suddenly the stern of the canoe in front swept outward, pushed by an eddy swirling backward from a projecting spur of rock. From cool waiting the man I was watching leaped into life. There was a swift sweep of his paddle, another like lightning—and he was gone.

"In a minute we were shooting over the same great eddy. With all my strength I threw the bow in. I felt the stern lift outward under a powerful stroke; the canoe whirled like a surfboat on a combat. For one awful moment I struggled desperately. Then we glided slowly round into a huge hollow in the face of the cliff, where the water eddied calmly, not fifty feet away from the brink of the falls. Directly in front, near the mouth of the dark tunnel, floated a canoe broadside on, with a most villainous-looking half-breed resting on his paddle, fanning the water slowly to keep from drifting out into the current.

"I saw him start violently as we whirled in. He sprang to his feet. The double muzzle of a gun was pointed straight at my head, and there was no mistaking the expression of the squint-eye behind the barrels.

"I ducked forward just as a stream of fire leaped from the gun muzzle. My hat was torn from my head; but I heard no sign above the terrible roar of the falls. Then something zipped like a hornet past my ear from behind, and powder burned my neck. The half-breed threw up his hands and plunged backward into the eddy. An upturned canoe drifted swiftly out into the mist that closes on things forever.

"I paddled into the tunnel, away from the cursed place. When the water seemed still and I could grasp the rough sides of rock, I looked back for the first time. Quereau was half turned as he knelt, staring back where his enemy had disappeared, the heavy revolver still gripped in his hand.

"Further in, the passage turned, then turned again; the roar died away to a murmur. A light flickered in front. The canoe glided forward, noiseless as a duck on the water, and rubbed lightly on a rocky shore shelving up into a low cavern where a fire was burning. As we stopped I made out in the semi-darkness two figures moving between us and the light.

"Without a moment's hesitation Quereau leaped out and strode straight to the fire. I heard a sharp command, an oath, then cries of terror from women's throats. Jerking the canoe up the bank, I hurried in.

"Between me and the fire stood Quereau, covering two men with his revolver. In a corner on the right, two or three wretched women cowered, chattering. On the left — what was that?

"Something like a shadow came creeping behind Quereau. Before I could spring forward or raise my rifle the shadow lifted up, gripping a knife that glittered in the firelight. Then a scream rang through the cavern; a woman threw herself upon the shadow — all as in a nightmare, when one sees and thinks, but cannot move.

"At the sound of her voice Quereau turned like a flash. The men beyond the fire saw it, and jumped; but by that time I had them under my own rifle. Behind me I heard a snarl like a wild beast's as Quereau clutched his opponent; a blow, a heavy fall; then a sob out of the very soul of a woman. But I dared not turn. Presently Quereau strode past me. I heard the clicking of handcuffs; saw him throw his prisoners brutally, and bind their feet.

"Then I turned, and saw Lise lying in a dead faint beside the insensible outlaw. In a moment Quereau had her in his arms, kissing her white face, and sobbing over her like a school-boy.

"As I had supposed, there was another outlet. The water in the cave found its way out by shallow falls into a tributary of the St. Ander, a quarter of a mile below. It was not difficult to run a canoe in the way we had come. I was wondering at the daredevil who first attempted the thing. And then, remembering the old Indian, I was pondering his answer and the look in his queer, wrinkled brown face when I should tell him what manner of spirit it was that he had seen in the moonlight."

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXVII

(Continued)

So for another ten minutes the demonish chase in the dark continued. Foley was evidently getting winded, for Nat heard him stumble and fall several times. But 'Gene himself appeared tireless. He was now in a real delirium and shouted strange things, although he still clung to the obsession that involved the catching and killing of this man, who now assumed to him the form of a devil.

When next Foley appeared at the window, he himself was mad — mad and blind and frenzied with terror. He forced his head and shoulders through, his eyes bulging, his voice gone. Nat reached up and thrust him back, but with a whimpering, inarticulate cry the man again tried to force his body through. 'Gene could be heard coming nearer and nearer. When Nat pushed Foley back the second time, the latter fell into the hands of 'Gene. He caught Foley by the throat with a howl that was more like that of a wild animal than a man.

Without hurrying, Nat went to the barn door, unlocked it, and made his way to where the two men lay. 'Gene was still strangling, with real murder now in his heart. Even when Nat seized him by the shoulder, 'Gene still held on.

"Let go," Nat commanded.

'Gene sprang to his feet and threw himself at Nat. The latter met him with a blow under the chin which knocked him senseless. Then he went out and found Bartineau. With the latter's help he dragged 'Gene to his bunk, where he strapped him in. He brought Foley back with him to his own bunk and there waited until the man recovered consciousness. The latter finally came to himself with a

shriek for help, and Nat strode to his side. The fellow crowded back into a corner, feeling of his lame throat.

"Have a drink?" questioned Nat.

"Take him away. Don't let him have any more. Take him away," choked Foley.

"D'ye reckon ye'll ever come into this camp again?" asked Nat.

"S' help me, I won't," whined Foley. "Take him away and I won't come nigh here again."

"Sure?"

"I swear. I'll swear on the Holy Bible."

Nat dragged the man from his bunk.

"Then get out," he ordered.

Foley made his feet.

Nat tossed him an overcoat.

"Ye can sleep in the barn, but I don't want to find ye there in the morning."

He opened the door, and Foley dragged his weary limbs out into the cold and dark.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AFTERMATH

FOR the next three days 'Gene was a worthless wreck. Feverish, light-headed, and nauseated, he lay in his bunk, a prey to fantasies of the past and present, receiving scant sympathy or attention either from his fellows or from Nat. When Saturday came around, he was stronger physically, but no whit more at peace with himself mentally. He stung with the knowledge that since the second fight with Bartineau the men were talking openly of his cowardice. They no longer stood in awe of his bulk or the strength of his arms. That forenoon, when to escape another day in confinement he shouldered his axe and went to work, he avoided a half-dozen fights only by skillful evasion of veiled taunts that were meant to egg

him on. Consequently, when after lunch Nat made ready to go back to St. Croix, 'Gene made no protest, weak as he was.

At Dutton's Nat hired a team and drove the remainder of the distance. He had little to say to his brother, but the latter did not misunderstand this silence. He knew that Nat was merely postponing his plans until Monday. What would happen then he could merely guess, and he cringed away from even guessing. One thing was sure, that unless he could think of some plan between now and then life would go hard with him in camp.

He strode into the house that night surly and ugly, but because he looked pale and wan Julie was unusually tender with him. As she met him at the door, she was so shocked by his pallor that she was instantly moved to pity.

"You don't look well, 'Gene," she exclaimed. "Have you been sick?"

"Sicker'n a dog," he answered.

"You shouldn't have come out such a night," she said solicitously. "I'm afraid the walk has been too much for you."

The anxious words were sweet to him after the frowns and neglect of the last few days. She took his heavy coat, as he removed it, and placed it near the kitchen fire to dry. He studied her with a new-born hope. The room was warm from the stove stuffed full of wood, and cheery with the lighted kerosene lamp, but, after all, she was the warmest and cheeriest thing in it. After the cold, dark ride by the side of the distant huddled figure of Nat, this contrast went to his head. His wife looked very beautiful this evening. He took his cue instantly from her present mood, and with a great show of fatigue seated himself in the chair which she placed for him near the open oven door.

"You've been working hard this week?" she questioned.

"He never lets up," answered 'Gene.

"He's worse than a slave-driver."

Nat was never mentioned by name in this house. It was always just "He,"

but Julie had come to distinguish that personal pronoun from all others. It brought the color to her cheeks and then drove it out again.

"He's so strong himself I don't suppose he realizes," she replied feebly.

"He knows what he's doin' all right," answered 'Gene, his lips coming back over his irregular teeth. "An' I tell ye right now I'm gettin' tired of it."

"Perhaps the work is too hard," agreed Julie. "I don't think you ought to take this long walk home every week."

'Gene did not answer. He did not tell her that this time he had ridden most of the way. He liked her sympathy. She seemed most human when she was commiserating him.

"Why don't you lay off for awhile?" she suggested, though it required an effort. She was barely becoming accustomed to his presence here over Sunday. He slept most of the day. But how it would be for a whole week she didn't know. There were moments—they were flashes of tenderness which came whenever she found him at the door snow-covered and weary, but with his little present to her in his hand—when the weary doubts and fears of the last few months were swept away and she saw him as he used to be. These led her to hope for great things—these and his record of unbroken steadiness. In every way he had improved wonderfully.

"Maybe I will. Maybe I'll lay off for good," he answered. "I can get a better job than that."

She was putting down a plate of biscuits on the table. She glanced up at him and found an expression on his face that frightened her. He rose to his feet.

"See here, Julie," he exclaimed, "I'm tired of bein' cooped up. I'd like to get back to the city where there's things doin'."

She shuddered. But she answered mildly:

"Yes, 'Gene."

"What d'ye say?"

"I think we're better off here," she replied without hesitation.

"How be we better off?"

"We're at home, for one thing," she answered.

"Home?" he burst out. "This is a fine kind of a home for me, isn't it? I'm here one day a week, and a lovin' peaceful time I have of it then with your father lookin' like he'd like to stab me in the back, an' your mother lookin' like a mourner at a fun'ral, and you —"

"I'm doing the best I can, 'Gene," she interrupted.

"Well, your best ain't much then," he growled.

She sat down wearily. He was undoing all the work of the last few months. It was the 'Gene of that horrible first day who was now speaking. She tried to put that out of her mind and to recall how good he had been ever since then. She made every possible excuse for him; he was tired, overworked, worn out, and after a night's sleep would probably be himself again. Without answering she rose and went on with her work. But with his broad back to the stove he continued to talk, returning to his initial plaint which had seemed to meet with some success. He realized the hopelessness of trying to get out of this tangle by flight; Nat would keep his word and follow him wherever he might go. But if he could persuade Julie to come along with him, that would be a master stroke. Not only would he then have the girl in his complete control, but Nat would be unable to say anything.

"I tell ye I can't stand it much longer Julie. When a feller has a quiet place to come back to at the end of the day, he don't mind hard work, but when after it all there ain't nothin' but a bunk in camp, it's darned lonesome. When ye git married, ye kind of expect suthin' different."

"Supper's ready," she announced.

He seated himself at the table, and she took her place opposite him. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Moulton ever joined them at meals. She poured his hot tea and passed it to him.

"An' I think we'd git along better,

Julie, if we was alone," he ran on. "We'd get used to each other."

She met his eyes for a second, as though she actually found hope in the suggestion.

"I wonder if you're right, 'Gene," she answered.

"I know I am, Julie." He pressed home his point eagerly. "We aren't different from other people, and most of them get used to one another. If we were away and had a house of our own, we'd get along all right. It's the outsiders that make trouble."

"Outsiders?" she questioned.

She didn't recognize any outsiders. If it had n't been for her mother and father, she would have gone mad during these last few months. Even Nat, who hovered ever in the background, was of help to her. She felt safer for knowing that he was within reach.

"Every one's an outsider who stands between man and wife," he ran on.

She recognized some justice and some truth in his plea.

"Where would you go?" she asked timidly.

"I'd go to Boston, or New York," he added hastily. "I reckon New York's better. I can get a job there on some boat. I've had experience in seafarin' life."

"New York seems so far."

"The farther the better," he declared, unconsciously quoting Bella. "Maybe I could get on a steamer goin' to Rio. Ye used to want to go to Rio."

She smiled at the recollection. The name still had magic in it. She looked at him with fresh interest as he sat opposite her, leaning over the table. For a moment or two he looked like her old 'Gene. With the excitement of his plea his blue eyes had brightened as they used to do; and his face mellowed until once again he looked very much a boy. As a boy he seemed to her very strong and big.

"How we used to dream about Rio!" she laughed.

"We might go down there and live," he answered. "Sailors can get a job anywhere."

"I think I'd like Rio better than New York," she admitted.

"Then let's go," he urged.

He shoved back his chair and stepped across to her side.

"Julie," he cried with an outburst of his old-time passion, "we can pack up to-morrow and leave here on Monday. We've got the money. I've saved every cent this winter. If ye want, we'll buy our passage an' take our honeymoon that way. We've never had a honeymoon." He held out his arms to her.

"Come. I love ye better'n I've ever loved ye, an' if I did anything wrong ye've punished me 'nuff fer that. Lord knows I've had my lesson, Julie."

For a second she felt the same old restless tug at her heart which twice had made her forget herself. For a moment she lost herself in his blue eyes and thrilled with the power of his extended arms. She looked up into his eyes with her cheeks flushed a deep scarlet, her lips half open.

He had seen her like this before, and with the confidence bred of the past he stooped quickly and put his arms about her. He kissed her hair in an ecstasy of surprise and delight. He lifted her head, and then he felt a quick struggle and found that she had escaped him.

It was the grip of his arms that frightened her off.

The voice and the eyes, those were the same, but the touch of him made her flesh crawl.

"No, no," she gasped, "not yet, not yet."

"It's kind of hard on a man when he can't kiss his own wife," he complained.

"I know, 'Gene," she answered. "But if you'll be patient — I'm trying hard to — to think of you as I did."

"Ye do too darned much thinkin'," he answered angrily.

"I know, but in another month or two if — if you're as good as you have been — And you have been good, 'Gene."

"Then ye won't go away with me now?"

"I couldn't. For a second I thought I could. But now I know it's impossible."

"It's your folks that's p'isened ye against me," he growled; "your folks and him."

"Nat?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Him."

"Why, I haven't seen him at all," she answered with flaming cheeks.

"I haven't spoken to him."

"But ye've thought of him, haven't ye?"

From 'Gene's lips this sounded like an accusation of disloyalty. She lowered her eyes.

"Yes," she admitted, "I've thought of him."

"Thet's it," he nodded. "Damn his soul, I —"

"'Gene!"

"D'ye think I'm blind and deaf? D'ye think I don't know a thing or two?"

"Know what?" she trembled.

"Thet's all right, but there's sech a thing as pressin' a man too hard," he hinted darkly.

As he left the room, she was upon the point of hurrying after him, but she checked herself. It was obvious enough what he had meant, and now after the first instinctive feminine rebellion at the charge she found herself repeating the suggestion to herself. Of course the vulgar innuendo that 'Gene's voice had carried with it was silly, but stripped of that, wasn't it true that Nat had occupied her thoughts a good deal of late? The query left her thoughtful and a little bit excited.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE STRANGER

NAT PAGE had driven away that night without even so much as a glimpse of Julie at the door, and this made a lonesome trip of the ride back home. It was a clear, cold night, with the sky lighted by the stars alone. The latter, however, as though recognizing their responsibility in the moonless purple,

were out in full force and shining their brightest. He allowed the horse to walk, and the sleigh creaked dolorously over the frozen show. He would have been glad of company to save him from his thoughts — any other human being — and so when he saw in the pine woods ahead of him the figure of some one afoot he whipped up the horse. As he drew nearer, he was surprised enough to find that it was a woman. Not only that, but she was burdened with some heavy bundle which she carried under a shawl hugged close to her shoulder.

"Can't I give ye a lift?" he called as he drew up beside her.

At his approach she had staggered back from the road, as though both weak and frightened. He saw that she was a stranger.

"Jump in," he said. "It's a cold night to walk."

She started towards him as though to accept his invitation, but half-way there slumped to the ground. In a second he was at her side. A sharp wail came from the bundle which she had dropped.

"Good Lord," he cried. "It's a kid."

Bending over the woman he saw that she had fainted. He lifted her quickly into the sleigh and wrapped the robe around her. He picked up the child clumsily and placed it on his lap beneath his coat. At first he was inclined to turn back, but it was as near to his house as to any other, and so, whipping up the horse, he went on at a gallop. At the top of Hio Hill he knew by the darkened windows that his mother had already gone to bed. His own house, on the other hand, was alight with welcome. When he drove into the yard, the front door opened and Tommy came out.

"Give us a lift here," called Nat.

As the boy reached his side, Nat handed him the warm bundle.

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"Get indoors with it soon's ye can," ordered Nat. "Don't drop it, on your life."

With the still unconscious woman

in his arms he followed after, and then sent Tommy back to call his mother and put up the horse. He sent the astonished Flint scurrying out to the kitchen after hot water. He removed the woman's shawl and with some difficulty her bonnet. Then he began vigorously to rub her numbed hands. She was not an old woman, perhaps thirty, and though by no means beautiful, had a sober earnest face that was not unattractive. She wore her reddish brown hair in a sort of pompadour.

Under the stimulation of the heat and the rubbing, her eyes fluttered open. She blinked at her strange surroundings a second, and then suddenly sat upright with a cry for her baby.

"He's all right," Nat reassured her.

Picking up the youngster, he brought him to her arms. She hugged him as close to her breast as her weak arms would permit. Then for the first time she seemed to notice Nat. Whatever she saw in his face held her spell-bound. Her gaze still riveted on him, she fell back limply.

"Can't ye swaller a mouthful of hot tea?" he asked, as Flint came hurrying in.

"You," she stammered. "Who are you?"

"Page my name is," he answered.

She drew the child closer. He assisted her to sit up and she swallowed a little of the tea, but it didn't drive the cold out of her bones. She shivered like one with the palsy.

When Mrs. Page came in, Nat ordered his mother to undress the woman and put her to bed.

"She can have the front room. Cover her up with blankets 'cause I reckon she's half froze."

"Land sakes!" gasped Mrs. Page. "Who is she?"

"I don't know," answered Nat.

"Get her to bed as quick as you can, and look after the kid. Likely's not he's hungry."

"But where —"

Nat placed his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Ask your questions afterwards," he said.

He carried the stranger and her babe into the front room and placed them on the bed. Then, while his mother was busy with the two, he built up a fire in the air-tight stove. The woman remained silent, answering nothing to Mrs. Page's exclamations. She seemed conscious of nothing but the child, which she insisted upon keeping in her arms. When the latter began to wail, Mrs. Page sent Tommy over to the other house after milk, and he went on a run.

It was a half-hour later when the child, warm and full, went off to sleep and Mrs. Page came into the room where the two men and Tommy were waiting for her in front of the fire.

"Does she act sick?" asked Nat, as soon as his mother appeared at the door.

"I can't make out," answered Mrs. Page.

"Think I'd better go for the doc?"

"I wouldn't afore mornin'. Maybe she'll get some sleep and wake up all right. Now tell me where'n the world you found her, Nat."

"Side the road," he answered. "I saw her walkin' along some five miles back and asked her in. She got about half-way to the pung and she slumped. Now, if ye ask me a thousand questions, it's all I can tell ye."

"But where was she goin' a night like this with a child in her arms?" she queried, proceeding to ask the first of the thousand.

"Thet's so," nodded Flint. "Whar was she goin'?"

"Maybe she was lost," suggested Tommy.

"I reckon that's as good a guess as any," admitted Nat.

"Nonsense," answered Mrs. Page. "A woman with a child that young don't git lost — not round here. To me it looks very strange."

She glanced significantly at Nat, but whatever hint she wished to convey was lost on the latter, for he answered calmly:

"I guess she'll tell us when she gets round to it."

"Maybe she will and maybe she won't," declared Mrs. Page.

"Thet's what I say," put in Flint, "either she will or she won't."

"Then we'll have to let it go at that," said Nat. "An' now ye'd better get back to bed, mother. If we need ye, we'll call ye ag'in."

"An' leave that strange woman alone in the house," she exclaimed in horror.

"Exactly," nodded Nat, "an' we'll call ye if we need ye."

He rose and threw a shawl around his mother's shoulders.

"It may lead people to talk, Nat," she warned.

"Let 'em talk, then," he answered. "That ain't worth losin' sleep about."

She went unwillingly, but Nat escorted her back to the house and left her with the assurance that he would call her if anything developed. When he came back, he also sent Flint and Tommy off to bed.

"But ye ain't eat yer supper," protested the latter.

"That's all right, son. I'm not hungry. Trot along!"

He piled more wood on the fire and sat down before it. He himself was frankly curious as to what had brought the stranger out alone on this deserted country road, but his curiosity was bred of nothing but sympathy. There was something in the mute plea of those half-conscious eyes that stirred him; and then the kid — it had cuddled so warmly and confidently down into his lap on the ride home. It was incomprehensible to him that any combination of circumstances could leave a child and mother so utterly deserted. It was a pretty child too — slightly underfed, but with wondering blue-gray eyes and hair as light as thistledown. He had a curious feeling that he had seen it before somewhere.

He was roused by a call from the next room, and hurrying in, found the woman sitting up in bed. The baby was asleep on the pillow beside her.

"Water," she muttered.

(To be continued)

THE TOY THEATER OF BOSTON

By ROBERT SWASEY

IT is a significant thing in considering the status of the theater to-day that during the past two years the Little Theater Movement has spread broadcast through the land. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington all have their little theaters where plays of more than ordinary literary merit and artistic worth are produced before audiences especially capable of appreciating that sort of thing. Boston is the home of the first little theater in this country — the Toy. Under the inspiration and enthusiasm of Mrs. Gale, this theater has become one of Boston's most interesting institutions in the realm of art. Plays of unusual interest and artistry have been produced at the little playhouse on Lime Street for two seasons, and the announcements of the third season are now being made.

The season begins Monday, November 17, with the production of three one-act plays: "Uncle William's Lobster," by Jennette Lee; "Hilarion," by J. Hoel Carter; and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by George Bernard Shaw. It is the intention this year to produce more long plays than formerly. The second bill of the season, on Monday, December 8, will be a four-act play.

An innovation will be a publication called "The Crier of the Toy Theater," which will be sent to every subscriber a fortnight before each performance. The "Crier" will announce the play or plays to be given, with information about the author, the actors and the producers, and any further facts of interest in regard to the program.

A brief review of the work accomplished at the Toy during the past two years may be of interest to readers who perchance know only vaguely of the aims and scope of this little theater. The theater was conceived in the month of July, 1911, by Mrs. Gale.

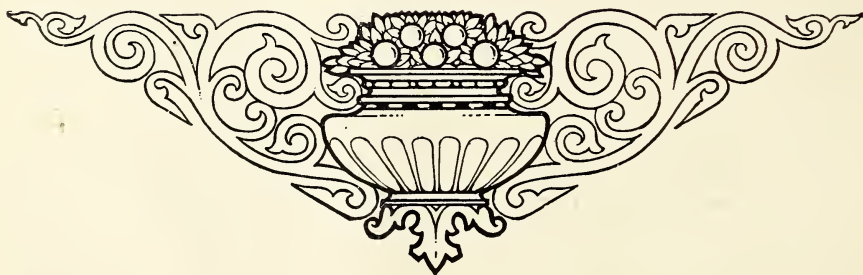
She obtained the lease of a stable on Lime Street, which is immediately off Brimmer. With little labor, but with an infinity of taste, the long, narrow building was transformed into the cosy playhouse. The interior is done in soft gray tones with hangings of old rose. The drop curtain is of rich old rose velvet. The stage, small but adequate to the production of the more intimate type of play, is fully equipped with a lighting system and method of shifting scenes precisely like the stage of a large theater. Last season a tea room was opened over the entrance to the theater, and it proved a pleasant place in which to discuss plays and actors during the *entr'actes*.

Some of the most significant plays of the first season were Sudermann's "Das Gluck im Winkel," translated under the title, "The Right to Happiness"; "The Wings," by Josephine Preston Peabody; "Sire de Maletroit's Door," by Stevenson; "The Caprice," by Alfred de Musset; "The Confession," by Dennis J. Shea; "L'Ecran Brisé," by Henri Bordeaux, played in the French; "The Literary Sense," by Arthur Schnitzler; "Fritschen," by Hermann Sudermann; and "How He Lied to Her Husband," by George Bernard Shaw. Also, the works of two young playwrights were tried out with much success: "The Child in the House," by Homer Howard; and "Fealty," by Ernest B. Starr. The season of 1912-13 four long plays and four groups of short plays were produced. "Maria Rosa," a three-act tragedy translated from the Spanish of Angel Guiméra by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg, was a very great success, and this play is to be given a New York production this coming winter with a very well-known actress in the title rôle. "Victoria," a comedy of summer life by Laura

Wynne; "Cupid and Common Sense," by Arnold Bennett; and "The Shepherd," a three-act poetic drama by Olive Tilford Dargan, complete the list of long plays.

The coming season promises to be an especially interesting one. Livingston Platt, whose splendid work as stage director and designer of scenery has been so much appreciated and commented upon, will return and again work marvels of beauty on the

stage of the theater. A somewhat different policy in the matter of subscriptions has been devised, — enabling every one to come to the Toy who cares to do so, even though he or she is not a subscriber to the entire season. Thus the Toy, pioneer among small theaters, makes ready to open its doors; and indications at present promise a series of very interesting productions impelled, as ever, by high aims and conscientious and artistic endeavor.



NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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Beautiful New England

“**H**ANDSOME is as handsome does.” The most lovely spots will always be those where lovely things have been done. Of such New England has many, and none more loved than the ancient seat of transcendental thought, the home of the Concord Sages. We are printing in this issue the first installment of a sensitive appreciation of Thoreau’s Bible — that page of nature which he studied with such unfaltering devotion. It has its own loveliness, but I question if it would have been much noted but for the revealing pen of the poet whose gentle prose poems sang his own uncompromising idealism into the windings of the river, the still reflections of Walden and the swamps and fields that teem with tiny life. Here one is close to nature, not because of the remoteness of man and his works, but because of the seer that has opened the page. There are many ponds in New England, but none that touch us like Walden. No materialistic philosophy can ever change the fact that this world is the home of man, and as the foundation of his dreams and endeavors, attains its truest beauty.



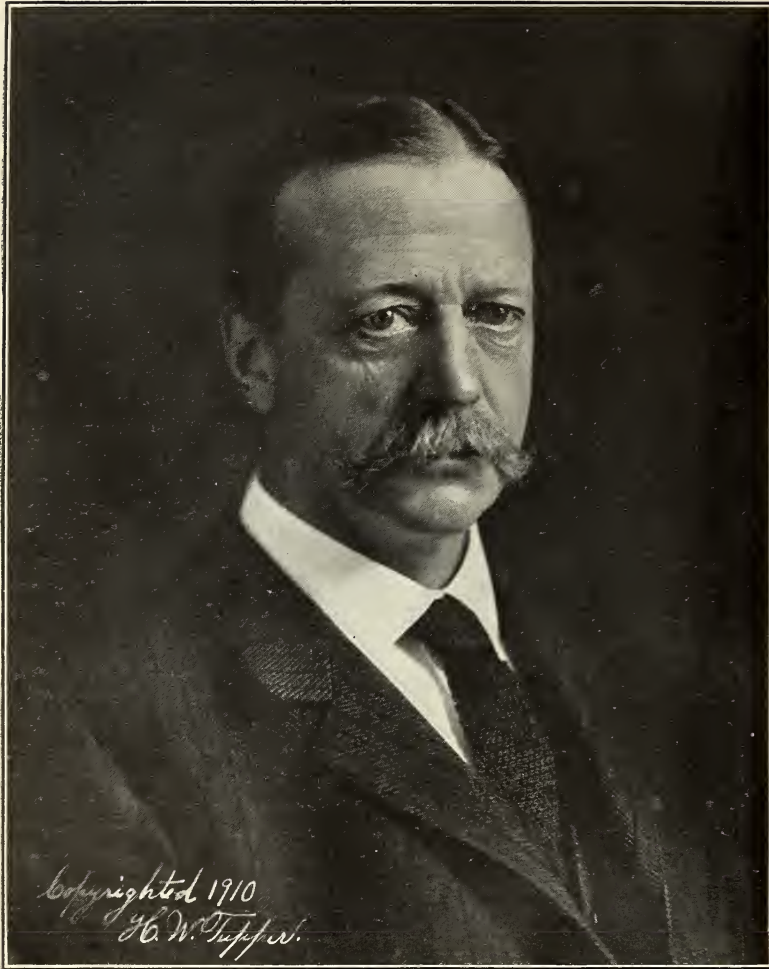
WALDEN: THE CAIRN LOOKING NORTH



THE LOWER REACHES OF THE CONCORD RIVER



THE CONCORD RIVER FROM BALL'S PINE-CLAD HILL



Photographed by Tupper.

PRESIDENT LOWELL,
From his latest photograph.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. L

NOVEMBER, 1913

NUMBER III

THE REFORM OF CRIMINAL LAW

By MOORFIELD STOREY

SUPERSTITION and tradition are mighty forces, which exercise a deplorable influence on the conduct of human affairs. We recognize and weep or laugh, according to our mood, over their results in the past, whether we review the history of religion or medicine, of physical science or metaphysics, of politics or morals, and we find it impossible even to imagine how much they have retarded the progress of mankind, or how great has been the waste of time and of human life for which they are responsible. The libraries of the church are crowded with ponderous tomes devoted to the discussion of questions which we cannot understand, the books of ancient medicine are full of remedies so absurd as to make us gasp at the possibilities of human credulity, though there are schools of medicine to-day whose doctrines seem equally preposterous, and the daily newspaper with its advertisements of miraculous remedies, and the constant success of unblushing quacks in every field of human activity show that the sons are not less credulous than the fathers.

There is no profession which has suffered more from superstition, none in which tradition has exercised and still exercises a more baleful influence than our own. The common law which in theory "broadens down from precedent to precedent" has almost inevitably been influenced too much by the past, and has been very slow to change its methods with the chang-

ing needs of society. Those forms and rules which were needed in the days of absolute power to protect the individual are unsuited to a time when very different conditions exist, and when respect for the law as law, which has been the great safeguard of ordered liberty among English-speaking men, is dangerously weakened.

Let me to-day appeal to that common sense which we believe to be a distinguishing trait of the American people, and consider what the present situation is, and how we should deal with it as practical men. We call ourselves a highly civilized nation, and we have a body of laws, the gradual growth of centuries, intended in the interest of society to restrain and punish the individual for acts which affect injuriously his neighbor, or the community as a whole. We know that there is among us a well-defined class of people who live by plundering their fellow-men, burglars, thieves, confidence men, persons who practise fraud of various kinds. We see too often in the most respectable newspapers advertisements which we know to be mere false pretenses, designed to cheat the ignorant or unwary by inducing them to buy worthless stocks, or *editions de luxe*. In the daily papers also we encounter columns containing the cards of soothsayers, palmists and mediums, and we know what these mean. We are aware that in every large city are many criminals who pander to the vices and weak-

*From an address before the American Bar Association.

nesses of men and women, and whose resorts are notoriously maintained in defiance of law. New York is not the only city where policemen are in league with criminals and grow rich by sharing the proceeds of crime.

Passing from these vulgar criminals to those of higher grade, there are sections of this country where murder is committed with almost no risk of punishment, as is shown by the comparison between the enormous number of homicides and the beggarly account of prosecutions with much rarer convictions. When the victim is a colored man, whether black, red or yellow, his murderer far too frequently escapes even arrest. All over the United States mob-violence and lynching go unpunished, and whether in Springfield, Illinois; Coatesville, Pennsylvania, or in the Southern States, murders attended by atrocities which would disgrace a savage, and which in my early days were believed to be peculiar to the North American Indians, are committed with impunity and the public opinion of the community sustains the murderers. It has been estimated that not less than 100,000 men have taken part in lynchings of whom not one has been punished. In Kentucky recently a whole commonwealth was terrorized by night-riders, and the law was powerless to punish the guilty, since witnesses dared not testify, grand juries would not indict, and juries refused to convict.

The pleas of guilty by the McNamaras and the disclosures of the trial at Indianapolis with the conviction of the accused show that the leaders of the labor unions do not shrink from a campaign of desperate crime in order to promote the objects of their organization and to terrorize their employers. Every great strike is marked by violent assaults on men who are exercising only the right of every man to work, and too often no serious effort is made by the public authorities to bring those who are guilty to justice. Their attitude is shown by the fact that it was left for the United States to indict and punish

for transporting dynamite the men who were convicted at Indianapolis, and no state official has used his power to prosecute any of them for the far more serious crimes which the evidence disclosed.

Lawlessness is a disease from which even our so-called "best citizens" are not exempt. The history of Collector Loeb's attempt to enforce the customs laws proves this, and the business men of high standing, like the officers of the American Sugar Refining Company and others, the "gentlemen and ladies" returning from foreign travel, who do not hesitate to lie or bribe in order to cheat the United States, are melancholy witnesses to the fact. Laws are passed to protect the traveler on the highway from the recklessness of his rich and prosperous neighbors who use automobiles. Are they respected and obeyed, or are those who violate them punished adequately? That they are not is proved by the fact that recklessness is not abated. The automobilists openly form combinations to warn each other against the efforts of officers to enforce the law, denouncing them as "spies" and their attempts as "traps." How carefully do politicians respect the statutes intended to prevent improper expenditures at elections? In short, where is the class in our society which does not hesitate to disobey any law which for the moment stands between it and its desire?

Nor is the disease confined to our country! When in England women can set fire to theaters, burn dwellings, lay violent hands on public men and attack their houses, destroy the property of "innocent third parties" those favorites of the law, or interrupt the mails, and escape with a few days' confinement by the simple device of refusing to eat, the law is effectually paralyzed and "the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks." This easy method of escaping the penalty of crime may well cross the seas and be applied by other criminals than the suffragettes, and in other kinds of agitation. In a word, the situation is critical. The innocent citizen no

longer needs protection against tyranny, but society and all its innocent members need protection against crime, and upon the members of our profession in the first instance rests the duty of furnishing this protection, since it is we who enforce and to a very great extent make the law. As Mr. Taft well said at New Haven:

"We must keep law and justice together in order to justify the law," and I may add to preserve for the lawyers their ancient standing.

The object of the criminal law is to protect the community against crimes by making it dangerous and unprofitable to the criminal. Its methods are prevention and punishment. The criminal is an enemy of society to be reformed or restrained from committing crime, and our laws and procedure must be adapted to accomplishing the extirpation of the criminal classes. Let us see how well our existing methods answer this purpose.

Our present system is to wait until a crime has been committed, ignoring the familiar proverb "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Is it not possible to prevent in many cases? Take for example the swindles which are perpetrated daily by advertisements in the newspapers full of misrepresentations, such as the familiar ones which offer to the public at a low price, shares in some enterprise sure to return two per cent a month or some equally improbable income, alleging that the price is to be raised in a few days, so that the opportunity must be seized at once. Every one knows that were the statements of the advertisers true, the enterprise would be financed or bought up by the men in the great business centres who are seeking such chances, and because they cannot find them invest their money at much lower rates. Every person of experience knows that such advertisements are merely devices to plunder innocent and helpless people, and that many who cannot afford to lose will be ruined by them. Within a few years in my own state months have been spent in

trying to convict such heartless swindlers at enormous expense to the state, and the revelations made by the witnesses have been pathetic. We all know of many such cases that never see the light, and yet we let the scoundrels continue their work. The fraud is accomplished by the combination of two agencies, the author of the advertisement and the newspaper which prints it. They divide the spoils, the newspaper receiving its share in so much a line for the false pretense, the author securing the rest after paying rent and office expenses. Without the newspaper the fraud cannot be perpetrated, for advertisement is essential. To-day the Federal government seizes the books and papers of men engaged in business like this for using the mails fraudently, and by so doing breaks up the business, arresting at the same time the persons engaged. It is an arbitrary proceeding, as before the seizure the accused has no hearing, and if innocent, he suffers a serious injury for which there is no redress. This proceeding, moreover, is founded on evidence that fraud has been practised. It is applied after the crime has been committed, but it shows what is possible. Why not attack so clear a fraud earlier and prevent the crime? Why act only against one party to the fraud, the writer, and not also against the other, the publisher of the advertisement? Why not authorize a magistrate on having the advertisement brought to his attention, either by a public prosecutor or a private citizen, to issue a summons to both author and publisher, and institute an inquiry as to the truth of the publication? If they fail or refuse to show that it is true, further publication could be enjoined, and proper penalties could be provided for attempting to obtain money by false pretenses. We indict the editors and printers of newspapers for libel if they publish false statements about individuals, because such statements injure the person libeled. Is there any valuable distinction between publishing a lie which injures one man, and

(Continued on page 395)

HARVARD

PERHAPS no fact concerning the Boston Harvard Club is more remarkable than this, that its organization should have awaited the completion of two centuries, and more, and the erection of its first permanent home, the near approach of the beginning of the fourth century of university life. So quickly and completely, each in its turn, are the graduating classes absorbed, or lost, in the general life of the community, that the need of such an institution has not been felt until our own day. I think, however, that I am correct in saying that it is not so much the complexity as it is the warmer sympathies of modern life that have given birth to the idea. The modest annual fee of ten dollars that is charged for the use of this elaborate plant, at once reveals that the building is, in effect, a gift from the older to the younger Harvard men, in recognition of the difficulty of the years of struggle that lie between graduation and establishment in a life-work and social relations. But seeds grow; effects out-reach first causes. It requires no very highly developed prophetic gift to perceive that the opening of this clubhouse presses the button for a more active connection between Harvard and the community.

There are other forces that tend in the same direction. Our institutions have developed to that stage where the need of expert direction becomes more and more insistent. Because the university teacher of to-day must be a specialist and an expert in his own field, the community will make larger calls upon him than in the past. Nor do I regard it as in any way a descent into the trivial to call attention to the wide interest in undergraduate athletics as affording a new contact between the university and the public. The Harvard University Press suggests more serious and interesting possibilities. What a far reach it is from the old monastic schools out of which

our universities are sprung, from an Alcuin and his disciples on the lonely cliffs of Whitby to the modern university and its complex relations to society!

If I am right in my thought of this significance to the community of the opening of the Harvard Club, it may not be held amiss or untimely to offer a brief sketch of the organization and administration of Harvard University. For the organization reflects the spirit and work of the institution, and what can result from the contact of any institution with the community, but a manifold and continuous reproduction of itself in kind and spirit? Harvard University is a self-perpetuating corporation, the legal name of which is, "The President and Fellows of Harvard College." This corporation consists of seven persons. These seven persons at present are: Abbot Lawrence Lowell, President; Charles Francis Adams, 2nd, Treasurer; and Henry Pickering Walcott, Henry Lee Higginson, Thomas Nelson Perkins, Robert Bacon, William Lawrence. George Peabody Gardner, Jr., is Secretary. All are residents of Cambridge or Boston. President Eliot, in his book on University Administration, declares the number to be ideal for the purpose. They are chosen for life, or until removed. This corporation was created by the charter of 1650 and took over the responsible and detailed management of college business, relieving the Board of Overseers, a much larger and more scattered body, to whom the duty had already become burdensome. The Board of Overseers, with many changes from its original constitution, continues to hold an important place in the government of Harvard University. It is the original Board, older than the Corporation, having been first constituted in 1642, and may be said to be an advisory and consenting body. The Corporation may proceed with business without awaiting the consent



BLISS PERRY,

Professor of English Literature in Harvard University.



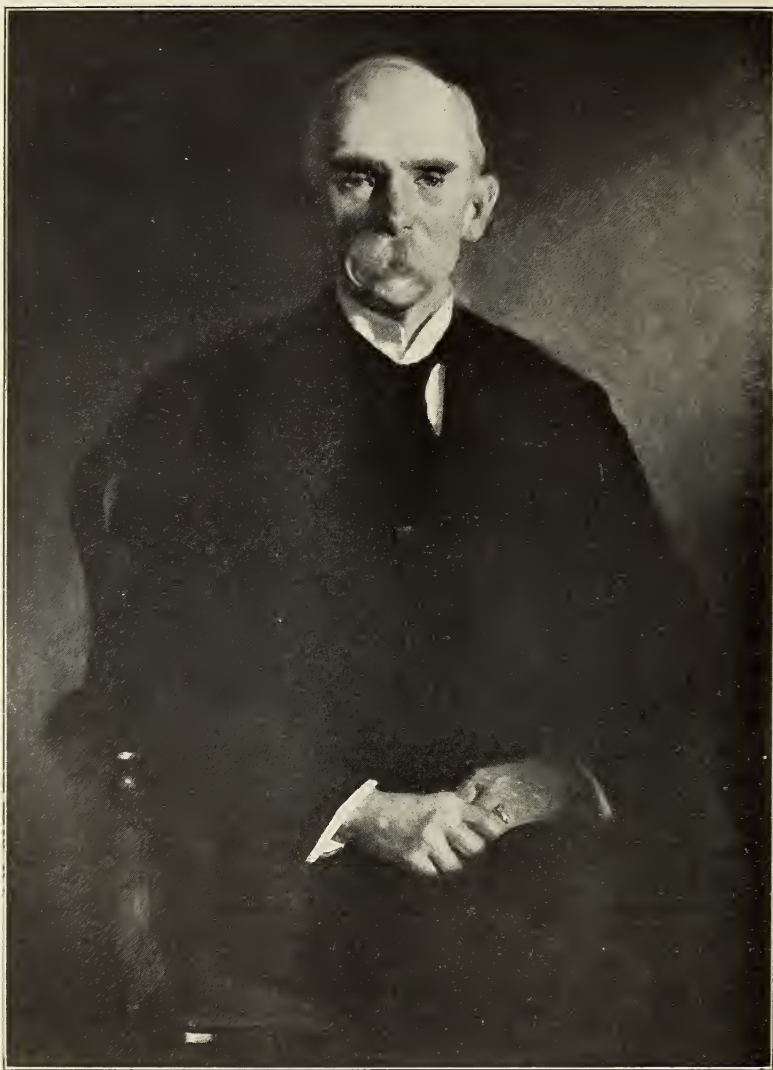
Photographed by Pach.

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS.

*Dean of Harvard College, 1891; Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, 1902;
President of Radcliffe College, 1903.*



WALLACE CLEMENT SABINE.
The new Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.



From a painting by Charles Hopkinson.

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER,

Alford Professor of Philosophy.

of the Board of Overseers, but it is quite certain that no important action would be taken by the Corporation without the approval of the overseers. It would also appear that the overseers could, if they chose, effectually veto any radical move, if such should be attempted by the Corporation. On the other hand, it would not appear logical for the overseers to originate business in any other form than as a recommendation to the Corporation. If one may judge by their published by-laws and rules, the Board of Overseers performs a general audit of the conduct of the Corporation, and stands sponsor to the community for its integrity and efficiency.

The present members of the Board of Overseers are: John Davis Long, Hingham, President; William Rand, Jr., New York; Robert Grant, Boston; Moses Williams, Boston; John Collins Warren, Boston; Howard Elliott, St. Paul (recently removed to New England); William Lambert Richardson, Boston; John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., New York; George Wigglesworth, Boston; Francis Joseph Swayze, Newark, N. J.; Charles William Eliot, Cambridge; Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, L. I.; Francis Lee Higginson, Boston; George Angier Gordon, Boston; Abbot Low Mills, Portland, Oregon; George von Lengerke Meyer, Hamilton; William Cowper Boyden, Winnetka, Ill.; Henry Cabot Lodge, Nahant; Lawrence Eugene Sexton, New York; Harlan Page Amen,* Exeter, N. H.; Augustus Everett Wilson, Louisville, Ky.; Louis Adams Frothingham, Boston; Owen Wister, Philadelphia; Frederick Adrian Delano, Chicago; Thomas William Lamont, New York; George Herbert Palmer, Cambridge; William Roscoe Thayer, Cambridge; Frederick Cheever Shattuck, Boston; Langdon Parker Marvin, New York, and Frederick Perry Fish, Boston. Winthrop Howland Wade, Boston, is the secretary of the Board of Overseers.

As, by the by-laws of the board, nine members constitute a quorum, it will be readily seen from this list that

a sufficiently large majority of the board are near to Cambridge to allow of the quick summoning, at any time, of a meeting competent to do business.

Under these two bodies operate the faculties and the university council. Each faculty is made up of the professors, assistant professors, tutors and instructors appointed for a longer term than one year, of the department or group of departments of which it is in charge. For each faculty there is a dean, who performs many of its executive duties. A faculty has charge of all ordinary matters of administration within its department. The president of the university is a member of all faculties.

The university council is made up of the professors and assistant professors of the university and other university officials at the discretion of the Corporation and Board of Overseers. The council considers larger questions of university policy. The instructors and university officers who reside in the university buildings constitute what is called the Parietal Board, which enforces good order within the university grounds. There is also an officer called the Regent who has general supervision over the conduct and welfare of the students.

With the possible exception of the "Parietal Board," there is almost nothing in this organization that savors of tradition. It is, in spite of its already venerable antiquity, very much as if a capable executive should sit down to-day and map out a university organization. It has been altered from time to time with but little controversy and with no perceptible shock. Perhaps the most material alteration has been that by which the Board of Overseers are elected by the alumni of the university, rather than by the Massachusetts legislature. One is somehow impressed that if any further change were considered desirable, it could be effected very simply. And this truth in regard to its administrative organization, seems to pervade the entire life of the university. In spite of the fact that it is the oldest

*Died Nov. 9, 1913.

of American universities, there is almost no atmosphere of tradition about Harvard. What there is belongs not so much to Harvard as to a group of men of the last generation, and this almost ceases to be felt as a force since the death of Charles Eliot Norton. Almost any of our new western schools is more tenacious of its traditions, and has more of them, than Harvard. In this respect, Harvard is more typically "western" than any of them, in that her face is turned to the future rather than to the past to an extent almost without a parallel among institutions of learning. Harvard is intensely conscious of her own dignity — sensitive, in fact — but that is a feeling with which the consciousness of age has little to do, and tradition less.

There was a time when it seemed that Harvard might be, not possessed of, but possessed by the Unitarian tradition; but that, however ideal the Unitarian movement, at its best, could not have been other than narrowing, and the university was fortunately strong enough to shake it off. In saying that Harvard is not an institution in which tradition is a large force, I am not seeking to praise. I am not sure but that tradition may be a very important factor in education. On the other hand, traditions may be very hampering. But I am merely stating the facts as I find them. Not only at Oxford or Cambridge in England, but at such American institutions as Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth, and particularly the first two, one will find an atmosphere of tradition that is not felt at Harvard. And this seems to me to be an important fact as we look forward, under the suggestion of the moment, to a wider and more direct contact between Harvard and the surrounding community. The influences thus exerted will quite as often prove to be radical as they will be conservative. In matters of college curriculum, as well as in administration, and in the minor interest of athletics, Harvard has been an innovator. The idea which is at present

consuming much Harvard thought and energy is the segregation of the Freshmen in dormitories of their own. This is an idea in which President Lowell is much interested, and money is being quietly raised to carry it into effect.

If we are to assign any definite tradition to Harvard, as giving the key-note to its spiritual quality, it is still to be found in that direction taken by New England puritanism at the time of the Unitarian intellectual awakening. It may be defined as an intellectual puritanism. But the tradition is by no means always dominating and evident.

As it is the most free from tradition, so also is Harvard the most democratic of our larger universities, in so far as I know them. I realize that this statement will be quickly and sharply challenged. I do not refer to the social intermingling of undergraduates. A student must engage in sane definite undergraduate activity, aside from his studies, at Harvard, if he is to have much of an acquaintance among the students. It is only by excelling in some of these that he is likely to become very well known. There are many wealthy students at Harvard, and some very exclusive undergraduate clubs. There is no such free intermingling of students as in our western colleges — nor, indeed, as much as there is at Yale, for example. There are some very powerful forces at work in that direction, and there have been for a number of years. They are producing their effect. But I am not using the word *democratic* in that sense. What I mean is, that, at Harvard there is less prejudice against races and classes as such than in other universities that I know. There are more than one hundred registered clubs and social organizations among Harvard students, nor does this number include the athletic associations, the religious activities of undergraduate life, the preparatory school clubs, nor those for philanthropic work. One hears much of the intense exclusiveness of some of the old clubs, and of snobbishness among the wealthy

students of the much-advertised "Gold Coast"—a group of private dormitories on and near Mt. Auburn Street, all of which has some ground in truth and much more in sensational falsehoods. There are accommodations for about four hundred and fifty students in the yard, and in other college dormitories, about five hundred more. The majority of the students, therefore, must find accommodations in private dormitories and homes. This undoubtedly has some effect on the social life of the students. So great an inequality in living conditions must tend to emphasize social distinctions. But wealth is always the possession of a minority. There are many students at Harvard who earn a considerable portion of their expenses, nor is the necessary cost larger than at other eastern colleges. It is, undoubtedly, larger than the cost at the average western institution. According to the report of the secretary for student employment covering last year, a total of 1926 positions were obtained for the undergraduates during this period, and the earnings amounted to \$56,773, while 529 men worked during the summer and earned \$23,769 therefor.

The development of the idea of Freshman dormitories will not only greatly increase the number of students living in college dormitories, but will quicken social intercourse among the members of the entering class, and afford an opportunity for a more definite collegiate influence at the beginning. There is also a strong sentiment among the students favoring residence on the yard, as far as possible. Wealth, numbers, the innumerable clubs—some of which are quite exclusive, scattered residence, and the wide-open elective system of studies, act as hindrances to the free intercourse of the students. The fact that the university is practically in the city of Boston has much the same effect. For the students, utilizing the many facilities of a large city, scatter according to their tastes and means in seeking recreation and hilarity. On the other hand, Harvard Union, a club-house for student use, the

Phillips Brooks House, a center for religious and social life, Memorial Hall Commons, where many students eat, and the gathering of athletic interest at Soldier's Field, act as forces to draw the students together. Indeed, if it were not for these, there would be but little social cohesion among Harvard students.

And yet, I must persist in my statement that Harvard is one of the most democratic institutions of learning in the country. It is so by a deep, underlying conviction that over-rides the accidents of circumstance. In spite of its wealth, its clubs, its scattered student life, in spite of the anathemas of yellow journalism, in spite of the often freely-expressed criticisms of its own students, Harvard University is one of the great bulwarks of American democracy.

In its scholastic curriculum Harvard covers so wide a range that there is little to be said concerning it but that it is a university in fact and not merely in name. There is a leaning toward specialization in study which finds its expression in the general statement of the catalogue that, "Each student is permitted to shape his own program of work in accordance with the general principle that every one must take a considerable amount of work in some one field and distribute well the rest of his courses."

Under this system Harvard has come to be known throughout the country as the foremost advocate of the elective system. A study of the rules under which electives are made shows that the throttle is not quite wide open. By a group system and the rule that "Every student shall distribute at least six of his courses among the three general groups in which his chief work does not lie, and he shall take in each group not less than one course, and not less than three in any two groups." There are four groups: (1) Language, Literature, Fine Arts, Music; (2) Natural Sciences; (3) History, Political and Social Sciences; (4) Philosophy and Mathematics. It is said that guidance in the choosing of electives is to be

more, rather than less rigid under the present administration.

The almost overshadowing strength of the graduate schools at Harvard must create a steady pressure toward specialization in the undergraduate courses. It would be difficult to analyze the courses chosen by so many students and to say definitely where the educational emphasis lies in Harvard College which is the undergraduate department of the university. Judging from the prominence of certain teachers, possibly, rather than from any real generalization based on the facts, and judging somewhat from the number of courses offered in the different departments, one may, with extreme diffidence, say that there appears to have developed an emphasis on very modern cultural and philosophical subjects — Economics, the literatures of modern languages, the history of living nations, psychology and philosophy. Unquestionably the old classics are in the background, and one feels a lack of

pressure on such strictly disciplinary studies, including mathematics. But the range is so wide, the varied courses so involved that it is more than doubtful if there is any worth in such a generalization.

One feels on surer ground in saying that the graduate schools are assuming an increasing relative importance. Harvard College is only one department of Harvard University, and it is not at all impossible that it may come to be a minor department.

If our perspective is right and our picture correctly drawn, everything in the trend at Harvard points toward a breakdown of the old academic aloofness, a more open and evident, though perhaps not more vital, contact with the community than in the past, a contact at more points and in more definite and practical ways, and of this the expansion of the Harvard Club of Boston, and its new home on Commonwealth Avenue, may be a symbol.

“But my greatest and most profitable enjoyments were derived from the many friendships I then made or continued. Most of them have lasted through life, a few have been among my best possessions, and all, I find, no matter how far time and circumstances may have brought separations in place or occupations or interests, have kept the flavor of those early days, something which no other days can give.”

*From Early Memories by Henry Cabot Lodge.**

* A careful review of this important book will appear in the next number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HAUNTS OF THOREAU

By C. T. RAMSEY

AFTER a long sultry day's journey in stuffed passenger coaches, on Saturday evening, August the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and twelve, I found myself in the town of Concord renowned. I could hardly believe it, doubtless because I had been dreaming and planning my pilgrimage so long that on the very threshold of its reality it still seemed but the phantom of my imagination.

It was quite dark; the small, one-story frame station was lighted with incandescent lights. There were no other passengers for Concord besides an old couple and the gentleman with whom I had been seated. I listened to the engine's pattering exhaust gradually dying away in the distance. Then came a hush, that ushered in Concord's refined tranquillity, and the crickets, who had been disturbed by the intruding train, resumed their rhythmic dirge. There were two distinct choirs of them singing: a soprano and alto chorus. The shrill sopranos seemed to be singing: *Sleep — sleep — sleep — sleep*; and the altos, who had the more dominant rhythm, sang: *Death — death — death — death*. Fair Summer could not have chosen a more appropriate requiem to lull herself to rest.

Leisurely, I walked out Thoreau Avenue, which was dimly lighted with parallel lines of incandescent lights that stretched out along the rows of gigantic elm trees as far as I could see, like the illumination of a parkway. As I continued on the way I heard the frequent calling of migratory birds, flying in the darkness overhead. It filled me with a sense of mingled pity and consolation, because I too was a traveler in a strange land, not knowing yet where I should lay my head.

As I reached the Public Library, the rusty reverberating gong of the town clock slowly tolled the hour of eight. It was a very ancient sound and recalled to me a great dead past. I thought of the time when Thoreau on principle, having refused to pay his poll tax, was thrown into the village bastille. His very words rang in my ears:

"It was like traveling in a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I never had heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village, for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of Knights passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers that I heard in the street. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said, in the kitchen of the adjacent inn; a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I had never seen its institutions before. This is one of its peculiar institutions, for it is a shire town; I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about."

Farther ahead I observed the street to be brighter, and in a short time I was in the heart of the village's stores and shops, with its typical New England burghers standing about in companies by the curb and street corners, conversing in a lively manner. Withal I felt it was a very conservative, countrified village, such as I had pictured during my reading.

In due time I was registered at the Inn. Having removed my tramping duds from the grip preparatory for the morrow, I studied my map, choosing the route I expected to follow, and then went to bed. It was still rather early, ten o'clock; I lay awake in a state of blissful excitement; it seemed like fiction, to think I was in Concord,—in the Realm of the Gods.

Again I heard the cries of mi-



THE CONCORD RIVER FROM BALL'S HILL

gratory birds, mingled with the dirge of the crickets, come floating through my open window. The air was fairly alive with them. Gradually their calls and cries became more frequent and plaintive. Apparently they were flying very low. I concluded this to be a premonition of rain on the morrow; no sooner had I thought this, than the patter of the first drops announced themselves on the elm trees close by. It of course dampened my ardor somewhat, but when I thought of the countless tragedies that occur nightly to these hapless wanderers of the air I felt grateful to be out of the raging elements. Then my thoughts sped out over their many aerial routes, long dark voyages over land and sea, from the arctic to the antarctic circle. Who was guiding them? I saw them flying in rain, hail and snow,—flying as if lashed by some pursuing demon; dashing themselves against lighthouses, buildings, wires and countless other obstructions. Still onward they flew, until hurled from the sky, to be strewn over the cheerless earth like autumn leaves or swept

into the ocean by the millions. I lay thus thinking until the hours of eleven and twelve were duly tolled, and shortly after midnight I fell into a dreamless sleep.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1912, 5 A.M.

I awoke as the rusty gong of the town clock across the way was slowly tolling the hour of five. Through the damp, gray mist of dawn came the strain of a solitary robin, as though he were singing these matins more as a conventional duty as the herald of Aurora than from the fullness of a lover's heart. Shortly after, in the neighboring elm, a red-eyed vireo began lisping his woodland laconics.

By five forty-five I was ready to start for Sleepy Hollow, when it again started to rain. But I was determined. I waited for about half an hour, hoping for a change, and then became impatient. Tucking my camera and field-glass under my raincoat I softly stole down the stairs. All was quiet, the inmates apparently were still abed. On the porch I consulted Mr. Gleason's map of Concord,

and then started for the cemetery. Beyond Sleepy Hollow Chapel a short distance, I entered by the first gate. As I went up the sloping knoll two gray squirrels were chasing each other up and down a pine tree, chattering as they went. I soon lost interest in their antics and continued. A short way beyond I came to patches of low huckleberries. As I browsed along I observed the pale yellow flowers of the cow-wheat (*Melampyrum Americanum*) growing in their midst in great profusion; also, the delicate little blue curls (*Trichostema dichotomum*).

I was now in the main part of the cemetery, the portion forming a large amphitheater. Continuing along the path on the western slope to the northern bend, at this point, in the hollow below, I observed a rich growth of ferns. An inspection revealed the following varieties: Long beach, marsh, hay-scented, cinnamon, sensitive, royal and interrupted. My botanical research soon came to a close by an increasing impatience to see the poet's grave. For reasons unknown, I had a premonition that it must be

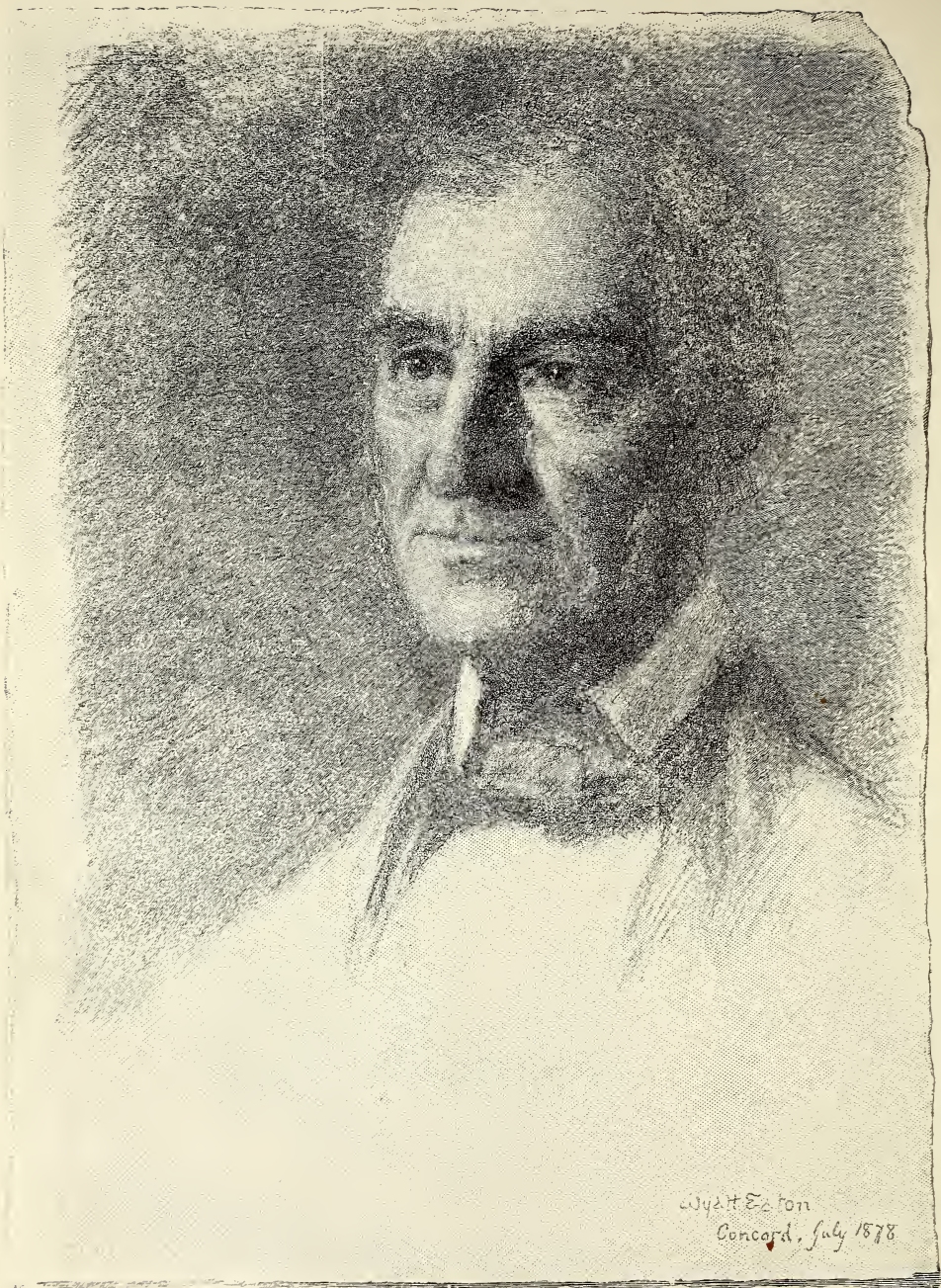
close at hand. At any rate I seemed to have subjected myself to an intuitional guidance, as I had no definite information regarding its locality. However, be it as it may, I had pictured in my mind just about where I expected to find it,—when lo, but a few yards away:—

THOREAU'S GRAVE

Upon the amphitheater's grassy breast
Beneath the shade of two black oaks I saw
A simple headstone mark the poet's grave.
All about, the whispering breezes swayed
Censers of spruce and aromatic pine;
While crickets played a melancholy dirge
And heaven with me shed tears in sympathy.
But why these tears? 'Tis just a grave I know
Where men long since have laid thy cosmic dust.
Thy spirit doth not here abide, but down
In Walden's clear, cerulean eye, or by
The tranquil river's brink within the pure
White lily's golden perfumed heart; perchance
In dim, pine-scented solitudes of Maine,
Where purple-wanded orchids wave their heads,
Thou still dost hear the veery and hermit
At dawn and dusk, pipe their wild enchantment;
Or walk with sachems of an unknown race,
To know their lore-rehearsing days gone by.
But death from us his secret still withholds;
Be thy state, sylvan bliss, or endless sleep,
Thy heritage to us more precious grows
As the troubled years of earth roll on.



THOREAU'S GRAVE



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

After locating the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne and Channing close by, my next spot of interest was Walden Pond. Getting my bearings with compass and map I made a bee line across the vacant lots and fields. The grass was quite wet, and before I had gone very far I was soaked well over my knees. *En route* I observed great woolly patches of the rabbit-foot clover (*Trifolium arvense*) growing among the lavish wealth of silver and golden rod plumes. But before getting to Walden I was tempted to reconnoiter in the swamp known to Thoreau as "Hubbard's Close," not far from the celebrated Brister's Spring. My allurements came shortly after I had gotten into the Walden road, where a delicate, irresistible woodland aroma came wafted on the damp eastern breeze,—this coupled with the sight of white birches and pine was too much for me: in a few minutes I was down in the swamp, standing in the midst of the sweet pepper bush (*Clethra alnifolia*). It was not a new plant for me, though I was somewhat surprised to find it here so late in the season; having seen it in bloom on the twenty-eighth of July in the pine barrens of south Jersey. It was just passing prime. I regaled myself amid its fragrant blossoms for awhile until the pestering mosquitoes had collected in such numbers that I was forced to move on. Following the small brook that runs through this swamp I soon came to the spring. I, of course, drank some of the Pierian water, even though I was not thirsty at the time—drinking purely for inspiration's sake. While I was drinking, the pensive notes of a wood pewee went floating through the damp, dripping solitude from the pine tree overhead. I had heard no bird music all morning, and as I stood there in the brooding silence his plaintive strains came to me as a singular consolation. It was as if a good friend had suddenly come upon me.

Along the stream that empties the spring the turtlehead reared its white flowering heads above a rich growth of royal and interrupted ferns. The

pewee soon refrained from his friendly musing and I moved on.

Going into Walden a towhee flushed close by the path, and made such a persistent noise and demonstration that I looked for a possible nest, though I knew it was too late. The noise of the towhee attracted an inquisitive chickadee, who came fluttering about lisping an introduction as though we were strangers.

At 9.45 A.M. I was standing by the site of the poet's cabin, that is now marked by a monumental cairn of boulders brought from the shore of Walden by the many pilgrims who yearly visit this shrine from all over the world. It was still drizzling. Through the woods rang the low rustling patter of dripping rain. Wet as I was I felt grateful for the wet weather as it kept others away. I was glad to be alone, it added so much to the wildness of my first impression. I had many fears of being disappointed in my initial idealization of the place, having based them upon the descriptions of a former resident of Concord, who some time previous had informed me the place was infested with camping parties, bungalows and camp-meetings. However, it was a great joy to see the surrounding country was still preserved with much of its original beauty, and I did not find anything of the sort to mar the sacred shores.

But there lay Walden, gleaming as of yore through the interstices of maple, oak and pine trees. There was a steaming mist rising from its surface and the deflected lighting gave it an aspect of an immense caldron of molten silver.

Going down into the grassy marsh of Thoreau's cove I found the fragile deep pink flowers of the meadow beauty (*Rhexia virginica*) mingled with the rich light pink masses of steeple bush. Walking along the shores of the pond I was struck immediately with the beautiful gray clumps of pearly life everlasting (*Anaphalis margaritacea*). They flourished in great profusion on every part of Walden's

shores. What an appropriate emblem, "Always remembered." The fates could not have chosen a more fitting flower to grace these immortal shores. The fragrant life everlasting (*Gnaphalium polycephalum*), was also growing here and there among clumps of boneset and evening primroses. Along the western shore, that nearest the railroad, was a delightful company of purple gerardias flourishing among the grasses. It ran well up into the sandy bank, but those nearest the water had the most handsome blossoms. In walking through the woods close by the side of the cabin I observed the plants of the Indian moccasin (*Cypripedium acaule*) in seed.

Approaching the western end, I saw a lone fisherman silently seated in his boat. He was so veiled in the drizzling mist that if I had not been provided with a field-glass I would have passed him by as a floating log. But there he was with all the virtues of the sainted Walton, patiently watching his line. Immediately my heart went out to him, because I am a member of his sacred order. How I idealized him! To thus defy the elements and the hypocritical laws of the state that had failed to properly estimate him. Possibly he too was an ardent admirer of the sage who had so immortalized the order, and may have had the proverbial germ of a poet or philosopher as suggested by the Walden sage.

"These fishermen who sit thus alone from morn till night must be greater philosophers than the shoemakers."

It requires far more character to go a-fishing in the rain on Sunday, think for yourself, or meditate on a theme like the "Gospel of Nature," than to sit half asleep in a soft cushioned pew listening to the intermittent ejaculations of a dead theology. And as stated by the philosopher:

"There too is a sort of devotion though it be called hard names by the preacher, who perhaps could not endure the cold and wet any day. Perhaps he dines off their pickerel on Monday at the hotel."

The fisherman is a law unto himself, — thrown into such environment he can't help contemplate the Infinite and Unknowable; hence he breeds a robust inquisitiveness which ultimately evolves an intrepid regard for truth, as revealed by science in the works and manifestations of Nature. However, this has no relation to his universal reputation as a story-teller.

While I was watching the angler with my glass it began to rain in torrents. He took up his oars and I started for the Inn by way of the deep cut along the Fitchburg railroad tracks. Before I was half way to the village I was thoroughly drenched. In going up Thoreau Avenue I met many people coming from church and the way they inspected me I concluded I must have barely escaped arrest. It is quite possible they thought me an escape from the neighboring State's prison or the asylum near by, — no doubt my bouquet of wild flowers helped them to recognize me as a harmless member of the "Walden Pond Society."

It was a great comfort to get into clean, dry clothes. Needless to say, I had a ravenous appetite for dinner, which proved to be a most sumptuous one, — such as the most fastidious gastronomer could find no fault with. The first thing I devoured was the beautiful, blazing star (*Liatrix scariosa*) that graced the rows of immaculate tables. I had never seen this flower before. I was told by one of the guests they grow rather abundant about the country. I had quite a lengthy conversation with this gentleman regarding the flora of these parts. He informed me he had been botanizing this region for several years, and seemed to think there was a general rarity of wild flowers, in particular the spring varieties. This may be true in some cases, though I found many of the flowers where Thoreau had found and described them over sixty years ago.

It rained in torrents all afternoon. I was inned for the rest of the day.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1912, 5:30 A.M.

The day dawns with a brightness of a sunny day deferred. My spirits rise with the sun and temperature; the day looks favorable for photography.

By six A.M. I was in the office dressed in my usual tramping duds: khaki breeches, gray flannel shirt, white tie, hatless, coatless, binoculars, and kodak. The proprietor and a few of his help were the only ones about. I was impatient to get away, but as I had no prospects of getting a substantial meal for dinner, I decided to sacrifice a little time and wait for breakfast, which I was informed would be served in about half an hour.

Shortly after I was seated, the proprietor, a German Jew, came bustling down the aisle between the two rows of tables,—stopped short,—greeted me with a conventional good morning. Surveying me more carefully, he said: "Deet you forget your goat, dis morning?"

"It will be too warm for a coat to-day, I expect to tramp a long distance," I innocently replied. With that he left me, and went into the kitchen in the adjoining wing across the way. One of the waiters had already taken my order for the second course, when the proprietor again made his appearance by my side, and announced with characteristic brogue:

"I moost tell you to but on your goat, it might offend da ladees. Go 'round dat back vay ven you go to your room."

In less than a minute I was up in my room packing my grip and flowers for new quarters. Locking my room, I went out to find another place. I walked out beyond Sleepy Hollow along the electric road for at least a mile, hoping to find some hospitable farmer to accommodate me for the rest of my stay. After I had inquired at several places I was directed to the red cottage by Sleepy Hollow Chapel. I found the place ideal, engaged a room and then returned to the Inn.

When I came down from my room

into the office, the proprietor was apparently very busy at his desk in the northeast corner of the room. I waited a moment for him to come forward to the registration desk across the way. As he still kept his seat, I dropped my grip on the floor to attract his attention, though I think he must have seen me enter, as the stairs lead directly into the office. Surveying me over the top of his glasses, he resumed his business. Shortly after, an attendant made his appearance. I briefly told him that I was leaving and wished to pay my bill. This brought the proprietor forth.

"You deedn't finish your breakfast, deet you?" were his first words.

"But that makes no difference, I will pay you for it. What do I owe you?" I repeated. By this time he was quite agitated, and made apologies and explanations to the effect that I had misunderstood him.

"No, indeed, I understood you fully. It is quite natural,—you are a very fussy man, and as I came here to enjoy the country I do not intend to make my obeisance to your fussy conventions." To which he replied:

"Vell, you know I moost be very gareful on aggound off my gliondeel."

"Surely," I rejoined, "and I am not one of them."

Just then a lady made her appearance on the scene, and was standing behind me as she said, "Mister, I have a trunk in my room I wish you to take to Number — Street."

Swinging about, I gave her an inquiring polar stare, to which she doubtfully inquired, "Aren't you the expressman?"

"Madam, I think you are mistaken, I'm a hobo," I replied.

"Oh, I thought you were the expressman." With that she fled from the room.

Nothing more dramatic happened. I settled my account and bade the proprietor good morning.

As I went out into the street with my baggage, I was forcefully reminded of these lines in "Walden": "It is an interesting question how far men

would retain their relative rank if they were divested of their clothes. Could you, in such a case, tell surely of any company of civilized men which belonged to the most respected class?"

Let a man wear rags if need be, the luster of the soul's purple panoply has never passed unseen. But the world will take issue with us, however ideal our philosophy.

"There never was and never will be an age of philosophers."

Having moved my baggage to my new quarters, I walked out into the street and suddenly conceived of going to Mr. Sanborn. It was then about eight o'clock.

My rap at his door was answered by a young lady, who was about departing. She answered my inquiry and kindly asked me to step inside; shortly after, I heard a voice in the adjoining room to my right say, "Come in."

He must have been struck somewhat oddly with me, dressed as I was; but we had a hearty handshake and I soon felt that we had a common understanding without any apologies.

After I had announced my mission and we had chatted for a short while, he called to the lady, "Miss —, it is time to go," and then he said, "We will talk on our way."

As we started, he said to the young lady, with a touch of irony: "Miss —, you will walk by my side and listen to our wisdom as I talk with Mr. Ramsey."

I was struck immediately by the marked alertness of his mind. He seemed remarkably preserved for a man of his age and experience — a tall, lank figure, clad in gray, slightly stooped, walking at a brisk gait. He insisted on carrying the lady's suitcase after I had several times volunteered to relieve him.

At first he seemed to be sounding the sincerity of my feelings regarding Thoreau, but as we moved along Elm Street, he gradually warmed up on the subject, and as we came to the intersecting street leading to the railroad

station, he invited me to call at his home in the evening.

This was such a relief to my stormy experience that preceded it, that I fairly overflowed with joy. I immediately started for the lower reaches of the Concord River.

At the historic North Bridge, I sat on one of the benches to admire the Yankee lines of action in the famous statue of "The Minute Man" while I ate some fruit I had bought along the way.

My eyes soon caught the snowy flowers of the water-lilies floating among the padded margin in the river below; and as far as my eye could reach along both banks loomed the lavish profusion of pickerel weed, standing like a blue army on guard.

I was soon in their midst arranging my camera for the first picture. However, for the benefit of those who do not know the habitat of the pickerel weed, I wish to mention that the ground is quite soft, and before I secured my pictures, I had been wading in black mire well over my knees. After giving myself a superficial bath, I continued along the west bank of the river. In the drier portions of the open meadow that stretch along the river above Flint's Bridge, I noted an immense area of steeple bush (*Spiraea tomentosa*) which had passed prime, possibly a week or so. At places there were still a few roseate clumps remaining. It was quite warm by this time, and I pushed myself with effort over the *spiraea* hummocks and mud holes until I came to a shady arbor of white birches that afforded a beautiful vista up-stream from its cool retreat.

This then was the far-famed Musketaquid or Meadow River as described by Thoreau in "The Week." "So remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is scarcely perceptible, and some have referred to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord."

It seemed almost like a dream; for a time I had forgotten the troubled world, and was transported into Ely-

sian fields, where the Concord's placid water stole through flowery meads and a rush-bound shore.

As I gazed along its reflected bosom, light gusts of wind lit upon it here and there, causing a scintillation of silver as though some unseen hand were spreading silver coin broadcast over its surface. What a carnival of pickerel weed; arrow-head, jewel-weed, water-lilies, asters, goldenrod, and a host

and acorns, and demands a tamer one, for there you miss the November air, which is the sauce it is to be eaten with." However, there was another orchard farther on in which I found some sweet, mellow fruit and enjoyed it accordingly.

After wading about the swamp along the river west of Ball's Hill without any special discovery, I spied a large maple tree a short distance beyond,



THE LAVISH PROFUSION OF PICKEREL WEED

of other less showy flowers. It seemed as if I had come just in time to witness the river's annual pageant of flowers. I was tempted to spend the rest of the day here, but after I had taken a picture of the place and rested for awhile I spurred myself on. Continuing along the banks through a stretch of white birch, I came to an apple orchard. The fruit of this orchard was still hard and lacking a mellow ripeness to make it palatable, but I had the walker's appetite, and ate a few of what Thoreau calls the "Saunterer's Apples,"—the kind "not even the saunterer can eat in the house. The palate rejects it there, as it does haws

offering its cool shade for my weary limbs. Here I stretched myself on the grass. There was no bird music to be heard, save the cawing of a distant crow—in fact I had heard and seen few birds all morning,—not a single swallow was seen flitting over the wide grassy meadow. All about me the grasshoppers were busily engaged singing their spinning song, while the crickets played a dirge. On the trees above, the locusts were z-ing. This comprised the players of my pastoral symphony.

My comfort was soon dispelled by a myriad of red ants who, it seemed, objected to my presence and got it

into their little heads to oust me.

Ball's pine-clad hill was but a short way off and when I got among the sweet-scented pines I felt grateful to the ants for rousing me from my lethargy. Here too was a beautiful vista of the river through the pines. From the pine-needled ground sprung large clumps of the ground hemlock (*Taxus canadensis*); here and there

scene in the third act of Wagner's Parsifal, only on a larger scale.

Through the large rustic gate overhung with tall palm trees, I could see a pleasant spring landscape, diffused with a soft morning light. Through the flowery meadow below, wound a stream that gleamed like a vein of silver, and emptied into a lake beyond. A host of birds were singing in the neighboring grove, and I could dis-



"I CAME TO A SHADY ARBOR OF WHITE BIRCHES THAT AFFORDED A BEAUTIFUL VISTA"

were the beautiful lavender flowers of the *Aster lavis*. On the crest of the hill under the cool shade of whispering pines I found a fragrant pine-needled bed.

"Such fragrance round my couch it makes,
More rich than are Arabian drugs,
That my soul scents its life and wakes
The body up beneath its perfumed rugs."

Here I lay on my back, gazed into the cloudless blue, and fell asleep. Then I had a beautiful dream.

I had come to the gate of St. Peter in heaven. There was nothing strange or spectacular about the place. I did not hear any hosannas or hallelujahs. The place reminded me of the opening

tinguish the inspiring strains of the fox sparrow, wood and hermit thrush.

Peter came forth from a rustic cabin by the gate. He had the general aspect of Gurnemanz, and was dressed in a brown robe; his long, gray locks hung over his shoulders.

P. Well, what do you know?

R. Not much.

P. Where are you from?

R. Little Lehigh, Pennsylvania — the Earth.

P. What do you believe?

R. Nothing very much.

P. Well, tell me what you do believe.

R. In seeking for the *truth*, the

philosophy of Thoreau, and the *music* of Beethoven.

P. That's enough. By the way, we had a rendition of the Ninth Symphony not so long ago. Would you like to meet Beethoven and Thoreau?

R. I should say so!

P. You will find Thoreau down there in the meadow, and Beethoven not far away. Ask the squire.

Through the gate I dashed as fast as I could go—just then I felt a dull thud on my head—I had run against a neighboring pine tree,—still alive on Ball's Hill, Mass., the Earth.

Staggering back, still dazed over my somnambulistic course, I heard a red-eyed vireo uttering his alarm notes of *twee-twee* in a neighboring pine. Looking about for the cause, I saw a good-sized hawk sailing overhead in great sweeping gyrations. I think it was a marsh hawk, though I am not sure. Just then I heard some voices from a canoeing party in the distance. I waited to see them glide over the smooth waters around the bend to Concord. Continuing along the west bank around the bend of Ball and Davis' Hill, I came to another grove of white birch where flourished a tropical growth of royal ferns mingled here and there with ground pines (*Lycopodium obscurum*). The place was marred by a fresh wagon path through its heart. Leaving this grove I came to a small puddle of water containing the yellow bonnet-like flowers of the common bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), which Thoreau described as "a dirty conditioned flower, like a sluttish woman with a gaudy yellow bonnet." Among its matted foliage was a water snake swallowing a frog.

Beyond here a short way, I found huckleberries in great abundance, and feasted myself accordingly until I came to a notice to the effect that the surrounding trees and shrubbery had been sprayed with arsenical poison for the pestilent brown-tail and gypsy moth, signed "W. Brewster." The



THE PICKEREL WEED

name ran in my mind for some time, though I did not realize it was the ornithologist until I had the following experience.

I came to a colony of several bungalows situated along the base of a low hill not far from the river. All about the place were beds of both wild and cultivated flowers. A narrow canoe channel led from the river into its shady retreat. As I passed, I observed an old gentleman planting ferns on the bank of this channel—his boat lying close by filled with these plants. I saluted him and passed on.

I had fully intended to continue on the west shore and cross the river by the Carlisle Bridge, but after tramping about in the wet marsh for some time without any success aside from seeing

the seeded plants of the rose pogonia (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*) growing among the mat of cranberry vines, I decided to ask the old gentleman I had passed to ferry me across.

When I returned, I found that he had completed his task. Upon inquiry regarding the passage he said, in characteristic brougue:

"Sure, jump in — but, tell me, If I am not mistaken, you're one of these crazy admirers of Thoreau."

I admitted with a smile that I was. With that he pushed the boat out into the stream with his oar and then continued.

"Well, I'll tell ye something; I knew the mon, for the life o' me I can't see what ye see in him. Upon me word, a lazier mon niver walked the irth. All he did, was paddle up the river to Fair Haven Bay, and take walks in the woods with Ellery Channing. Then he would read a bit, and write a bit — but niver help his father a stroke. He was a crazy fellow. He'd pick up a sour apple somewhere out in the woods, and niver touch a foin sweet one in the orchard."

We glided along slowly — the shores

echoed his creaking stroke, at times he would drop a few strokes and lean on his oars as he spoke to me. If ever I wished a river was thrice its width, it was then. His words fell on my ears like music. As we reached the opposite shore, I asked him if he would kindly tell me his name.

"My name is Flannery — Pat Flannery, I'm working for Mr. Brewster, I suppose you know him?"

Just then I saw the name, "W. Brewster," burned on one of the oars. "Brewster the ornithologist?" I inquired.

"Yes," he continued, "and I've been working for him these twenty-one years."

Pointing to the other side, he said: "Do you see them evergreen trees on the hillside? Well, I've carried them on my back for a long distance when they were younger, to make them grow there, and there's a great deal more about the place I've planted."

"You should have a pension for your faithful labors," I said.

"Oh, no, you know I like the work and Mr. Brewster never hurries me — he says, 'Pat, if you keep a-going that's



THE PEARLY LIFE EVERLASTING ON THE SHORE OF WALDEN POND

all's necessary.' Only he don't want his money wasted, I niver asked for a cent o' raise in me pay."

We were still sitting in the boat at the landing, and seeing he was in no great hurry, I asked him how he came to know Thoreau.

"Well, I'll tell you, it was the first house we went to when we came from the old country, Ireland — I was still a lad. You know times have changed a great deal since then — the good Irishmen are scarce nowadays in Concord. There's a great many of them Poles and — Swedes doing the work there now.

"You know my father worked for Henry's father when he was in the pencil business. Father helped to furnish the graphite. I tell ye, that fellow Henry was a lazy lad, and it was well he could write an essay on economy as they say he did — many a piece of pie he ate from my pail."

The conversation then drifted to

Brewster. I do not know when I have heard a more honest and whole-souled commendation.

"You know Mr. Brewster is a foim mon — he told me the other day — 'Pat, if I were to lose all my money I have, I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for my birds.' Have you seen them?" he inquired.

"I should very much desire to," I replied. With that I stepped out on the landing.

I offered to pay him for his services but he refused. As I left he said, "Come around some time when Mr. Brewster is about — you will like him, and he will be glad to see you. A finer mon you never met — he is like a child."

As I walked away he said, "Come any time — bring your girl along and I'll give ye a canoe to give her a ride."

Thus did I part from Patrick Flannery, classic Irishman of the far-famed Concord.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RAILROADS*

IT was a good thought to rescue from the limbo of yesterday's news, some of the more important of the recent addresses of Howard Elliott, and to make them available, as they now are, in a convenient and attractive volume. Divorced in this way from the passion and prejudice of the moment, and from the headlines of partisan and sensational dailies, these earnest and thoughtful utterances form a very real contribution to the literature of the subject.

We recommend the volume for purchase by public libraries and for use in the reading circles of women's clubs, and to college students as well as to those who will naturally be attracted to it because of their close connection with railroad problems and discussions, Mr. Elliott is one of the foremost transportation experts of our country, and it is a fortunate thing that occasionally a man of that type is found who has

also a keen sense of his obligations as a teacher and educator of the people.

Mr. Elliott is every inch a railroad man, and in this volume of addresses, on various public occasions, he speaks as a railroad man, pleading for the great industry to which he has given his life. He speaks also as an American citizen, with a deep pride and an unwavering faith in our institutions and respect for the good sense and justice of the American people. Strongly as he combats certain tendencies, he gives clear and unmistakable evidence of that greatest of American characteristics, a cheerful submission to the final judgment of a majority of the people. To such a one we stand ready not only to listen, but patiently to hear him through. The book will find and make readers.

It may not be out of place here to

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

recapitulate a few of Mr. Elliott's findings.

As a practical railroad executive of over thirty years' experience, he finds much of our regulative legislation hampering, difficult to meet and not always practical.

He believes in public regulation of railroads, but finds that the tendency to interfere with details of management demoralizes the staff, and lowers standards of efficiency.

As the responsible head of a great railroad corporation he finds that "there are not enough cents in a dollar," to do quite all that the public wants done.

As a financier he finds that the margin of profit is to-day growing so perilously small that it is increasingly difficult to secure money for railroad needs.

But let us quote directly from the volume:

"The railroads are struggling with forces which are causing rates to remain stationary or to decline; causing wages to rise or remain stationary; bringing demands from a prosperous and luxurious people for increasingly expensive facilities and service, and causing taxation to rise at an alarming rate.

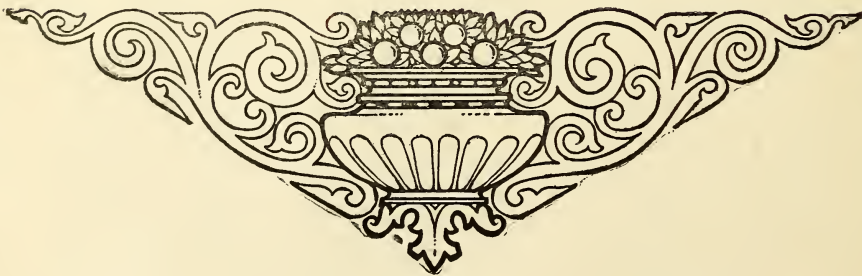
"The necessity of raising the

\$8,500,000,000 necessary to make railroad facilities equal to the expanding traffic of the country during the next five years constitutes the most important problem of business men.

"The country cannot attain its best growth unless the people can be made to see that adequate and safe transportation is absolutely necessary and that it cannot be obtained through private ownership unless, under honest management, enough money is earned to pay approximately the same return to the investor as is received by investors in other classes of business in the same territory, and in addition lay up a fund to provide for bad times when earnings are poor.

"Considering all the railroads of the country as one system, two tons of freight are transported for every passenger. On the New Haven road alone the ratio of freight to passenger business is reversed. That road transports only one-third of a ton of freight to one passenger.

"A misdirected public opinion is demanding rates too low, taxes too high, wages too high, service too elaborate, and there are not cents enough in the dollars to meet all these obligations and still permit the business to be attractive enough so that the man with the dollar will invest in it."



"CHILD-LAND IN SONG AND RHYTHM" AND OTHER MUSIC BY FLORENCE NEWELL BARBOUR

By ETHEL SYFORD

OUT of one hundred young people that you may know of, how many are able to play or to sing in such a way that you feel that they really *know something* about music? Of course every child is not capable of becoming a performer; but for that matter, how many are able to listen intelligently to some one's else performance, how many can *understand* music as soon as it escapes from the beaten path of a plain "tune"? Not long ago I heard a young man of superior intelligence remark, after listening to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, that he couldn't understand "*classical*" music. You doubtless know a dozen such instances. Think of it! How many young persons are there, college-trained, equipped for life, but who when it comes to music can only appreciate "tunes" and popular music. It is really pathetic and it is unnecessary. With the exception of those few children who are absolutely deficient, I believe that every normal child can become an intelligent listener, able to understand, to appreciate, to care for good music. That would be a considerable advance. It would also visibly raise the standard and the condition of art in America above its present level and theorists would be able to lay the failure of America to produce art to something other than the commercialism of the age.

The building up of musical understanding is a much more logical thing than most parents realize. Children should not merely be taught to *play the piano*, to *play the violin*. They should be taught, *every* child should be taught *music*. Every child should be given an opportunity to have an intelligent sensing of the meaning, the message of whatever music he plays

or hears. When you reflect upon the large number of children who are half grown up before they are given any acquaintance whatever with music, it is small wonder that America as a nation is called unmusical, untemperamental, or that many a college graduate remarks, "You know I like music but I don't understand it or know one thing about it." After a child is allowed to grow up without any intimacy whatever with music how can it be aught but an understandable foreign tongue to him?

Imagination and rhythm are the two things which need to be developed, for æsthetic sensing, artistic appreciation, depend largely upon them. Some children are richly endowed by nature with both, but I do not believe that because a child reaches maturity only to show that he is evidently practically without either, means that he was incapable of them. It too often means that he was cheated out of any acquaintance with them; starved æsthetically, so to speak. This is supported by the fact that most children show more imagination, more rhythm as small children than they have when grown. Most people have more rhythm as small children than they have as grown-ups. This simply means that the flow of rhythm, the flow of imagination, is stopped up in them, checked, usually when they begin their so-called "education." The result is a growth too often in knowledge and a shrinkage in æsthetic perception, a shrinkage in *soul*.

The home should *begin* this æsthetic training, the first music teacher should begin to work upon it, to enlarge upon it, to increase its power. Children are rhythmic: they can come to *see* rhythm and to *feel* it. Children are supreme "imagers"; they can come to peer

down vistas of feeling expressed in tone as well as they can recognize joy in a laugh or grief in tears. Music is not a question of time, notes and rules of technique; it is a question of having vividly in mind some definite picture, some definite mood, some small or large drama which you are endeavoring to infuse into the consciousness of another by the medium of tones and by the rhythm which sways and beats and pulsates these tones into discernible shape.

Imagination and rhythm! Begin with the two-year-olds. Give them short catches to hum. Play them a merry tune and let them laugh. Play a sad tune and let them see that it is not a merry one. Let them see rhythm in the church bells, the snowflakes, the old rope swing, the spinning top. Begin music in the home as a perfectly natural mode of feeling.

A recent book, "Child-land in Song and Rhythm," by Florence Newell Barbour (words by Harriet Blanche Jones) exactly meets this need. The songs are simple, vividly picturesque. The music is melodious and of a high order and yet of modest difficulty. The average mother who can play at all can certainly use them to advantage. The interest of a little child is gained at once with any of the one-line songs which Miss Barbour has so artistically set. "The Moon Man" is one of these, — "Funny moon man, I see you, sailing thro' the sky so blue." That is all there is of it, but its catchy peek-a-boo melody will catch the little one's ear and you will find the child singing out its rhythm, acting the little drama all day long. By the end of the day the child's imagination is just that much enriched, its sense of rhythm just that much developed and music is just that much of an understandable language to it. "The Star" is another one-line bit, — "I tried to catch a little star" (and the melody mounts up high as a little star) "But" (and the little voice holds out a long tone full of disappointment) "Oh, I could not reach so far." (and "far" holds out a long tone full of the

awful, awful distance). "The Merry Breeze" says, "Blow, blow, merry breeze, rock the flowers and bend the trees," and most gently do the flowers rock and the trees bend to a lovely waltz rhythm. Then the child voice stops and small ears listen, to two lines played on the piano and small imagination sees the trees softly blowing out of the softly swaying rhythm. The book contains a considerable amount of incidental music, — music to which the child *listens*, — stories told out in tone. There is a whole page full of rain, in the midst of which is a line for the little voice to sing, — "I love the rain, for do you know, it helps the grass and flowers to grow" — and then come the raindrops, very light and very fast, on the piano. Then there is a merry Robin Red-breast who gaily sings, "Oh, I am robin red-breast, chiree, chiree, chiree, and I have blue eggs in my nest, a way up in a tree" — and again the child listens while you play and the little one can see the birds flying up and down and then up and up and way far up, so high. There is a lively little dog and the brisk, catchy tune says "My little dog whose name is Tan can run as fast as any man," and then you must play on the piano that you are "Tan" who chases faster and faster and faster up and down a melodious scale to end by bounding right in front of you with a bounce and two barks. Four martial songs will interest the little boys — "The Drums" would stir any small imagination to march and sing, and "The Bugle Call," as well; also "The Top," — "Round and round spins my top," and then how the piano *does* spin the top, — "See how long before 'twill drop" — and then how it does spin again, then slower, slower, slower and down it drops on its side. There is a lovely crooning dolly lullaby for a tiny girl to hum while the piano sings softly a lovely melody to dolly. Holiday songs for Thanksgiving, Christmas time and Easter, Calls and special tone work, — "The Paper Boy," "The Fruit Vender," — miscellaneous songs, "Saying Grace," — a beautiful melody,

"The Bells,"—and they really chime,—and "Jack-o'-Lantern" and a little boy named "Echo." It is impossible to mention the possibilities of all that this book contains. A little ingenuity can make each little song open to the child many little experiences. By the time it has been helped and guided through these songs it will have developed a very considerable sympathetic understanding, an increased rhythmic sense, a bit of dramatic picturing, a real *growth* in musical sense, a real growth in feeling and in perception. The last section is devoted to incidental music which is to be played to the child. With this you can do much to inspire and to develop a small, earnest little *listener*. Tell the child the little story, paint for it the little picture, then tell it to *listen*. "The Locomotive," "Falling Snowflakes," "The Brownie Band," "A Lively Chase," all are vivid, picturesque and attractive and the child *will* listen. "Dance Rhythms" includes "Skipping," "Sunbeams at Play," "Skating," "Dance of the Little Indian," "Wooden Shoe Dance," "The Gay Little Soldier." The last of the "music to listen to" are two very rhythmic and very melodious "songs without words,"—"In my Boat," full of beautiful harmonies, and "Nature Asleep," swaying, soothing, dreamy and tender. I have written somewhat at length about this "Child-land in Song and Rhythm" because I believe it is a work which meets a real need, a work which is—every page of it—capable of *usefulness* and sure to build toward the qualities which make for real musical sense and understanding,—ability to hold the mind in thought while *listening*, concentration, development and imagination, development of a sense of rhythm, an acquaintance, an *intimacy* with tone, with music as a way of expressing the feelings, the moods, the pictures that little lives can appreciate and in which they can take a real part. This book will help to make music a reality,—an intimate reality to children,—and that is a step in advance.

"Rambles in Music-land" is a

book of seven first piano duets for teacher and pupil. These are interesting and excellent for sight reading for first grade pupils. "Two Little Piano Pieces for Beginners" contains "The Doll's First Piano Lesson," and "A Little Cradle Song." These are excellent because they maintain consistently and to the end, opportunity for training for rhythm and for legato melody. "Little Musical Stories" is a series of four pieces: "The Parade," "Learning to Ride," "A Pony Race" and "Up in the Swing." Infinite enthusiasm can be worked up with these because they are so well adapted for picturesque use. There is a bugler and a steam calliope in "The Parade," a graceful Shetland pony patter in "Learning to Ride" (giving opportunity for repeated changing of fingers upon the same note); "The Pony Race" is excellent for non-legato finger work; "Up in the Swing" sways back and forth in a graceful six-eighths rhythm and is an opportunity for rhythmic grace and finish.

"Tone Pictures for Young Players" is a series of four first-grade pieces: A March, "Village Soldiers," "Nodding Daisies," "Rainy Weather," "A Summer Day." "Nodding Daisies" is an unusually attractive piece and could be used to great advantage for a study in legato phrasing and in grace of movement.

"Forest Sketches" is a series of seven pieces for third grade. Every one of these can be used for interpretive development to great advantage. "The Light of Spring" is a *molto vivace* mood containing work for speed and brilliancy and ending in an *accelerando* detached octave passage and chord work. The "Carnival of Autumn" is also brilliant,—arpeggio work; "Twilight in the Forest" is a more tranquil mood, full of grace, good left-hand work and solid formations for both hands. "A White Violet" is a beautiful tone poem, somewhat suggesting MacDowell in style. "A White Violet" and "The Call of Winter" are far too artistic to be called teaching pieces.

"The Call of Winter" is another tone poem, beautiful and exceptionally expressive. There is nothing more essential for melody playing, for tone, for color than that the young pianist *know* the tone and coloring of the violoncello. "The Call of Winter" is a vibrant violoncello melody for left hand, — one of the best that I know. Here is an instance where the student should be able to *think* 'cello while he *plays* the piano. It is a melody of thrilling intensity and its phrases fairly throb out 'cello tones. The piece is full of color, — an artistic gem. Other excellent pieces for about third grade use are "Valse Impromptu," "The Music Box," which develops a nicety of finger control, "Valse Arabesque" and "Valse Melodique."

Two suites, — "Holland" and "Venice." These are of more than usual advantage for studio use. "The Windmills" is an excellent piece to use for arpeggio study, phrasing and grace. "Venice" is the more poetic of the two suites and contains "Springtime in Venice," "Italian Dance," "Meditation in San Marco," which is a very attractive piece and more elaborate in

idea, "Song of the Gondolier," through which runs a beautiful melody to a graceful arpeggiated accompaniment, and the "Venetian Carnival," — excellent staccato work varied with melody work in the "singing on the water" part.

"Awake! It is the Day," and "Stars of the Summer Night" (words by Longfellow) are two beautiful songs by Florence Newell Barbour. The accompaniments, melody and words are so artistic, so sympathetic that they are more than usually satisfactory. This is also true of Miss Barbour's choruses for women's voices, "Song for the Spinning Wheel," "A Masquerade," "Behold the Spring."

It is such composition as Florence Newell Barbour's that is worth while. Miss Barbour is a fine pianist and well known as an ensemble player. This training along with a naturally poetic nature may to some extent account for the fact that she seems so able to write vital music, music that seems to be more sure of itself, because it is more spontaneously put forth, the less conscious effort because of her very definite consistency of idea and an evident surety of technique.

THE GUARDIAN

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXIX

(Continued)

WHEN he came back with it, she scarcely more than moistened her lips and then asked for a light. He brought in a small kerosene lamp, which he placed on the bureau where it would not shine in the infant's eyes.

"How ye feelin'?" he inquired in a whisper, as he again approached the bed. Without replying she stared as intently at him as though she too were trying to recall some resemblance. In answer to her unspoken question he said:

"Seems' though I'd seen either you or the kid somewhere."

She fell back limply, murmuring something he couldn't catch. She was breathing with apparent difficulty.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "I think I'd better get the doc."

She shook her head.

"I'll be all right — in a minute," she answered.

But it was several minutes before she could speak again, and in the meanwhile she kept her eyes fixed on him in a sort of fascinated wonder. Then she asked:

"D'yuh happen to know — 'Gene Page?'"

"Know him?" answered Nat. "Yes, I know him," he added with a frown. "He's a brother of mine."

"Is he round here?"

He nodded. "What about him?"

"Nothin'," she wheezed. "Frien' of mine — knew him."

"He went to sea for awhile," nodded Nat.

"After that he — he hiked back here?"

"'Bout four months ago."

"I — I guess it's — where he belongs," she answered.

"Ye say ye know him?" Nat asked sharply, a flash of some inexplicable suspicion crossing his brain.

But she buried her face in the pillow, trying to muffle a racking cough. He turned uneasily towards the door.

"I think I oughter get the doc," he ventured again.

"What's the use?" she answered weakly.

"Does your chest pain ye?" he demanded with a vivid recollection of what he had pulled through in the spring. She nodded, placing her hand to her throat.

"Here."

"Ye'd better not talk then. Want me to blow out the light?"

"No," she answered quickly. "Leave it be."

"I'll be in the next room if ye want anything," he assured her as he prepared to go.

She lifted her head.

"You've seen him — lately?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Yer brother?"

"Less than four hours ago. Ye want him?"

"Want him?"

In the midst of her pain a faint smile lighted her haggard face. Then a new mood seized her, and she bent over the child, kissing its hair in a frenzy of passion.

"I'll bring him along when I get the doc in the morning," he decided.

"No," she gasped. "I — Oh, I'm rattled, rattled clean through. P'r'aps I can go to sleep now."

"Try it," he advised.

When he resumed his seat before the open fire, he was puzzled by her speech.

It was evident that either she knew 'Gene or knew about him. But after a few moments' thought he laid her excitement and incoherency to the fever and dismissed the matter. He grew drowsy and finally, sprawling his length on the floor, slept.

He was awakened by the sharp cry of the baby. It was daylight, but the sun had not been up long. He threw some wood on the still hot embers and went to the door of the stranger's room and listened. He heard her crooning in a hoarse whisper to the child and so ventured in. He was shocked by her appearance. In the merciless glare of the morning light every haggard line was revealed as well as the hectic flush of her cheeks and the fever in her eyes. And yet she managed to smile a welcome at him. The baby was wide awake and looking about hungrily.

"How ye feel?" he inquired.

"I ain't — doin' any — high kick-in'," she answered.

"The kid's hungry, isn't he?"

She nodded.

"Want some milk?"

"Can yer warm up — 'bout a cup-ful?"

"In no time," he answered. "Don't ye want a bite to eat yourself?"

She shook her head.

It didn't take him long to build the kitchen fire and warm the milk, and while he was at it Tommy came in.

"Ye'd better harness up the old nag, son," said Nat. I'm "goin' for the doc soon's the kid has his breakfast."

"Is she wuss?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"I dunno's she's worse," answered Nat. "She's been bad 'nuff from the beginning. She's tired and half starved an' got a cold. I reckon she's been playin' in hard luck for some time, son."

"Maybe she gut turned out the way we did," suggested Tommy.

"I dunno. If I could find the man who done it, I'd go a long way jus' to have a talk with him. It's bad enough to turn out a man, but a

woman with a kid — honest, I don't b'lieve any one *could* do that."

"The Deacon could," declared Tommy.

"Not even the Deacon," Nat disagreed with a slow shake of his head. "Anyhow ye run 'long now. I'll be ready soon's ye are."

He went back into the sick-room with the milk, and watched with some interest her efforts to make the child drink without the aid of a nursing bottle. By an infinite amount of patience she succeeded, and was rewarded by seeing a gentle smile of satisfaction warm up the little face. The child began to blink sleepily.

"That's a fine kid," Nat ventured. "What's his name?"

"'Gene," she answered.

"'Gene?" he asked quickly, his face clouding.

"Named for — frien' of mine," she added.

The mother extended an arm towards the child.

"Well," concluded Nat, "I s'pose there's more'n one 'Gene in the world. But it's kind o' tough to name a nice kid 'Gene."

"Yer said — yer brother's name was 'Gene?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Nothin' crooked 'bout him — is there?"

"He isn't in jail, if that's what ye mean," he answered.

He lifted the child from the bed, and sheepishly twined his arms about the little body with a low chuckle. A swift look of pain shot over the mother's face, while Nat blushed a deep crimson.

"Wants yer — to walk with him," she said.

He began to pace the room, while the mother, exhausted, watched him with fascinated interest. To her it was like a dream — a dream come true. How often she had seen this picture of the broad back supporting and the big arms encircling the little fellow! It had helped her through many an hour when her own weak back ached with the burden. Even

now, illusion though it were, it made her forget the pain in her chest for a moment.

But the sound of Tommy's voice outside broke the spell. Nat crossed at once to the bed and placed the warm bundle by her side. She seized it eagerly and pressed it to her bosom.

"I'm goin' for the doc now," he said. "I'll bring 'Gene back if ye want."

"No," she answered quickly, "not yet."

She didn't wish 'Gene to see her in any such condition as this. She knew well how pitifully pale and worn she looked. She had been bad enough when she started, but these last two days had told terribly on her strength. When she saw 'Gene, she must be able to stand straight and look him fair in the eyes. She had sought him, not in any spirit of revenge, but in a spirit of friendship. If he wanted her back, she was ready to come back, but not as a burden; only as his wife and the mother of his child.

"No," she added, still conscious of the brother's antagonism. "By an' by — when I gets better — maybe I'll look him up fer — old time's sake."

"All right," he nodded. "An' if ye want anything while I'm gone, call Tommy."

He was gone four hours. The doctor was away and he had to wait for him to come back. When the two men stamped in the door, Tommy met them with a frightened look in his eyes.

"Gee," he cried, "ye'd better hurry. She's wuss."

Nat led the way into the little room, where he found his mother by the bedside holding the child. The stranger was tossing half conscious in the throes of a fever. The doctor gave one glance at her and ordered Mrs. Page out of the room with the child.

"Throw up the windows," he ordered Nat as soon as the two had left. "Give her all the air ye can."

He administered a big dose of whiskey, which he had some difficulty in forcing down the throat now fast

closing up. The effect was immediate. It brought her back to consciousness for a minute. She beckoned Nat to her side.

"Better find out her name," whispered the doctor. "It may be too late in a minute."

As Nat bent over the frail form, he saw her hand groping for the child.

"Where is he?" she demanded.

"The boy's in the next room. Don't worry 'bout him."

"If I go —"

At the expression in her eyes Nat felt a lump rise to his throat.

"I guess the kid'll be looked after — whatever happens," he assured her.

"D'yer mean — it?" she gasped.

"I give ye my word."

"Thank Gawd."

She began to choke, and the doctor took Nat's place and worked over her for a moment. When the fit had ceased, she seemed to want Nat again.

"If yer see 'Gene," she wheezed, "jus' say — S'long."

"Haven't ye any friends? Your name —"

"Ain't worth — mentioning," she answered. "Jus' say S'long."

She did not speak again. For an hour or so she flickered on, but with no knowledge of anything. After a while there ceased to be even a flicker, and the two men stood facing her motionless form with the sense of being in the presence of something very big and holy.

CHAPTER XXX

"S'LONG"

AT three o'clock on Monday morning Nat picked up 'Gene on the road to camp and gave him a lift as far as Dutton's.

"'Gene," he began, "I've got a message for ye."

"Who from?" questioned 'Gene in surprise.

"I dunno her name," answered Nat. "She was a little woman with tired eyes and her hair done up high."

It was well for 'Gene that the dark hid his face. He turned ghastly white

and hitched forward, ready to spring out and make a dash for it. He did not answer.

"Know her?" asked Nat.

"Where's she from?" asked 'Gene through dry lips.

"I dunno where she's from. I found her 'longside the road Saturday night when I was comin' home."

"What — what'd she have to say?"

"Not much," answered Nat. "It was just this. Says she, 'If ye see 'Gene, tell him S'long.'"

"Then — she's gone?"

"Yes, she's gone."

"Where?"

"She's dead. Died at my house yesterday mornin'."

The blood rushed back to 'Gene's face. He breathed more easily. He was able to think.

"What did she send the message to me for?" he demanded.

"Said ye was a friend of hers."

'Gene moistened his lips.

"Prob'ly someone I met when ashore," he suggested. Then he waited to see what more Nat knew. The latter answered only:

"Likely."

Nat relapsed into silence. The vivid picture of the thin form lying in that front room under the sheet oppressed him. It was not until the silence assured 'Gene that this must be all his brother knew that he ventured to inquire further.

"She's up there — now?"

"Yes."

"Who's goneter bury her?"

"I am."

"Didn't she tell her name?"

"Said it didn't matter."

Had it not been for the relief and joy of the narrow escape, 'Gene might have felt really sorry. This was not such an end as he would have wished for Bella, but now that it was over — why, it was over. It lifted a heavy burden from his shoulders.

"Thought maybe you knew her name," said Nat.

"No," answered 'Gene. "I sort of remember such a person, but I don't recollect her name."

"Seems kind of hard to bury her without a name," mused Nat.

"Thet's so," agreed 'Gene.

"Reckon we'll just have to call her 'The Stranger,'" concluded Nat. "The funeral's Wednesday. Ye can come if ye want."

"Kind of s'pose I oughter."

"Jus' as ye please. Ye'll probably have your hands full in camp for a while."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Ye've got to work hard to live down last week."

"The best thing to do is to forget it," growled 'Gene.

"The men won't forget it till ye make them forget it."

"How?" questioned 'Gene.

"By knocking out every man son of them that dares look cross-wise at ye. And where a week ago there wasn't more'n one, now there's a dozen. It'll keep ye busy."

"Ye expect me to wade through the whole bunch?" demanded 'Gene hoarsely.

"Exactly."

"Good Gawd, what ye think I am?"

Nat turned his head to face the man.

"You're the husband of Julie Moulton," he answered steadily.

"What if I am?" That don't make me a fightin' wildcat."

"It ought to make ye a man. It's got to make ye a man. An' accordin' to your tell ye'd rather fight than eat in your sailor days. I'll give ye all the time off ye need an' your wages'll run on just the same. Ye can take till spring if need be, but ye'll have to begin to-day. Ye'd made a good start, but it looks now like ye'd have to begin all over again."

"A man ain't to blame for what he does when he's drunk," whined 'Gene.

"He's twice over to blame," answered Nat. "If he can't drink and be a man, then he's got to make up for it when he's sober."

It was the thought of Bella dead that gave 'Gene courage for a second. She had always been in the background, a terrible weapon for vengeance if Nat should ever find her out. Now

that her lips were sealed forever, he felt freer. He squared his shoulders.

"I've had enough of all this," he growled. "Ye haven't any right over me, an' I ain't goneter stand it no longer."

"D'ye mean that?" Nat asked quickly.

"Every word of it," answered 'Gene.

He freed his hands and turned, ready to spring at his brother's throat. The latter drew the horse to a standstill.

"Then," he said, "we might as well get out right here."

He threw off the buffalo robe and sprang to the ground. 'Gene followed, keeping himself, however, on the other side of the pung.

"You go your way an' I'll go mine," he said. "I ain't troublin' you none, and ye ain't any call to trouble me."

Nat led the horse to the side of the road. It was dark and cold. He tossed the robe over the horse's back and then pulled off his heavy overcoat. 'Gene in the meanwhile had started back in the direction of St. Croix. Nat called sharply:

"'Gene!"

The latter, already hidden, now broke into a run. He hadn't gone a hundred yards before he heard Nat's footsteps behind him. Throwing off his coat, he increased his speed, but though fairly fleet of foot he couldn't shake off the steady tread of his pursuer. He finally darted to the left and hid himself in the shadow of a large pine. Nat paused almost opposite him and listened. Then, after listening a moment, he spoke:

"Ye're only wastin' time, 'Gene. If ye mean what ye said, ye'd better come out afore you're half frozen 'cause I'm goin' to stay here until daylight."

'Gene held his breath and listened. He heard his brother take a turn of a dozen steps up the road and then back again, slapping his arms across his chest to keep warm. He took a cautious step backward, but his foot came down upon a twig that snapped in the frosty air like a pistol-shot.

"I hear ye," Nat called coolly. "When you're ready, come out and make good or climb into the pung and we'll go on to camp."

Without his overcoat and unable even to move his arms without making a noise, 'Gene felt the sting of the night cold clear to his bones. Within ten minutes he was half frozen; within twenty he was so stiff he could hardly stand. But he knew the hopelessness of trying to meet the alternative. It was easier a dozen times over to meet every man in camp than to face Nat in fair fight. It wasn't so much the man's strength he feared as the spirit back of that. Had he the strength of a giant, he couldn't have beaten down this other and he knew it. It would be like trying to fight his conscience embodied in bone and muscle. Though he choked in baffled rage, he was finally forced to speak.

"Will ye — ye keep yer hands off me if I come?" he chattered.

"If that's what ye want," answered Nat.

"D'ye swear?"

"I promise."

Like a whipped dog, 'Gene stole from his hiding-place and stepped into the road. Nat came to his side and for a moment stood over him.

"Lord," he choked, "what a coward ye are!"

"Ye promised," 'Gene reminded him.

"Come on," Nat called sharply.

He led him back to his coat and then back to the pung. Shivering with the cold, 'Gene climbed in and took his seat. They drove on without another word to the Dutton place, where Nat left the team. Then they had four miles to walk up the mountain-side. It was not until the lights of the camp showed through the trees that Nat spoke again. Then he said without comment:

"I'd leave Bartineau for the last, if I was ye."

They reached camp by the time it was light, and from that moment on Nat kept close to his brother, ready to see the slights which the latter would not

see. He put him to work with an axe in the midst of the men and took an axe himself. Within an hour Trumbull, a lank and scrawny half-man, dared a remark that was like a slap in the face. Instantly Nat glanced at 'Gene and nodded. The latter, for a wonder, sprang like a loosed dog, all the stored venom of the morning in his heart.

"Take thet back," he growled.

But Trumbull had the camp behind him and only laughed.

"Wipe the Frenchman's spit off ye first," he returned.

In a frenzy that made him lose sight even of physical fear, 'Gene bore down on the fellow. It was over in a moment for not even Bartineau could have stood before the fury of that assault. Every man within sight was left dazed. When 'Gene, white of face, turned towards them as though expecting a half-dozen more to come at him, he saw them instead pick up their axes and return to their work.

That very night Ladoux received the same treatment. The words were scarcely out his mouth before he was borne to the ground. It was like touching fire to powder. The men scowled but kept silence until 'Gene turned into his bunk. Then the low talk grew general on the strange phenomenon of a man who could fight one day like a mountain cat and the next would slink off like a gray wolf.

"He took mewhen I wasn't lookin'," Trumbull tried to explain. "I've gut a five-dollar bill that says I can lick the man in fair fight."

"I'll go ye," said Nat from the rear of the room.

He came forward with a five-dollar bill in his hand and stood before Trumbull. The latter blinked at it in silence.

"There's a good deal of scrappin' been goin' on here and I don't like it," said Nat to the group. "But so long's it's begun I want to see it through. I don't ask any favors for 'Gene Page on account of his bein' my brother. He don't need any favors. But he's here workin' like the rest of ye, an' I won't say No

if he or any the rest of ye stick up for your rights man-fashion. There's been a lot of loose talk floatin' round 'bout him, an' I don't blame him for kickin'. He would n't be a man if he didn't; he wouldn't be the husband of Julie Moulton if he didn't."

Trumbull drew back into the crowd.

Nat still held the bill in his hand.

"I'll back him ag'in any of ye — any time, any money," he concluded.

No one answered, and he went out of the door. But he turned once again.

"The bet stands open, gents, as long as the camp does."

The next day 'Gene remained unmolested by either look or spoken word.

Though matters had now reached a point where Nat needed every man and every minute for his work, he called 'Gene to one side about the middle of Wednesday forenoon.

"The funeral's to-day," he said.

'Gene held his breath. He had dreaded this day. He had an uncanny feeling that if he came anywhere near that dead body something would happen. He had heard of such things; of corpses rising in their shrouds to point an accusing finger, and he was superstitious enough to believe them. He had hoped against hope that Nat would go off by himself and leave him out of it. There lay a worse danger in refusing to go. In his present mood he felt that it would take but a trifle to start suspicion against him. He could not answer.

"Come along if ye want," continued Nat.

"All right," nodded 'Gene.

At the foot of the mountain Nat once again hired the Dutton rig, which brought them home at about one o'clock. Tommy and his father had spent all the day in making the house ready for the event. They had cleaned it from the front step to the back, and in the living-room had arranged a solemn row of chairs in a semicircle. Mrs. Page had attended to the other details which had to do with the mute figure in the closed room. When the

two men came in she was at the other house with the child dressing for the occasion.

"Where's the kid?" was the first question Nat asked of Tommy, whose well-slicked hair in itself looked ominous.

'Gene, who had paused before the empty chairs with a frightened glance around him, swung upon Nat.

"What kid?" he choked.

"Her kid," answered Nat.

'Gene cringed back against the wall, his breath coming short.

"What's the matter?" demanded Nat.

"Nothin'," gasped 'Gene. "It's — it's the chairs. Fun'rals allers get me this way."

"Do ye want to see her?" asked Flint in a low voice, as he stole up on tiptoe.

"Not now," answered 'Gene, almost in a plea.

"She's as fine a lookin' corpse as ever I see," continued Flint, nodding towards the room. "I declare she looks that young and peaceful ye wouldn't know her as the same party what came in here Saturday night."

Nat nodded his approval.

"Ye told Fuller we wanted everything done right up chuck?"

"The very best," answered Flint, still speaking in a hoarse whisper. "It's oak, lined with pearl gray. Nickel-plated name plate. Fuller allowed the only thing missin' to make it a first-class job was a name to put onto it."

"I told him to write just 'A Stranger.'"

"He done it," answered Flint.

"An' ye got Gideon all right?"

"Be here at two o'clock sharp."

"Good," said Nat. "I'll just run over to the other house now and change my clothes. Ye told the neighbors they could come if they wanted?"

"Even the Deacon," nodded Flint, "though I did say I only wished it was him we was tuckin' away."

"It's proper to ask 'em all, even if they don't come," said Nat.

(To be continued.)

THE REFORM OF CRIMINAL LAW

(Continued from page 361)

publishing a lie which injures many men by inducing them to part with their property? The law should require proof that the publisher as a reasonable man must have known or suspected the fraud, and in the latter case evidence enough to put him on inquiry could be required. If the law made the newspaper liable either civilly to the injured party or criminally few prosecutions would be necessary, for few newspapers would take the risk of printing such advertisements if the loss to which they expose their readers were likely in any event to fall on them. The duty of looking for such advertisements might be added to the duties of the public prosecutor, and if he needed further assistance, the expense would be nothing in comparison with the loss to the community while the present practices are tolerated. The so-called "blue-sky" laws are aimed at these frauds, but they do not cover the ground. The statute of Iowa is the most effectual, but it contains provisions as to frequent returns by brokers of their dealing which are most objectionable, and all of them on examination are full of loopholes.

Again, the various gambling hells and houses of vice are known to a large section of the public. They must be known to succeed. The localities where they abound are notorious. Men who have never seen New York have heard of the "Tenderloin," and could find it if they were dropped in that city. The owner of every building in which such places exist can be discovered by examining the records, and in most cases knows how his property is used. Such owners are vulnerable and cannot escape if attacked, for real estate cannot be carried out of the jurisdiction. Why not punish these landlords who reap an income from vice and through them

drive the wretches who are engaged in criminal operations out of house and home? With a proper prosecutor and an efficient police force this would not be difficult, and many a tragedy, many a ruined life, would be prevented. There is law enough in most large cities to justify such proceedings, and vigorously enforced, it would make such tenants unprofitable to landlords. Vice is the parent of crime, and many a resort in which criminals meet would thus be broken up, and not only the vicious practices directly attacked would be discouraged, but more desperate crimes would be prevented. What we need is a public opinion more intolerant of vice, more alive to its horrible effects on the young and weak, which shall insist on a vigorous enforcement of the law and support a prosecutor who dares to do his duty.

Many other examples of preventive procedure will suggest themselves to you. I can only hint at a few, but I commend to you all the study of preventive law, for it is just as necessary and just as valuable to the community as preventive medicine, which lately has made such strides. Vice is a disease as dangerous as tuberculosis.

Passing now to the consideration of criminal procedure as a means of punishment, the requisites are simple. It should be swift and sure. In these days of rapid motion punishment should no longer have leaden feet, but its hands should still be iron. A man who is charged with crime is entitled to a trial by a jury, and to one review by an appellate court of the rulings on questions of law at this trial, but that is all which justice requires. Whatever is more than this "cometh of evil." A conviction should not be set aside for error "which shall not tend to the prejudice of the defendant," to use the language of the Federal statute. To put it more broadly, no

man convicted by a jury on legal evidence sufficient to sustain the verdict should be allowed to escape because of errors at the trial, which do not raise a reasonable doubt in the mind of the court as to the justice of the conviction. How nearly do we realize this reasonable ideal?

As a rule we must be content to leave the detection of the crime and the arrest of the criminal to the usual police agencies, assisted in conspicuous cases by the reporters. Our criminal procedure may be said to begin when the accused is brought before a magistrate for the preliminary investigation. Here the prosecution is required to produce evidence enough to justify his detention, and except in petty cases, he is committed for trial. It is at this point that we first encounter the full effect of tradition in a rule of law which to-day stands between the criminal and justice at every stage of the proceedings against him. The accused cannot be examined, nor can any inference be drawn from his silence, nor in some jurisdictions can statements made by him after his arrest be used as evidence against him. The constitution prevents his being compelled to criminate himself, and statute or decision protects him against inferences from his silence or evidence of his statements.

The result is that society, anxious to free itself from a pest, instead of using the most obvious method of learning the truth, deliberately imposes upon itself unnecessary difficulties in the way of discovery. The accused of all persons in the world knows best whether he is guilty or innocent. If innocent he has only to state the truth, and if guilty, why shouldn't he criminate himself? Circumstantial evidence may mislead and eye witnesses may be mistaken, but except in the very rarest cases, the admission of the accused can be relied upon. There is no species of evidence which is freer from the possibility of error.

What is there in the relation of a guilty man to his fellows which should

secure him against the consequences of being asked to account for himself and to tell what he knows? I would not compel him to answer by any force or undue pressure, for extorted confessions are notoriously unreliable, but I would put him where he may be questioned, and answer or keep silent, and I would in courts of law draw all the inferences from his silence which men inevitably draw elsewhere from silence where one would naturally speak. The operation of the human mind is illustrated by a story told of a well-known Massachusetts judge, who being asked to instruct the jury in a criminal case that no inference could be drawn against the accused from his omission to take the stand, did so in the following language:

"Yes, gentlemen, that's the law, and we are all bound to obey the law. If the legislature were to pass a law that when you walk down State Street and see the shadow of the old State House thrown across the street, you are not to infer that the sun is shining, you'd be bound to obey it, and so you're bound to obey this law."

Instead of proceeding by the natural direct method to discover whether the accused is guilty, we give the criminal an artificial protection, we tie our own hands and turn what should be a prompt and effectual proceeding to free ourselves from a man whose liberty is dangerous to society into a race, in which we give the accused a long start and then see if we can overtake him.

What are the reasons for this indulgence to crime? It may have been necessary in the days of Scroggs and Jeffries to protect the innocent, but to-day the innocent are in no appreciable danger. Society watches with too much care the proceedings of courts, the press is always on the lookout for a sensation, and any abuse of a witness is too promptly condemned to leave an innocent man in any danger of being browbeaten into an admission of guilt, or being convicted by a perversion of his answers. On the contrary, society is too ready to intervene in behalf of the guilty, to shield him by unwritten

law, or by sentimental nonsense to prevent adequate punishment.

"It is hard on the criminal." Well, why should we not be hard on the criminal? We wish to prevent crime, and there is no undue hardship in asking the accused questions. When we know whether he is guilty or not, and what manner of criminal he is, we may be as merciful in punishing as the case requires, but our present system is not mercy. It operates to defeat justice, and mercy to the criminal is cruelty to the state. Society needs mercy now, not the criminal class. "Let the assassins begin."

I am not asking you to try an experiment of uncertain issue. In highly civilized countries like France and Germany the accused is always interrogated, and there is no complaint in either that the system works injustice to innocent men. On the contrary, it facilitates the discovery of crime, and increases the certainty of punishment. I do not know whether it is this practice and the consequently greater difficulty of escaping justice, or what else in the administration of law, that makes the community more law abiding, but certainly in Germany a condition of things exists unknown in this country. I have been in Frankfort when a great athletic competition brought in a day 50,000 strangers to the city, and have found the streets at midnight quiet and orderly. Compare this with the conditions which follow a Harvard-Yale football game in the cities affected. I have been at Molde in Norway when 3,000 sailors from the German fleet were given a day on shore, and I met them during the day in small parties scattered over the neighboring country and at evening crowding to the boats, without seeing any drunkenness or disorder or hearing any noisy disturbance. I have been on an excursion steamboat on a Swiss lake on the evening of their Fourth of July, a boat filled with a miscellaneous crowd of people, with a bar and a band, and I saw that a lady alone would have been in no way annoyed by any person, or anything that

she saw or heard. I have seen roads lined with cherry trees and other fruit trees filled with fruit and unprotected from the passers even by a fence, and that fruit as safe as if a policeman guarded each tree, and I knew that in my own country such respect for law and the rights of others exists nowhere. We should make the way of the transgressor harder if we would end a state of things which to-day discredits us all.

I know that my proposition to change our constitutions by repealing the provision which relieves the accused from criminating himself will seem to many lawyers monstrous. I know that I am going counter to traditions and superstitions of great antiquity, but I appeal to your common sense. I ask you to consider the question as if it were new, or as if you came from Mars, and to weigh the considerations on both sides with an open mind. I ask you to realize how completely this rule protects a whole class of crimes. Take for example bribery, or what in language borrowed from thieves we call "graft." Here is a crime which elects senators like Lorimer, which supports great organizations of plunderers like Tammany Hall, which corrupts legislatures, decides close elections and influences the press, which not only at any moment may change the policy of the nation and influence its whole future, but in smaller ways demoralizes the whole community. It paralyzes the police of New York, it secures bad government in our cities, and it corrupts the agents of buyer and seller in ordinary business dealings. It is impossible to exaggerate the prevalence of this crime, or the danger to which it exposes us all. Yet to-day it can be committed with almost certain impunity, since as a rule it is known only to the briber and the bribed, both are criminal, and neither can be compelled to testify against the other because in so doing he will criminate himself. The consequence is that this crime can be proved only by traps, marked money, dictographs, concealed witnesses and like devices, and these do not commend themselves to the public,

since in too many cases they are employed where a man is tempted to commit the crime in order that he may be punished. In dealing with crimes of this character the law threatens with one hand and extends immunity with the other.

However you may justify the present law by arguments drawn from the supposed evil results of a change, the common sense of the community has already repealed it in practice, and by methods which cannot be approved. Otherwise how can we account for the prevalence of what is called in the slang of the day, "applying the third degree" to a prisoner while in the hands of the police? The newspapers print elaborate accounts of what the police call "roast and freeze third degree rooms"; the chief of detectives in a western city publicly states that "If we suspect a man we see that he doesn't get a lawyer near him until we get through with him. We question him and corner him up until he confesses." Detailed accounts of cruel practices are published, but the public is not disturbed, and "the third degree" continues to be used. This means that society has outgrown the constitutional protection of criminals, and the question presented to us is whether the cause of justice is not better served by having the prisoner questioned by a judge in open court with counsel at his side to protect his rights, and the public, through its eyes, the reporters, watching every step in the process, rather than to have him cornered by police officers in the secret cells of a police station and subjected to pressure, or even to what is in fact torture, in order to make him confess. Let us either make our practice conform to law, or change the law so as to make it accord with the practical demands of the day. The present conditions are intolerable.

But even if you are not willing to overthrow the constitutional bulwark of guilt, it is not necessary to heighten it. The constitution says that "No man shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against him-

self," and the courts say that if a confession is procured by threats or promises, it is not admissible in evidence. It is not necessary, however, to strain the law in favor of the guilty, to treat the mere fact of arrest as a reason for excluding all statements of the accused, and to treat even denials as confessions. I might multiply examples of what in my judgment is an unfortunate tendency on the part of the courts, and could readily find illustrations in the reports of every state. I shall venture, however, to cite only one, and that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Bram v. United States*, 168 U. S. 352. This man was found guilty of murdering three persons on board a ship of which he was an officer. The evidence was convincing, but in the course of the trial a person connected with the police department of Halifax testified that he examined Bram, no one else being present, and that no inducement, threat, promise, suggestion or influence of any kind was made or used to make Bram speak. He was then permitted to testify as follows:

"When Mr. Bram came into my office, I said to him: 'Bram, we are trying to unravel this horrible mystery.' I said 'Your position is rather an awkward one. I have had Brown in this office and he made a statement that he saw you do the murder.' He said 'He could not have seen me; where was he?' I said 'He stated he was at the wheel.' 'Well, he said, 'he could not see me from there.' I said 'Now, look here, Bram, I am satisfied that you killed the captain from all I have heard from Mr. Brown. But,' I said, 'some of us here think you could not have done all that crime alone. If you had an accomplice, you should say so, and not have the blame of this horrible crime on your own shoulders.' He said 'Well, I think, and many others on board the ship think that Brown is the murderer; but I don't know anything about it.' He was rather short in his replies."

Because this testimony was admitted, the conviction was set aside

on the ground that the prisoner was protected by the constitution, and that the statement must have been offered as a confession, and was not voluntary for the reason that it must have been induced either by the fear that if he remained silent, his silence would be treated as a confession of guilt, or the "hope that if he did reply he would be benefited thereby." The fact is that Bram's statement in reply to the charge was the argument made in his defense by his counsel at the trial. It was a denial of guilt and in no sense a confession, so that Bram evidently was not induced to testify against himself, but was testifying in his own favor. He was not confessing but denying and he felt free to do so. He was not intending to confess, and unless that intention existed, he had not been forced or induced to confess.

Probably all men who plead guilty do so in the hope of being benefited thereby through receiving a lighter sentence, or of being placed on probation, or of getting some advantage in this world or the next, but that confession of guilt is none the less received without objection. I cannot deny that the decision of the Supreme Court is law, though three of its members did so by dissenting, but I insist that it should not continue to be the law, and that a villain like Bram, convicted on overwhelming evidence, should not be set free or tried anew because, when confronted with the charge against him and trying to escape, he denied his guilt in such terms as to prove that his denial was false. Why should criminals be protected against justice with such extreme solicitude? It would seem wiser to me if courts should construe such provisions strictly in favor of society, and not liberally in favor of the guilty.

If arrest is to be held compulsion, almost every confession is inadmissible in evidence, for they generally follow arrest, and in many cases are made not only willingly but from the anxiety of the accused to get a load off his conscience. It is absurd to spend time and money in a protracted attempt to prove

by other evidence facts which the accused was entirely ready to admit, and it is difficulty to see how any one but the criminal is benefited by the exclusion of such admissions.

But among the most absurd protections now afforded the guilty by law is the provision that the silence of the accused in the face of accusation, or his omission to take the stand in his own behalf, shall not warrant any inference against him. The limits of reasonable space do not permit me to argue this point in full, but it is certainly imposing no improper burden on the accused if his failure to tell what he knows is held to justify the inference that what he knows will not help him. The prosecution carries burdens enough without being forbidden to use an argument, the force of which is felt by every sensible man in the community. The inference is inevitable, and in saying that it shall not be drawn, the law is forbidding men to use their reason. This is mere superstitious regard for an imaginary innocent man, not common sense in dealing with actual conditions.

I cannot dwell further on this point, but must make my other suggestions briefly, or I shall abuse your patience. The next step in the prosecution is the indictment. The grand jury votes that the accused has committed a crime, and the public prosecutor then draws up a statement of the charge. This is intended to inform the court, the jury and the accused of the charge against him. The accused and his counsel know perfectly well what the charge is, and a statement that John Smith committed murder by killing John Brown would answer every practical purpose. The word "murder" covers all the essentials of the charge; everything else is ornament. Yet we have gone on for years loading indictments down with meaningless verbiage, statements that the murdered man "languishing did live," etc., and the courts instead of trying the question whether John Smith did murder John Brown, waste time and intellectual power in deciding whether a state-

ment of the charge, the meaning of which is clear to all concerned, is sufficiently full and accurate to exclude any possibility of innocence. The trial becomes a trial of the district attorney's skill in statement, or his opponent's ingenuity in suggesting omissions, and not of the only question in which the public is interested. The indictment should be made as short as possible and in most cases can be made very short, the government should have the right to amend, if necessary, and the accused, if more information is needed by him, should be given the right to ask for a fuller statement and to have it where the necessity is shown. These changes can be made by statute, and if common sense is permitted to shape our procedure there can be no such escape for the guilty as is now offered by "a flaw in the indictment." The very phrase "flaw" in itself condemns our present practice.

Let us now bring the accused into court, and proceed to impanel a jury. Here in some jurisdictions, but happily not in all, if a case is very important days may be spent in a contest between the counsel, each striving to secure not a jury of competent and impartial men, but a jury likely to be prejudiced in favor of his side. Thus in the Digges case lately tried in California the prosecution deliberately undertook, and with apparent success, to get a jury in which the fathers of daughters should predominate and bachelors be absent, not because the fathers of daughters are more impartial than the parents of sons, or even than the ostracised bachelors, but because they could be more easily influenced against the crime for which the accused was to be tried. In Chicago 9,425 jurymen were summoned and 4,821 examined in order to select twelve, and in the Calhoun case in San Francisco ninety-one days were spent in getting a jury. This time can be used in trying to corrupt a juror, as seems to have been done in the McNamara case, with the right of peremptory challenge to fall back upon if the attempt fails. Again by excluding men who have derived

casual impressions from the newspapers, at a time when almost every intelligent man reads a newspaper and gets some impression from what he reads, and when almost every newspaper devotes columns to presenting evidence and theories in every conspicuous case, intelligence is kept out of the jury box. The courts should frown on this practice, should not tolerate the extended examination of jurors, should drive the parties more promptly to their peremptory challenges, which are generally used in cases where no real objection to the juror exists, and should insist on having a competent jury, not a panel of weak and ignorant men easily influenced by appeals to sympathy or prejudice.

Again we should revert to the English practice and give judges more power in the conduct of trials, and power to charge on the facts. The judge should be an able and impartial man, experienced in the trial of causes, familiar with the tricks of witnesses and the devices of counsel, and sincerely desirous to secure justice. The jury may be equally anxious to do right, but they cannot have the training and experience in weighing evidence and arguments which the judge should have and they are entitled in the discharge of their duty to all the help which he can give them. The jury and the judge are the only impartial men in court, and the judge's training should make him more absolutely impartial. Not to give such a judge as I have described his full weight in the decision is to deprive the tribunal of its most valuable element, and thereby make it less effective in the administration of justice. If it is said that judges such as I have described are rare, injustice is done to the Bench in my judgment, but if not, then we must change our methods so as to secure such judges. Good judges are essential to the administration of justice under any system, and if they are not the rule in this country, our first step should be to get them. We may apply to the administration of criminal justice with slight changes the words of a dis-

tinguished statesman in regard to municipal government, "If Gabriel draws your charter and Lucifer administers it, your government will be bad. If Lucifer draws your charter and Gabriel administers it, your government will be good," or as an older writer has put it:

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."

First get good judges, then give them the power which good judges should have and such travesties of justice as the first trial of Thaw will not disgrace us. And in dealing with this question, bear in mind that the power which I would give all judges is to-day exercised by the judges of the federal courts and by the judges in England, and I have yet to learn that more injustice is done in the tribunals over which they preside than in the courts where to quote from a judge's address to the Bar Association of Kentucky, "the judge must daily 'sit like a knot on a log' and listen to speeches to the jury—speeches that are the disgrace of our civilization—and daily watch practices which he is powerless to prevent, and which are recognized by all the community as void of all semblance of morality." Unhappily the legislatures of our states have been influenced by lawyers, who like all of us have hated so much to have their glowing appeals to the the jury answered and discredited by the judge, that they have procured legislation to shut his mouth in order that theirs may be opened with impunity. It is not the desire for justice, but the desire for victory which has written the laws under which the Bench now languishes. With good judges exercising adequate power our criminals trial will be briefer and more decent, and justice will be the rule rather than the exception as it now is in too many jurisdictions.

When the verdict has been rendered and the accused becomes a convict, the chances that the verdict will be set aside on appeal for error at the trial are unfortunately almost even. The criminal law is simple, the rules of

evidence have long been established, but in any hardly contested case it seems almost impossible that some departure from the law's ideals should not be made. It is a bitter jest that there is no man whose life is so safe as the convicted murderer, or as Mr. Dooley puts it, "th' insurance comp'nies insure his life for the lowest known premium," but it is bitter because it is so true. What was the history of the verdicts won by Governor Folk in the celebrated bribery case in St. Louis? There was no doubt that the verdicts were just, but all but two, unless I am mistaken, were set aside by the Supreme Court, a result which was prophesied confidently by the principal rascal. I will not weary you with instances, for the reports are full of them, but I will content myself with a single illustration of what seems to me an evil tendency, a bad example set by the highest court in the country. I refer to *Crain v. United States*, 162 U. S. 625. The head note states the case thus:

"A record which sets forth an indictment against a person for the commission of an infamous crime; the appearance of the prosecuting attorney; the appearance of the accused in person and by his attorney; an order by the court that a jury come 'to try the issue joined'; the selection of a named jury for the trial of the cause, who were 'sworn to try the issue joined and a true verdict render'; the trial; the retirement of the jury; their verdict finding the prisoner guilty; and the judgment entered thereon in accordance therewith; does not show that the accused was ever formally arraigned, or that he pleaded to the indictment, and the conviction must be set aside; as it is better that a prisoner should escape altogether than that a judgment of conviction of an infamous crime should be sustained, where the record does not clearly show that there was a valid trial."

This decision was rendered under section 1025 of the Revised Statutes of the United States which declares that "no indictment found and pre-

sented by a grand jury in any District or Circuit or other court of the United States shall be deemed insufficient, nor shall the trial, judgment or other proceeding thereon be affected by reason of any defect or imperfection in matter of form only, which shall not tend to the prejudice of the defendant."

The object of arraignment and the opportunity given to the accused of pleading to the indictment is to ascertain whether the defendant admits his guilt or desires a trial. He may plead "guilty" or "*nolo contendere*" in which cases no trial is needed. He may plead "not guilty" or stand silent, in which case the court enters a plea of "not guilty," and in either case the trial proceeds. In the *Crain* case, it was clear that the accused desired a trial, and it was accordingly had. If there was an omission to arraign or require a plea, he had all that he could have secured by a plea of "not guilty." His interests were protected, and he certainly did not suffer by the omission. The record showed that no objection was made by him in the trial court to the omission, if there was an omission, and yet the court set the conviction of this guilty man aside, though he was not prejudiced, though it was clear that in fact if not in form he pleaded not guilty, and when if there was an omission to arraign he did not complain. "*Omnia presumuntur rite acta*" is a familiar maxim. I need only quote it, and add the words of Justice Peckham in his dissenting opinion, which commend themselves at least to many.

"In this case there cannot be a well founded doubt that the defendant was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. The presumption of that fact arises from a perusal of the record, and it is, as it seems to me, conclusive. There is no presumption in favor of a defendant upon a criminal trial, excepting that of innocence. Error in the record is not presumed, but must be shown. A presumption that proper forms were omitted is not to be made. There must be at least some evidence to show it. And yet, because the record fails to

make a statement in terms that the defendant was thus arraigned and did so plead, this judgment is to be reversed, and that, too, without an allegation or even a pretense that the defendant has suffered any injury by reason of any alleged defect of the character in question. I think such a result most deplorable."

We must assume that the authorities justified this decision, since it was made the law by such eminent judges, but I cannot help thinking that such authorities should be overruled, and that the highest court in the land was required by the statute which I have quoted not to follow them in such a case as this. The decision seems like a triumph of superstition over common sense. This is at least clear, that until by a change in the attitude of the courts, whether caused by statute or by the pressure of enlightened professional and public opinion, such a miscarriage of justice become impossible, eminent laymen will be justified in saying with President Eliot, "The defences of society against criminals have broken down," and in adding as I add, the blame rests on us lawyers at the bar, in the legislature and on the bench.

The delays in decision, the long periods which elapse between arrest and trial, between conviction and the hearing on appeal, between hearing and decision are without reasonable excuse. The administration of criminal justice should be swift as well as sure. In some jurisdictions it is much more prompt than in others. The courts of New Jersey have long enjoyed an enviable reputation in this regard, and "Jersey justice" is proverbial. Mr. Whitman has shown us what a prosecutor who is in earnest can accomplish in New York, though all good citizens tremble lest the results of his work may be lost in the appellate courts. If the latter are overworked, let us have distinct courts to hear criminal appeals. If the trial courts are unable to keep up with crime, let us have more courts. The District Attorney of my native city

justifies the omission to try men charged with violating the automobile law on the ground that the courts could not do their work if he tried these cases. The result is that police officers think it idle to prosecute since offenders convicted in the lower court escape sentence by appeal: the lower courts feel themselves discredited, and the automobilist loses all respect for a law which is admittedly not to be enforced. If the community wishes offenders punished, it must supply the machinery, and in the end it is cheaper, for when punishment is sure the law is obeyed and offenders are few, while impunity breeds lawlessness. In London with its vast population, in 1909 there were only nineteen cases of murder; in Louisville, Kentucky, during a similar period there were forty-seven homicides and only one execution for murder. We all appreciate the evils and dangers of delay, and it is idle for me to dwell upon them. Let us have the common sense and courage to apply the remedy, and prove that neither England nor New Jersey enjoys a monopoly of either quality.

Let me now call attention to another absurdity. We all know that there exists in the community a large body of professional criminals. Their names are known, the specialty of each, whether sneak thief, second-story burglar, bank robber, "gunman" or counterfeiter, is known; their portraits adorn rogues' galleries, their measurements and their identifying peculiarities are recorded, yet we leave them at liberty and for awhile they pursue their avocations in safety. We finally catch and convict them with great difficulty and at great expense. We confine them for limited periods in prison, where they corrupt more innocent associates, and then with no reason to believe that their confinement has worked in them any change of heart, we turn them loose to prey upon society again, and repeat the difficult and expensive process of catching and imprisoning them. Indeed we practically make it impossible for them to earn a living except by crime, since

there are few men who are willing to give the graduate of a state prison the chance to earn an honest living. It takes a lifetime to wipe out the brand which a convict bears, and to win again the confidence of his fellow-men. Our prisons are manufactories of criminals and it is time that we changed our whole method of dealing with convicts. My position is so well stated by Mr. Randall, who stood last year in the place I occupy to-day, and who has since been made chairman of the Massachusetts Prison Commission, that I venture to quote his words:

"The object of imprisoning such convicted persons should be first to change the anti-social temper of those who can be changed, and to send them back into society as soon as it is safe for society, through their changed attitude, for them to be at large.

"The second object should be to remove permanently from the social freedom they have abused, those convicted persons who through various defects are incapable of keeping out of crime when they are at large; and in addition, those who cannot be persuaded to give up, genuinely, their anti-social attitude.

"Sentences for particular terms, or to particular institutions should not be imposed by a judge when a person has been convicted of committing a crime or misdemeanor.

"All convicted persons should be turned over to a commission charged with full responsibility for their care and custody under an indeterminate sentence, with authority to release them at such time and on such terms, and after such discipline and moral education as would substantially guarantee their future harmlessness to society."

In other words we should treat criminals rather as sick men than as bad men, and our places of confinement as hospitals rather than as prisons. This system has been tried in Utah, where the officers in charge are required to keep a separate record of each prisoner containing all that can be learned of his antecedents, his

history and his personal peculiarities, a record to which is added from time to time statements of how he has conducted himself in prison and what his character and possibilities seem to be, with a view to deciding when and under what conditions he may be released. Here also he is allowed a certain sum for his labor, which if he has a family is paid to them, and if not, accumulates for his benefit and is given to him on his release, so that he is not turned adrift helpless and hopeless.

Under this system the professional criminal would not be returned to renew his crimes, but would be detained until he was reformed, while better men could be restored to society with such an indorsement by the prison authorities as would make it possible for them to obtain work. Indeed, as officers in colleges and technical schools now find places for graduates, a similar system might grow up on finding places for deserving convicts. We have had at least one eminent financier who graduated from prison, and on both sides of the ocean men with criminal records in the legal sense of the term have found their place in the Cabinet.

Capital cases could hardly be dealt with in the manner proposed unless the death penalty were abolished or the commission were given power to impose it, but in other cases some such system would remedy many existing evils. A reform in our method of dealing with convicts is one important step towards the prevention of crime.

I have trespassed on your patience too long, and as I am well aware have said much that to many of you is familiar. I have doubtless made suggestions which shock the prejudices and what seem the well-settled convictions of many lawyers. Let me urge them to consider these suggestions as practical men, and ask whether

their prejudices and convictions are really warranted by reason, and whether the practices which prevail are adapted to existing conditions. We are confronted with a prevalence of crime, an atmosphere of lawlessness, fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the nation. Our methods are admittedly faulty and the faults are apparent to all, thinking and unthinking, law-abiding citizens and criminals alike. Society is engaged in attempting to defend itself against crimes, and it cannot afford to fail. It now offers its enemies ample and needless protection, and it paralyzes thereby its own arm. It should recognize, as suggested by Mr. Randall, that the question is not whether one innocent man shall suffer or ninety-nine guilty men go free, for when ninety-nine guilty men go free not merely one innocent man, but in all probability many times ninety-nine innocent men suffer. As a mere arithmetical proposition the old rule which is responsible for so much injustice cannot be sustained. Certainly for the sake of an imaginary or only possibly innocent person in a community where innocence is so well protected, it is no longer necessary to let loose on society ninety-nine men who are clearly guilty. Such a doctrine now is mere superstition.

Our profession is to-day more discredited than ever before. Mr. Taft expressed only the general opinion when he said that "the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization." Our profession which makes and administers this law is on trial, and we cannot afford to delay the reforms which society imperatively demands. "New occasions teach new duties," and it is for us to realize this truth and act upon it, if we would retain the respect and confidence of our fellow citizens, and regain our proper leadership in the community.

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Beautiful New England

WE are glad to introduce a second series of Mr. Ramsey's beautiful photographs of the district loved and haunted by the spirit of Thoreau, or where, to speak more truly, Thoreau experimented with principles — as Sam Staples, the Concord village collector, said of Alcott's refusal to pay his taxes: "I vum, I believe it was nothing but principle, for I never heerd a man talk honestest." As Mr. Sanborn says: "It was the era of communities; and Thoreau preferred a community of one." We might add, with ample boundaries and some indifference as to proprietary rights. But I wonder if we have even yet come to appreciate at its true value the purity of his accomplishment. The dip of his paddle in Walden Pond is still audible, and is the unalloyed gold of poetry.

There are in New England many more beautiful scenes than those about Concord, but to this alone have we the incomparable guide.



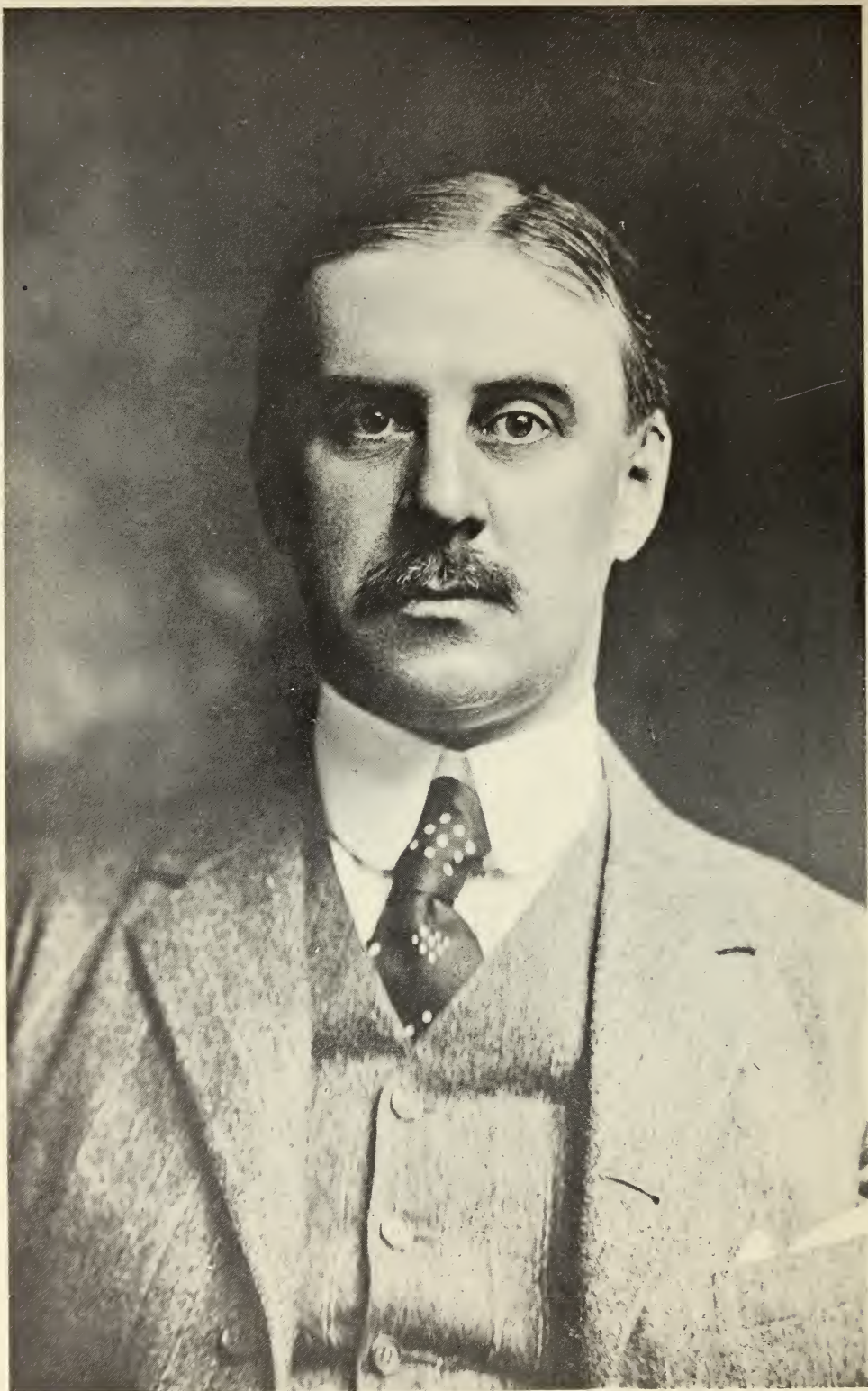
THE THOREAU COUNTRY — THE CAIRN LOOKING SOUTH



THE THOREAU COUNTRY—THE PATH TO BRISTER'S SPRING



THE THOREAU COUNTRY — THE PATH TO BRISTER'S SPRING



HON. JAMES J. STORROW, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILROAD STRIKE ARBITRATION, THE
SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF WHICH MARKS AN ERA IN LABOR DISPUTES

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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NUMBER IV

HOW TO IMPROVE THE POLICE COURTS

IN the course of a snappy report on a complaint lodged against a police officer, Mr. Commissioner O'Meara calls attention, inferentially at least, to the bad work of the police courts.

The public has been aware for a long time that there was a situation there that needs sharp correction, but there has been no feasible way of getting at it.

Our newspapers give but little space to the affairs of these courts. They are concerned with the more sensational debaucheries of the rich. The life tragedies of the humble folk who get before the police judge are of too sordid a nature to be used as "news."

And we have still a tradition that needs to be broken protecting the decisions of courts from journalistic comment, although, as a matter of fact, no part of our public life is in greater need of the limelight and of searching criticism. For these two reasons, the lack of "news-value" in such humble sorrows, and the meretricious tradition protecting judicial decisions, the great corrective force of publicity has been almost inoperative at this point.

Our police courts are dark corners, and dark corners have a way of harboring filth and vermin. Occasionally a revelation of conditions seems on the eve of breaking forth through some illuminating scandal at Deer Island, or the effort of some judge to achieve the front-page headline by a grand-stand decision at which thinking men stand aghast, saying to themselves first, "What a disgusting display of asininity!" and on second

thought, "What an unjust decision!" But these occasional outbreaks quickly subside and the mills of "justice" grind on unobserved.

My cub-reporting experience in journalism was taken out in an assignment to the old Second District Police Court in St. Louis. Those days are still a nightmare that rises to trouble me. I see that every-Monday procession of drunks and debauchees, the monthly round-up of supposed street-walkers and common nuisances, the scowling judge and that fish-eyed clerk, who was, in reality, the whole thing. The judgeship, at that time, at least, was a "job." It went to pay political debts. The "judge," an unsuccessful legal light, hated everything about it but the salary. Once in a while he would wake up and make some astounding decision, glancing toward the reporters as a hint that he wanted a little publicity on his own account. Most of the cases were given an average of five minutes each. Of this time the greater part was consumed in the formalities of the calling of the case. There were rarely witnesses. The clerk consulted the defendant's court "record," held a whispered consultation with the judge, and sentence was pronounced. The average sentence was "five dollars," which was worked out at the workhouse at the rate of fifty cents a day. A five-dollar fine meant ten days in the workhouse. "Five dollars and costs" kept a man in jail for about two weeks; "ten dollars and costs" was equivalent to a thirty-day jail sentence. Once in a while—at most suspiciously

regular intervals, in fact — a monstrous female, bedizened and bedecked with silks and jewels, and redolent with musk, would sail in, glance half brazenly, half leeringly toward the reports, and going straight to the clerk's desk, draw out a great roll of money and pay off the fines of a dozen or more girls who had been "pulled" from one of her houses. I never heard of this arch-criminal herself coming under the ban of the law. About the middle of my incumbency in that post of honor, we had a new judge. He had us all up to his room, one by one, and told us how he intended to clean things up. I think that he meant well — at first. But he deteriorated rapidly. His great stunt was to make a vaudeville show of the Hebrew assault and battery cases that were forever coming up. There were many Jews in the district, and while their own quarrels were usually settled by their own Rabbi, the thugs and hoodlums of the district had a habit of pounding the senses out of some particularly helpless specimen of the race. These were the only cases in which we had witnesses, and they were many and vociferous. The judge made it all as funny as possible, and his decision was always intended to be the climax of the joke.

We had two "lawyers" who habituated the place. The police would apparently tip them off as to prisoners who had a little money, and they would secure a continuance and undertake a farcical "defence."

Our paper discouraged cub reporters from undertaking to reform the world — very properly. My business was to lie in wait for possible sensations. The biggest sensation of all, the hideous rottenness of the whole system, was never touched.

Well, all that was years ago. Has the world improved since? I hope so. I understand that they have had a political clean-up in St. Louis since then. Heaven knows that they needed it.

I am only premising that something

of the same situation remains in every city in the United States, and I am very sure that our respected Commissioner has touched on a serious situation.

Every one whom I ever talked with who knew anything at all about the actual conditions and requirements, agreed with me that the way to reform lay through, first, the appointment of many more judges; second, more publicity. The best intending judge can do little to analyze and make a just decision on thirty or forty cases at a Monday session. The judge does not need to be a great jurist. Perhaps the less he knows about the law the better! He needs to be a big-hearted, whole-souled man, acquainted with the district and respected there. It is my own belief that every police station should have a justice's court attached. The justice, of course, should not be a member of the police department, or in any way amenable to it. The absence of this arrangement makes a practical police judge of the captain of the station.

It is not difficult to appoint more police justices and determine their jurisdiction. But the matter of publicity is far more difficult. Whenever publicity does touch the affairs of these courts, it is with a kind of play-to-the-galleries, weak sentimentality that is almost as disgusting as the original evil. The cases are sordid. The mass of the offenders are insensate brutes — male and female, the female averaging the worst. They need fine handling. There is no place for sentimentality. But there is no place where injustice is more terribly tragic. A police court "record" is damning evidence, and that first case needs the wisdom of a Solomon and the grace of a lover of humanity.

We are much troubled over the reformation of our higher courts, but the unsensational affairs of our lower courts is where reform should begin. It is there that the nation shows itself just or unjust to its more humble citizens.

Here is thy footstool, and there rest thy feet
Where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down
To the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
Pride can never approach to where thou walkest
In the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company
With the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest and the lost.

From the *Gitanjali* of *Rabindranath Tagore*,
Macmillan and Company.

"COMMONWEALTH" B. & P. R.R.

By WESTON HOLME

"YES, sir, the 'Commy' was broken up for old iron last month! She's gone the way of all flesh and good engines," said Conductor York laughingly, evidently in answer to some query from a passenger on his train.

"Oh, don't say that; it makes me feel like Methuselah!" said the questioner. "Did you know Martin Henry who used to 'fire' on her? And Cotton, the engineer?"

"Oh, yes," said Conductor York, "when I first come on to the railroad as a lad I knew 'em both. Cotton was afterwards put on a switchin' engine in the yard at Providence. He got pretty old. I have lost sight of Henry for some time. He was a good feller, but he left the railroad a good many years ago, I understand, under some cloud or other, I don't know for just what. He was always a good-hearted feller though, and I always liked him and felt sorry when things seemed to go wrong. Well, I am glad to have seen you again, sir," and Conductor York passed on through the train.

The passenger was a tall, gray-haired man, somewhat under fifty, with the cast of features that would stamp him in the eyes of most observers as belonging to one or the other of the learned professions, possibly a

physician. Evidently he had found a former acquaintance in the conductor, and the reply to his queries caused a quick look of half amusement and half sadness to come over his features. As the conductor left him he turned towards the window and, as if struck by some sudden remembrance, looked quickly and intently at the scene beyond and below the train's course, then leaned back quietly with his gaze still fixed outwards as the train sped across a lofty arched stone viaduct high above the surrounding country.

Far below the railroad, in the foreground, stood a picturesque old stone cotton-mill, its windows already beginning to twinkle with the lights of the operatives at work in the late November afternoon. Beyond rose a high, noble sweep of hill topped by a solitary tree silhouetted against the darkening sky; and farther still towards the west, a softly rolling country lost itself in the dim distance, bathed in the afterglow of the sun, which had sunk below the horizon. Above all hung the clear crescent of the young moon, a solitary planet glittering near it.

The scene that met his gaze harmonized with the passenger's mood, and lent itself to reverie. His expression became more grave and deeply thoughtful, and his eyes had

the look of one whose thoughts are far away from the present. The opened book which he had been reading lay forgotten in his lap. Some chord of memory had been struck. Of what was he thinking?

Jeffery Brandon was the son of a famous physician in Boston. In the late fifties Dr. Brandon was still living in the older aristocratic part of the town, which was already beginning to show signs of the coming metamorphosis of the quiet residential streets into the busy thoroughfares of the great and bustling metropolis of later years.

Following the threatened removal of his fine old house by the city authorities in the march of modern improvements, Dr. Brandon decided to build in an entirely new part of the city, which consisted of a network of newly laid out streets, at that time scarcely more than a desert of sand and gravel, but destined in after years to become in its turn one of the most fashionable residential portions of the rapidly growing city. The house which Dr. Brandon erected there backed upon the terminus—long since removed—of the Boston & Providence Railroad. This decision of the doctor was naturally a cause of criticism by well-meaning friends, who queried, "Why on earth does Dr. Brandon move so far out of town?" accompanying their remarks by dubious shakings of the head and prognostications of future regret on his part.

The opinions of his friends have, however, little to do with this story. Their disapproval was the conservative thought of maturity, and serves only as a contrast to the attitude of mind of the boy Jeffery, then a lad of some eight or nine summers. To him the position of his new home suggested only glorious possibilities of more intimate relations with people and things which heretofore had been placed in the realm of the Unapproachable and Unattainable.

From his earliest recollection, a

locomotive had been to him a thing of fascination and delight, and the beings who guided their action were heroes of his imagination whom hitherto he had gazed at from a distance with respect not unmixed with awe, without hope of more intimate acquaintance. Here, then, was his opportunity! His father had placed him just outside the gates of this locomotive Paradise. It was now possible to peep through the bars and perhaps later enter.

In the meantime, from the back windows of his new home the boy spent hours in watching the coming and going of the trains, the shifting of cars, the "making up" of the freight trains, and learned to know the engines by their names—for they had names in those days, not merely the stupid, unmeaning numbers of later years. Whistle, bell and "puff" became as familiar and distinctive sounds to him as the voices of friends; and before many months had passed, the boy, sitting at his bed-room window dreaming and listening, had learned to recognize each individual engine as it passed in or out below him on its daily routine of travel.

A peculiar little fellow, Jeffery, in some ways; rather solitary and not fond of the rougher games in which his few boy friends indulged. His quick imagination invested these iron acquaintances with a human spirit, and many an imaginary conversation he held as he wandered among them, criticizing freely any action on their part of which he did not fully approve. Indignation filled his soul one day as a large and favorite locomotive suddenly without warning squirted hot water out of its cylinders in close proximity to him. This action called forth a sharp protest on the part of Jeffery, who under his breath exclaimed, "'Providence,' 'Providence,' aren't you ashamed of yourself to do anything so rude?"

The "New York" had special distinction in Jeffery's mind, for a few years before it had carried away his oldest brother from the camp to the seat of war. Jeffery well remembered

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FRAME-MAKING IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

THE STAGING OF GRAND OPERA

By EDWARD W. LOWREY

THE average opera-goer who sits back in his orchestra chair and complacently watches the first performance of any modern grand opera has but slight conception of the weeks and even months of preparation which have preceded the finished spectacle, which to his eye moves so smoothly that it might be the hundredth presentation instead of the *première*. The process is an entirely different one from that which is followed in a dramatic or musical comedy production. Infinitely more care must be taken, for there must be a readiness and a precision which the ordinary manager never dreams of attaining at so early a stage.

Oftentime he is satisfied when he gives a *carte blanche* order to a scene painter and a costumer, and engages his actors through an agency, much as he would his cook or housemaid at an employment office. Then when his players have barely learned their lines and accustomed themselves to the different exits and entrances, to use stage parlance, he "tries it on the dog," which means that he sends his troupe over a one-night-stand circuit to give a series of performances which really amount to nothing more than final dress rehearsals. Each subsequent hearing finds a line, a situation or a bit of business changed, until at

last the piece has been whipped sufficiently into shape to make it ready for the attention of the Metropolitan press, or, more important still, the dreaded first-night audience.

In the case of grand opera such a course is out of the question. The exigencies of the present subscription system make it difficult, except in the case of an extraordinary success,



JOSEPH URBAN, GENERAL STAGE DIRECTOR



CUTTING SCENERY

to present the same work more than once to the same series of subscribers. Therefore, in the American opera houses the average novelty is not sung more than five or six times at the most in a single season. And yet more must be spent in the way of costumes and scenic effects than would stage two ordinary musical plays, destined to be performed seven times a week throughout an entire season.

Last year in all eight operas were added to the repertory of the Boston Opera Company, and of them five, "Tales of Hoffmann," "Louise," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "La Foret Bleue," and "Don Giovanni," called for very elaborate scenery and effects. Two others: "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Djamileh," although one-act pieces requiring but a single setting, were given their full share of attention.

This season, while fewer novelties

will be offered, those announced for presentation will involve an even greater proportionate outlay. The first new production, that of Fevrier's "Monna Vanna," which was given for the first time in America on December 5, was one of such elaborateness, of such absolute fidelity to the period, and, withal, of such high artistic worth, that it set a new mark in the matter of American stage production and gave the Boston Opera House a place in the foremost rank among the lyric theaters of the world.

And yet how few members of the applaudively appreciative audience realized that the series of truly gorgeous pictures which were brought into view represented the thought and labor of more than six months on the part of General Stage Director Joseph Urban and his able corps of assistants.

It was in March last, just before the close of the season, that Director Russell announced that "Monna Vanna" would be one of this year's foremost novelties.

The last curtain had barely rung down before Mr. Urban began to plan for the productions to come, and as his method of procedure is rather unique, an account of its working out holds much of interest for the opera-goer to whom the region back of the footlights is one of romance and mystery.

Mr. Urban's first step is to familiarize himself thoroughly with the opera to be given, not from its musical side, but in its dramatic and pictorial forms, its characters and their relations to each other, the period represented, and, of course, the central theme. This done he proceeds to make sketches of the scenes, and in turn these sketches take form in models in miniature of the settings to come, complete in shading and lighting, and all other effects down to the minutest



"LOUISE," ACT II, SCENE 2, FROM THE FRONT OF THE STAGE



"LOUISE," ACT II, SCENE 2, FROM THE BACK OF THE STAGE

detail. Then follows the drawing of costume plates for every character, every chorus person and every super called for in the production, replete in such minor parts as slippers, girdles and hats, designed to blend in and form part of one harmonious whole when the picture is finally completed.

To these matters Mr. Urban gives his personal attention and last summer he treated similarly in turn "Monna Vanna," "Die Meistersinger" and "Francesca da Rimini," tasks which occupied his time until the end of July, when the different mechanical departments of the Opera House began to resume their activities. As each set of sketches and designs were finished, they were submitted to Director Russell in Europe, for, of course, his approval was necessary before the actual work could begin.

By midsummer these preliminaries

had been attended to and all was in readiness to commence the real labor connected with the new productions. However, of the number and variety of departments for which plans have to be made the average person is quite ignorant, and few who enter the Boston Opera House have any idea of the varied industries which are housed beneath its roof. They do not know that there is a carpenter shop, a property shop, a dressmaking and millinery department, a shoemaker's room, a wigmaker who is constantly busy, and an electrical room with an equipment for a fair-sized town. No other theater or opera house in America is so splendidly equipped as the Boston Opera House, for nowhere else is there sufficient room to carry on all these branches of the work in the theater building. Hence the ease with which Mr. Urban can oversee

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IN THE PROPERTY SHOP

"COMMONWEALTH," B. & P. R. R.

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the cold, gray December day when he said "good-bye" to the soldier brother, his hero, who never returned; and whenever he saw the "New York" afterwards in those years he would say under his breath, "'New York,' why didn't you bring back my brother?"

Another favorite of the yard was "Pancks," the little switching engine, true type of its famous Dickens predecessor: important, bustling, clamorous; snorting, hissing and puffing about the yard; pulling a car here, pushing another there, its ridiculous little wheels often scampering about with a velocity entirely out of proportion to the distance ever traversed by the funny little locomotive, whose antics Jeffery never wearied of watching.

Then there was the cat-voiced "Leopard," whose piercing shrieks at night roused the ire of those who lived anywhere in the neighborhood; the sweet-belled "Sharon" and "Foxboro," whose tones in Jeffery's mind suggested ladylike qualities and appealed to the boy's musical ear. Lastly, the favorite "Whistler" on the night freight, a noble masculine engine whose splendid baritone used to thrill Jeffery as he listened at his window at dusk until the voice became fainter and fainter and finally died away, leaving the boy with a sense of wistful loneliness while straining to hear as the locomotive sped on its way.

His daily visits to the railroad yard finally attracted the attention of a worthy man afterwards known as "Ned Moore," the switch-tender, who occupied a small shanty used as a shelter in cold and rainy weather, and as a retreat in the old fellow's moments of leisure when not occupied in switching engines and cars as they passed to and fro in "making up" the trains. His curiosity was evidently aroused by the frequent visits of the lad who

showed so much interest in the work of the yard, and one day he beckoned to Jeffery to come in and sit down. Delighted at the thought of being taken into the "inner circle," as it were, of his new acquaintance, Jeffery gladly obeyed, and by the almost red-hot little stove, in a stifling atmosphere of bad tobacco smoke, began a series of daily visits between the sessions of his school, a fact which excited an old mulatto servant in the doctor's household to the point of questioning Jeffery as to what he was going to do with the apples which he usually took from the kitchen table before running out at the back gate. "Oh, one for myself and one for my pocket," cried Jeffery as he scampered off with his daily offering to his newly-found friend.

Many the discussions upon the comparative merits of individual locomotives in that little cabin. "I don't think much of 'Iron Horse's' puff, do you, Mr. Moore?" said Jeffery one day, very seriously; and then added with a disregard of gender, "She's got a pretty good bell and whistle; but I don't think her puff is as good as the 'Camel's,' and yet she is a great deal bigger engine." And then Jeffery showed his friend with pride his cherished "Engine Book," with its list of locomotives and their characteristics carefully tabulated to "good," "bad" and "indifferent," as the infinite amusement of the switch-tender and complete satisfaction of the boy.

Poor old "Ned Moore," one of the unnamed heroes, who a few years later when at his post was struck down and carried dying to the hospital with both legs crushed by an engine which came upon him unexpectedly. Kind old friend, whom the boy never forgot as the one who led the way to even greater delights in his locomotive world.

Visits to the old switchman satisfied to a certain extent the longing in the boy's breast to be in the midst of the life made by the great creatures he loved; but his ambition vaulted higher. He would never be satisfied until he had ridden in an engine and had learned to know those whom he had always regarded with respect, almost reverence. At last his opportunity came. It must have been not long after the assassination of President Lincoln, for in later years Jeffery had the distinct recollection of wearing at the time one of the hideous black rosettes, with a tintype of the martyr President in the center, affected by children and adults as a badge of mourning. This rosette was the "Open sesame" to a friendship with one who unlocked the door of his locomotive Paradise and bade the boy enter, there to find the delights that his young heart had craved so long; a friendship that was the beginning of a love and trust between a middle-aged man and a young lad, the memory of which never faded from the mind of either, when lapse of time and change of circumstances had separated the two.

It came about in this way:

One day upon his return home from the morning session of his school, Jeffery, glancing out, saw something which made him start, then run to the window. There stood in the sunlight, resplendent with brass and red and gold paint (the fashion in those days), a magnificent new engine in the freight yard directly behind the house. Looking more closely Jeffery could discern the name "Commonwealth" in large metal letters under the engine cab. With a bound he rushed downstairs and out through the back gate across the street to the freight yard, where he was not long in scrambling up into the cattle pen beyond which the locomotive was standing. The floor of the pen brought him about on a level with the upper step of the engine, then lazily standing smoking and steaming until such time as it should begin to make up its train. At first Jeffery

saw no one in the cab of the engine; but as he came nearer, a man dressed in his working garb of blue overalls and jacket came to the edge of the cab, and looking at the boy and then at the Lincoln mourning badge on Jeffery's coat, said with a pleasant smile and a kindly look in his blue eyes, "What yer got there, sonny? Won't yer come in?" Jeffery's heart leaped within him as he accepted the man's offer, hardly believing that he had at last reached the goal of his fondest wishes, and it was not long before the two were exchanging questions and answers that told of the interest of the boy and the kindly response of the man to the child's happy eagerness to learn all he could of the world into which he had been finally introduced.

"My name's Martin Henry, and I am the fireman of this engine. What's yours, sonny?" said the man.

"Jeffery Brandon, and I live over in that house," said Jeffery, pointing to his home.

"Well," said Henry, evidently drawn to the boy at first sight, "I am glad to see you; and you can come out every day if you like, for we shall always be standing here for the New York freight, and we don't leave until one o'clock, so you'll have time. Here comes Cotton, the engineer, now, back from his walk around town while we are waiting here; so we'll have to be off soon."

Cotton, the engineer, a fine-looking, stalwart, middle-aged man, then appeared at the step of the engine, into which he lightly clambered, nodded pleasantly to Jeffery, who, after a few words of greeting and farewell, jumped from the engine, said "Good-bye" to his newly-made friend, and waving a joyful adieu, which was answered by a smile and a salute, the little fellow scampered across the street in a state of excitement, in the height of which later he poured out his heart to his parents, telling them of the wonderful features of the new locomotive, and of the kindness of his new friend. Then running to the window again not

long afterwards, with beating heart he watched the noble engine as, promptly at one o'clock, slowly and with dignity it pulled the "New York Freight" out of the yard.

The next day at the appointed hour Jeffery appeared at the back gate and sprang across the street and up to the "Commonwealth" as it again stood at its post. A cordial "Come in!" from Henry, and Jeffery slipped across the cattle pen into the engine cab, where upon the suggestion of Henry he jumped up to the fireman's seat prepared for an hour's enjoyment.

"How would you like to rub up them brasses along the boiler while I stir up the fire, Jeffery?" said Henry, putting a large piece of cotton waste into the boy's hand. Hearing his joyful assent, he added, "Go out along the running board then and rub up the brass bands; only look out not to tumble off. I'll call you in when we have to start up."

For the next fifteen minutes Jeffery was busily occupied and returned to the cab radiant, in spite of dirty hands and face, ready for any other work which his friend had to offer, while glancing back with pride at his handiwork, as the brass bands of the boiler shone in the sun.

"Guess your mother'll wonder what you've been up to when you go home!" said Henry. "You'll have to have some overalls like mine if you come out every day." A bright idea, which Jeffery adopted at the earliest moment, as soon as the fingers of a loving mother could fashion the wished-for garments.

As these daily visits became more and more frequent, the curiosity of Jeffery's father was naturally aroused as to what sort of company his son was cultivating. So one day, without Jeffery's knowledge, he went out to the "Commonwealth" and introduced himself to Martin Henry, with the result that Dr. Brandon returned and said to his wife, "Jeffery is in good hands. The man is a good fellow, and we have not the least reason to feel

troubled. The experience will do the boy good."

The old mulatto servant, however, was not so easily pleased, Jeffery's appearance after his return from his daily routine of rubbing brasses being such as to scandalize her regard for appearances. "Please the livin' goodness, dear chile" (a favorite expression), "look at them finger nails! S'posin' you was to break yo' arm, and any one was to see them hands and nails, and say, 'That's Dr. Brandon's chile!'" Such sentiments had little weight in Jeffery's mind; he only gloried in his sense of good work upon the great engine that he had learned to love like some human creature.

Day after day the visits continued, rain or shine, the boy never so happy as when after the morning school session he ran home, donned his overalls, ran across the street to receive the hearty greeting of his friend, and then proceeded to his duties, occasionally resting on the fireman's seat, and at times pulling the bell rope when directed by Henry, as the "Commonwealth" moved about the freight yard switching the cars in the process of making up the train.

The conductor and brakemen of the train finally were brought into the circle of Jeffery's friends. They frequently congregated in the engine cab discussing the various interests of their work, the boy sitting quietly drinking in all that was said. One of the brakemen, rather a rough, although kind-hearted fellow, was inclined at times to use language not best for a boy to hear; but in after years Jeffery remembered, and always with a feeling of gratitude, that at such times a quiet word from Henry to the man was always sufficient to turn the subject into a different channel, and to make the boy realize that some one was watching over him with a quiet sense of protection, the full meaning of which he naturally could not then comprehend. He only felt a perfect trust and dependence on the strength of one older than himself, and the little fellow grew to love his friend.

And what of the effect upon the man? As day by day Jeffery came bounding across the street with beaming face, and took his seat in the cab with a comfortable look of possession, Henry's kindly heart warmed towards the lad who had thus suddenly and unexpectedly come into his daily life. Wife and child, whom he loved well, he had at home at the end of his daily journey; but this little visitor, coming from another walk in life, possessing some quality which, without his knowing why, drew the boy closely to him, seemed to be of different mould, and as the days went by and a closer companionship grew, the man's heart was strongly stirred, and he loved his little friend as something very dear and apart from others. He watched with jealous care lest anything should occur in the speech or actions of others who might be with them to sully the innocence of the young life that had come into his. His anxiety that "Jeffy," as he finally came to call the boy, should "grow up good," was expressed in many different ways in their talks together in the intervals of work upon the great engine.

One day Jeffery brought to Henry a gift, which had been the result of long thought on the lad's part as to what he could do to adequately express his affection. A large briar-wood pipe was finally purchased as a result of his massing together all of his small earnings; and, intent upon his object, the boy ran across to the "Commonwealth" as usual, sprang into the cab and seating himself, held out the gift to his friend silently, but with radiant face. Henry stopped, looked at the pipe, then at the boy, and with softening eyes placed his hands on his little friend's shoulders, shook him gently and, with a break in his voice, said, "Jeffy, what am I going to do to you?" Then after a pause he said earnestly, "I want you to be a good man:—I don't want you to smoke,—nor to drink, nor to swear. I smoke and I swear,—because I can't help it; but I don't drink, and I don't want you to do none

of 'em," and he looked deep into the boy's eyes and tightened his grasp on his shoulders. Jeffery answered not a word but looked steadfastly at his friend with glowing, hero-worshipping eyes; and Henry knew that the boy had drunk in every word and would never forget that day.

Alas! that the impulse and passionate desire of the man to keep the pure soul of the boy he loved from future harm should not have been strong enough to enable him to resist in after years the temptation to which he gave way. Nevertheless, the recording Angel that day put down that simple, loving act to Henry's credit, and doubtless weighed it well in the balance against the weakness that often comes with a loving nature when pain and sorrow have left their impress upon it.

And so the days and weeks slipped happily by. In the intervals between his work of cleaning the brasses, the boy would enter the cab and learn from his friend the methods of running the engine; how to open the throttle valve in starting; how to swing forward or back the great reversing lever, to empty the cylinders of water when in motion; and especially what to do in case of danger ahead when necessary to signal with the whistle to the brakeman to "down brakes," for in those days nothing was known of the "Westinghouse brake," a much less cumbersome and infinitely more efficient method of bringing a train to a standstill than the old one, in which a few seconds' loss of time often meant disaster and death.

On one occasion Jeffery had a vivid lesson of the necessity for quickness and presence of mind in case of danger.

The "Commonwealth" had one day been "changed off" and placed upon the afternoon passenger train. To Jeffery's great delight he had received the consent of his parents to accept Henry's invitation to go to his home. It was an afternoon in early summer, just after the close of his school. Jeffery, on the tiptoe of excitement, ran down to the "Com-

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THE STAGING OF GRAND OPERA

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each step which his assistants take. So highly interesting are the workings of these different sections of the whole that I shall tell of them more in detail.

As its name implies, the carpenter shop provides the wooden frames which back the scenery. The carpenters construct all furniture re-

Much more interesting, because less familiar, is the property shop on the floor beneath. Here are found workers in brass and in plaster, but chiefly in *papier mâché*, which can be made to resemble any other substance. Seemingly gold salvers piled high with luscious peaches and pears and grapes



THE BALLET DRESSING ROOM

quired, regardless of the period, and with equal deftness can turn out a "dummy" piano or a triumphal chariot for a returning warrior. The visitor to the spacious carpenter shop is greeted by the buzzing of the saws, the turning of the lathes and the music of the hammer, and for the nonce is seemingly transported far from a temple of art.

are really of paper, cast in a single mould, but colored so naturally that they deceive the sharpest eye. A visit to the property store-room, where all the "props" are kept which are not in current use, is much like a ramble through an old curiosity shop, for nearly everything under the sun seems to be lying on the shelves. There are the great candlesticks which



THE CARPENTER SHOP

adorn the altar in the church scene in "Tosca," and the censers which the acolytes carry, as well as the Madonna and the jewels which adorn the statue, which play so prominent a part in "The Jewels of the Madonna." There is the geographical globe which Dr. Faust apostrophizes in the first scene of the Gounod opera, and the spinning wheel at which Marguerite sits when he sees her in the vision. Hanging on a nail are the links of sausage which Father Peter brings home to the hungry Hansel and Gretel, and up on the topmost shelf, carefully folded and put away, are the wings of the angels who ascend and descend the golden stairs. The orange tree loaded with its golden fruit, and the blossoming vines which cover the walls of Carmela's garden in the second act of "The Jewels of the Madonna," bespeak the skill of the property craftsmen.

For the production of "Monna

Vanna," one of the most interesting contributions from the property shop were the banners which, as trophies of other victories, adorned Prinzivalle's tent in the second act. They were torn and burned and mutilated and smeared with grime to give them the appearance of age, and yet before this ageing process was resorted to, they had been glaringly fresh and new.

The dressmaking department, where costumes for both men and women are constantly being altered to suit the individual wearer,—for the Carmen of to-day may be fifty pounds heavier than the one of last season,—is in charge of Mme. Marthe, the wardrobe mistress, and M. Muelle, a real French man dressmaker. Although nearly all the costumes are made in one of the large theatrical manufactories in Italy, almost invariably they have to be changed considerably when they arrive in



CUTTING SCENERY

Boston, and so there is constant work for a corps of seamstresses.

Shoes are a very necessary part of stage apparel, and so there is a shoemaker and a fully equipped shop, and it would seem that in the course of a season Mr. Ricci, who presides there, turns out a greater variety of footwear than many of the large factories, for, of course, he does not confine himself to the prevailing modes. Perhaps only yesterday he shod the last one of the soldiers whom Radames led to victory in the opera of "Aïda," the scene of which is laid in the Egypt of at least 1000 B.C., while to-day he is fashioning sandals for one Samson of even earlier date, and to-morrow his task will be that of fitting a dainty satin slipper to the nimble foot of a ballet dancer.

The wigmaker likewise finds plenty of the spice of life in his work, for in turn he coifs a prima donna in the

period of powder and patches, supplies raven locks to a blonde chorus girl who must appear as an olive-skinned daughter of Italy, or to reverse the proceeding makes of a natural brunette a tow-headed Gretchen, without having to resort to the use of peroxide. He too manages to keep busy from morning till night, for his hundreds of wigs must be kept brushed and some of them in curl, and in his leisure moments the stock must be replenished.

Such are some of the different departments whose needs Mr. Urban has to consider before the material preparations are begun. And so when in August the carpenters reported for duty they found awaiting them blue-printed documents quite as carefully drawn up and accurately scaled as though they had called for the construction of palaces of the real instead of the mimic variety. First the different frames were cut and joined and the



WIGMAKER ADOLF LENZ

canvas was stretched and tacked, the openings were left for the windows and doors, and gradually there began to appear a semblance of Mr. Urban's ideas.

Finally, one day, the different parts were assembled and then the creator was able to see his picture, not glowing in warmth and color as he had imagined it, however, for no brush had been put to the canvas as yet. Then followed a series of trimmings and fittings, of changes and readjustments, such as the addition of a pillar, or the relieving of a blank wall with an imaginary tapestry, until at last the foundations for the real pictures were completed to the satisfaction of the designer.

The scenic studio for the Boston Opera Company, located at Swampscott, from the outside looks like nothing

but a long, low, whitewashed shed. No passer-by would suspect that therein men are at work endeavoring to carry out the pictorial part of the intentions of some of the greatest musical geniuses of all ages. The interior looks like any painter's workshop, except for its unusual size, the floor space being about one hundred and fifty by seventy-five feet. The roof rests only on the walls without other support of any kind, for the floor affords the only easel for the gigantic canvases which are painted there. The brushes and the palettes, both of unusual size in proportion to the canvas and the easel, call for considerable strength from the workers, particularly when it is necessary to literally mop the canvas with brushes heavy with paint. The speed with which the men work is extraordinary, for frequently to get the desired effect, one color must be applied on top of another before the first has had a chance to dry, and for this reason the haste of the process has been likened to a game of polo. This, then, is the scene of the final stage in the preparation of the scenery, and once the sets are finished, back they go to the opera house.

Then begin seemingly endless "light rehearsals," for to obtain his effects Mr. Urban depends as much upon the proper lighting as upon the scenery itself. To quote him from a recent article written for *The Opera Magazine*: "The skilful scenic painter must paint, as it were, with light. In former times it was the custom to indicate the effects of light on the scenery by actual colors. Now, however, we have the light itself, for the modern stage can supply an astonishingly correct imitation of sunlight, moonlight or even lamplight. Under the new lighting conditions, the colors in stage scenery are no longer constant. They change like the colors of nature itself. They suggest the real as well as the ideal, truth as well as fantasy. Hence all scenic painting must begin with a careful study of the

lighting effects. The colors must be put on so that they will suggest, under the influence of light, not only materials, but atmosphere, distance, and the various relations of space. A scene which looks quite natural in moonlight may be full of false shadows when exposed to the glare of a stage sun."

To get all of his effects Mr. Urban employs electric lights with globes of four different colors: white, amber, blue and red, and it is by making combinations of these that he attains the marvelous lighting for which Boston opera productions are now famous. But before perfection is reached there must be a deal of experimenting, trying one color or one combination after the other, carefully noting the effect of each change. These are the light rehearsals, and their importance is almost as considerable as the *mise-en-scene* and dress rehearsals which follow next.

Of the weeks which the artists spend in learning a new rôle, of the many weary mornings which conductor and orchestra must pass before they are masters of an unfamiliar score, of the chorus practices and the final rehearsals with and without costumes, the general public is fairly familiar. It is the attention which now is given to the seemingly less important part of opera production which I have treated, — the things which ordinarily are taken for granted. And so, kind reader, if your patience has not been exhausted ere now, when next you are present, and the curtain rises on a scene of unusual beauty, do not be chary of your applause, but remember that somewhere in the wings are standing men the who have foreseen all this beauty for you, and so do not be afraid of telling them that their labor has not been in vain.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH IN GERMANY

WITHOUT doubt Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is one of the foremost American composers and pianists. Her work has always been a source of pride to musical America and a possession so treasured by musical New England that we take pleasure in noting here her recent success in Leipzig and in Hamburg. There are few women composers — almost none — who have written symphonies for full orchestra that can be reckoned with seriously. It is safe to say that no other American woman has written what might be called a considerable symphony. Aside from this fact and disregarding nationality or sex, Mrs. Beach has written one of the notable symphonies of recent years.

On November 22, 1913, the Winterstein Orchestra of Leipzig (Theodore Spiering conductor, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach pianist) gave the following program:

PROGRAM

1. AMY BEACH: *Symphonie E-Moll*, Op. 32.
 - (1) Allegro con fuoco.
 - (2) Alla Siciliana — Allegro vivace.
 - (3) Lento con molto espressione.
 - (4) Allegro di molto.
 2. AMY BEACH: *Klavier-Konzert Cismoll*, Op. 45.
 - (1) Allegro moderato.
 - (2) Scherzo — Perpetuum mobile.
 - (3) Largo — Allegro con scioltezza.
 3. HUGO KAUN: *Am Rhein*, Overture, Op. 90.
- All three works for the first time.

On December 2, 1913, the Hamburg Music Association, with Theodore Spiering as director and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach as pianist, gave the following program:

PROGRAM

1. AMY BEACH: *Symphonie E-Moll*, Op. 32.

- (1) Allegro con fuoco.
- (2) *Allegro Siciliana* — Allegro vivace.
- (3) Lento con molto espressione.
- (4) Allegro di molto.
(zum I. Male in Hamburg.)

PAUSE

2. AMY BEACH: *Kalvier-Konzert Cismoll, Op. 45.*

- (1) Allegro moderato.
- (2) Scherzo — Perpetuum mobile.
- (3) Largo — Allegro con scioltezza.
(zum I. Male in Hamburg.)

The Berlin accounts of these two concerts are very enthusiastic and commend Mrs. Beach highly.

"COMMONWEALTH," B. & P. R.R.

(Continued from page 422)

monwealth," which had been transferred to the passenger yard, where, under full steam, the noble engine was hissing and roaring like some great animal impatient to be up and away. Jeffery sprang to the cab, greeted Cotton and Henry, jumped onto the fireman's seat and settled himself for the journey, elated at the idea that this time the "old Commy" would be often pushed to express speed.

The signal given, with bell ringing clamorously, the big engine started and soon was running under full headway. To Jeffery it seemed that the great creature was rejoicing in its lighter load and glorying in its speed as it dashed through the towns and more open country on its way. Several miles out of the city the train passed over a high stone viaduct near the foot of which stood a stone cotton-mill. Jeffery, peering from the cab window looked from his dizzy height down into the space below as the engine thundered over the great arches, crossed and, with full "exhaust" on for the increased grade, powerfully panted onwards. That spot was indelibly fixed on Jeffery's mind forever after.

Suddenly, as he was looking backwards at the valley just crossed, a short wild shriek for "down brakes" from the "Commonwealth's" whistle brought his gaze quickly back to the cab. He saw Cotton jump from his seat with pale, fixed face, push in the throttle, reverse the great lever and

again open the throttle to its limit. The locomotive seemed to groan and totter as her cylinders strained with the tremendous back pressure of steam. Cold, not with fright, but with an awed curiosity, Jeffery, with starting eyes, followed the gaze of the engineer as he stared ahead.

At first, from his side of the cab, there was apparently nothing to be seen but a clear track. A moment later from a siding suddenly the huge bulk of an immense engine loomed a few yards ahead directly in their path, backing down upon them. With bated breath and a strange sense of fascination, Jeffery clutched the back of the seat and stared at the oncoming engine. Suddenly it stopped, then quickly moved in the opposite direction and disappeared on the siding. The sharp clang of a turning switch, the grinding of tightening brakes, and, with a tremendous vibration as the engineer shut off steam, the "Commonwealth" came to a standstill just beyond the switch.

With a savage flash in his eye as he glanced at the other engineer, Cotton slammed forward the lever, pulled the throttle and again the "Commonwealth," with full "exhaust" roared and panted onwards within a few feet of the other engine, leaving behind them, as the train swept by, the faces of two men blanched with fear, stupidly staring. Not a word was spoken; but the grim smile upon Cotton's face spoke volumes for the future of the other engineer, whose gross careless-

ness had threatened destruction to many souls.

The danger past, Jeffery was conscious of a hand upon his shoulder, and glancing upwards, met the gaze of Henry, who, with a slow wink of one eye and a momentary tightening of his grasp, turned back and then proceeded to stoke the fires vigorously. The rest of the journey passed uneventfully, and Jeffery felt nothing but exhilaration and a sense of enjoyment at having had a rare experience.

Later in the day Jeffery accompanied Henry to his home, was introduced to his wife, an austere-looking woman who greeted him not unkindly but grimly, and soon ushered him into the rather funereal-looking "best chamber," with its mirror veiled in mosquito netting and a general air of gloom pervading it. The combination of the wife's solemn air and the dismal aspect of the room acted like a pall upon Jeffery's spirits, and a strange nervousness and dread oppressed the boy. At supper he had tried to stuff down some "aërated bread," an unpalatable compound which had been provided for him by his kind friend for a supposedly delicate digestion. When Henry's wife grimly declared that she suffered from "faint stomach," and had found the bread excellent for such conditions, Jeffery, smiling rather wanly, swallowed his meal with difficulty, heartily wishing himself at home, unable, however, to understand his feeling of depression.

Henry, narrowly watching him, said later to his wife, "I am going to sleep in the same room with that boy; he's nervous after that narrow escape we had," and later, having seen Jeffery safely in bed, lay down by his side.

Jeffery, secure in the presence of his friend, soon fell asleep; but it was not long before a loud scream startled Henry from a doze into a bolt upright position, to see in the dimly lighted room the boy, terrified and panting, with staring eyes and blanched face, standing beside him. Henry seized

Jeffery in his arms firmly but gently, saying, "All right, all right, Jeffery. There's nothing there. Quiet, boy, quiet!" and gently holding him in his arms, with soothing words the man gradually quieted the poor lad until at last, sobbing but calmer, he lay down to fall again into a troubled sleep.

With sleepless eyes Henry lay watching the boy, who, from time to time, suddenly terrified by a vision of an immense locomotive bearing down crushingly upon him, would with a smothered scream convulsively cling to his friend, finally to be soothed and calmed until exhaustion brought relief in deep sleep until the morning. He awoke to see Henry gazing at him, his kind eyes filled with affectionate solicitude; and Jeffery, his heart filled with gratitude, flung his arms about his friend's neck, thanked him and said, "Oh, Martin, you're awfully good to me!" The man, deeply stirred, kissed the boy and said, huskily, "God bless you, Jeffery, my boy, my boy!"

A bright, cheerful morning found Jeffery again in his usual spirits, and apparently none the worse for his unpleasant experience of the preceding day and night. Bidding Mrs. Henry a polite but not wholly reluctant adieu, he proceeded gaily with his friend back to the railroad yard, to find Cotton already standing in the "Commonwealth," preparing for the return trip, which was made without special incident.

Once at home again, Jeffery had a fear lest his parents might forbid his daily visits to his friend because of the unusual experience of the day before. To his surprise and relief, however, after he had told of his escape, his father only said, "It has been a good thing for you, Jeffery. I know you will be careful not to run risks; but you are in good hands and I am not afraid for you." If the good mother had qualms as to the safety of her boy she bravely concealed them and rejoiced in his happiness.

Months went by. Jeffery made one or two subsequent visits to his

friend's home, always to the gratification of Henry, who had learned to depend on his little friend's presence more than he knew at the time. Every day he watched for Jeffery's coming; and at times, when something unforeseen had possibly prevented the boy from making his usual visit, there was a feeling of loneliness in the man's heart that he could scarcely understand.

Time and circumstances, however, brought their inevitable changes. The day came when Jeffery found that other interests drew him away from the pleasurable excitement of his daily visits, and little by little some excuse was found for not going out to the "Commonwealth" as usual. With the happy thoughtlessness of youth, it never occurred to the boy that his apparent growing indifference was giving pain to his faithful friend, who was then learning one of life's hard experiences. The chance acquaintance of months before, and the affection which had sprung up between these two in consequence, was to deepen on the man's part into an intense protecting love of the boy, a love that was destined to tear his heart strings when the inevitable time of separation should come.

Finally came the day when Jeffery decided that he would not go out because of other more absorbing interests. Who shall condemn the lad who, in the heedlessness of youth, failed to frankly speak to his friend and tell him that he must cease making his daily visits? He allowed a few days to elapse and then wrote, "Dear Martin, I can't come out any more. Thank you. You have been very good to me. Jeffery."

No answer came; and the boy's conscience began to prick him. A day or two later, when returning from his school, he turned a corner near his home and came face to face with Henry, who, knowing the usual route the boy took, had evidently stationed himself there in order to speak to him. Henry came up immediately to Jeffery and said, "Jeffy, you wrote saying you couldn't come out any more."

"Yes, Martin," said the boy, rather sadly, and with a sinking feeling at the heart, "I did."

The man looked hard at the boy for a moment, then said very quietly, quickly, with a slight hesitation, "All right; — be a good boy; — goodbye," and with a quick, strong clasp of Jeffery's hand, held tightly for a moment, he turned and walked rapidly away. That was all; but there was a look of acute pain, of wistful longing in the man's blue eyes that haunted Jeffery for days; and in after years, when life had taught him much, he never recalled that look in his friend's eyes without a stab of pain and sorrow for the hurt which his thoughtlessness had given one who had loved him so well.

Years passed. Jeffery went to another school, then graduated from college, began the study of medicine, and after receiving his degree went abroad for two years and then returned to practise with his father.

Many changes had taken place near his home in the long interval since his school-days. A large passenger station had been built in the old freight yard, and new locomotives had taken the place of the old familiar ones of his boyhood. The fancy seized him one day, not long after his return from abroad, to go to his former haunts to see if any of his friends were still at their posts. Remembering the hour at which the "Commonwealth" used to start on its outward journey, Jeffery wandered across the railroad to the new freight yard. Seeing a new and large freight engine standing there, he approached it, and somewhat to his surprise saw that the engineer was Cotton, grown older and grayer, but with the same grave, rather grim, but not unkind face that he remembered in his boyhood. Coming up to the engine he accosted the man and asked if he might enter.

Cotton failed at first to recognize the young man, whom he could only recall as a boy; but upon Jeffery's introducing himself again, Cotton's face

relaxed, and with a pleasant greeting he asked Jeffery to enter the cab. In the fireman's seat sat another much younger man, an entire stranger; and as Jeffery glanced at him he felt a slight clutching at his heart with a choking sensation as he thought of the other who had occupied that same place in the "Commonwealth" years before.

"It seems a long time since you used to visit the old 'Commy.' She is only a 'spare engine' now," said Cotton. And then he began to ply Jeffery with questions about his life since boyhood, and recalled various incidents of the earlier time of their acquaintance.

Finally, Jeffery, with somewhat of an effort, said, "Where is Martin Henry now?" Cotton's face changed, and with a grim expression that Jeffery had often noticed and disliked in earlier days, said curtly, "Martin left the railroad some years ago. I believe he went to another railroad, but he's left that now. He began to drink and he didn't treat my sister right and she left him. I don't know where he is now and don't care!"

Like a flash Jeffery felt a burning resentment to the man rise in his breast, and a wave of loyal affection for his old friend swept over him, which for a moment deprived him of speech. Quickly past incidents came to his mind. He recalled the grim, dismal-looking wife who had ushered him into the funeral room upon his first visit to Henry's home. Coupled with this came the remembrance of his friend's many little kindly acts and tenderness to him as a boy. Then, with a stinging sense of his own curt unkindness in leaving Henry as he did, his heart went out in warmest sympathy and understanding to one who, perhaps in sorrow and loneliness, had given way to a besetting sin. With a tumult of emotions rushing through him, Jeffery's first impulse was to tell Cotton to his face what he thought of him and of his harsh judgment; but controlling himself with an effort, he only said quietly, "I am sorry. Mar-

tin was very good to me as a young boy and I can never forget his kindness." Soon afterwards he bade Cotton adieu and returned home feeling saddened and dissatisfied.

Increasing professional duties and cares began to absorb Jeffery and before long he was fully launched upon his medical career, and gave little thought to the things which had so interested him as a boy. The subsequent death of his father and mother, with its attendant grief, took his thoughts in other directions. But one day, not long before leaving forever the home of his boyhood, his attention having been drawn to something connected with the railroad, a sudden impulse came over him to see if he could find a trace of his old friend.

He remembered that in earlier years Henry had told him he had lived in a town about twenty miles from Boston. He sat down at his table and wrote to the postmaster of the town asking for information of a certain Martin Henry who used to live there. In a few days came the reply, "Martin Henry is living here now."

Jeffery then wrote immediately:

"My dear Martin Henry:

"Many years ago when I was a little boy, you were very kind to me when I used to go out and ride on the 'Commonwealth' with you. I have never forgotten your kindness to me, and wish I could see you again. Will you not come to Boston some day to see me?"

"Always your friend,

"Jeffery Brandon."

A few days afterwards came a reply:

"My dear Friend:

"I have never forgotten you, but I thought you had forgotten me long ago. I should be glad to see you, and some day perhaps I can, but I am afraid I should not know you now.

"Yours respectfully,

"Martin Henry."

Several weeks after this, Jeffery, at the end of a hard day's work, was preparing to go out when the maid announced some one in the waiting room. Tired and rather irritable, he stepped quickly into the front room, and

seeing a man, rather short, slightly bent, with grizzled gray hair, standing there, said, "Did you wish to see me medically, sir? My office hours are over and I am obliged to go out."

The man waited a moment, then said, "Is this Dr. Brandon?"

"Yes," answered Jeffery, rather curtly. "Do you wish to consult me?"

Again a slight pause, and again, "Is this Dr. Jeffery Brandon?"

"Yes," said Jeffery, at the same time noting the man's remarkable blue eyes, which seemed to stir some chord of memory in his mind.

Then very quietly came the words, "I am Martin Henry."

With a cry of surprise and pleasure Jeffery dropped his coat and physician's bag and rushed towards the old man, seized him by both hands, and shaking them heartily, exclaimed, "Oh, Martin, Martin, dear old friend, I am so glad to see you. Come right in. I have all the time in the world, and I want to see you."

Henry, pleased and smiling, looked into Jeffery's face keenly while holding his hands, and said, "I never should know you. Your hair is gray. Are you the little boy that used to come out to the old 'Commy'?" and he looked long and hard at Jeffery's face with the manner of an old man a little dazed with memories of earlier times.

"Yes, I am the same 'Jeffy.' And now come in and let me talk with you." And Jeffery led his friend back into his office and bade him sit down.

In the quiet of the late afternoon, under the warming influence of Jeffery's cordial greeting, the old man gradually relaxed and quietly told of his life after he had left the railroad. Slowly, and with touching humility, he spoke of the facts which led to his discharge. In times of unhappiness he had given way to a craving for drink; then came a narrow escape from a fearful accident when under the influence of liquor; his disgrace and discharge from the railroad; his subsequent wretchedness and endeavor to redeem himself. Of his

wife's desertion when he was miserable and unhappy he said but little, and with no intimation of blame for her action.

As Jeffery listened his heart smote him as he recalled Henry's watchful care and love of him as a boy; the look of pain in the man's eyes as they parted years before. With a wave of tender sympathy passing over him, Jeffery said, "Martin, dear old friend, I have never told you how sorry I was I went away from you so suddenly. I was a boy and didn't realize that I was hurting you. But it's all right now, isn't it?"

Henry looked at him fixedly and said, "You didn't know how I felt then. I loved you better than anything in the world, and it about broke my heart, Jeffy,—but I mustn't call you that now, for you are a famous doctor," he added half jestingly.

"Indeed you'll call me 'Jeffy' while we both live, old friend," exclaimed the other with warmth.

The old man smiled and said, "Well, it's all right now," and then told of his return to his native town, and of his daughter's kindness in receiving him in her own home after her marriage.

A little more of reminiscence and Henry rose and said, "Now I must go. I am glad to have seen you again, and may God be with you. Good-bye." With a warm clasp of the hand and a cordial greeting from his friend he departed, and as Jeffery turned back to his office there were tears in his eyes and a choking in his throat of which he was not ashamed.

The following Christmas came a card to Jeffery with the inscription, "From your old friend" upon it, with Henry's initials written below. To this Jeffery responded, begging the old man to come again, and telling him of his pleasure at having seen him once more. No reply came to this; and the months and years slipped rapidly by without further communication between them, although Jeffery's mind, in his busy life, often reverted to former days, and always

with the determination to again be in touch with his old friend.

One day, in his new home far from his former haunts, he wrote again; but no response came, and he began to wonder if all was well, and whether his letter had been received. After two or three weeks, as he sat in his office late one afternoon, a letter was brought to him addressed evidently in a woman's hand, the envelope bearing the postmark of a town not far from where Henry had formerly lived. With a strange sense of foreboding, Jeffery held the letter in his hand and gazed at the handwriting as if trying to read the contents of the letter, and yet reluctant to have the fear in his heart confirmed. For a few moments he sat silent. The soft, low ticking of an old clock was the only sound to be heard. He opened the letter, and read:

"My dear Sir:

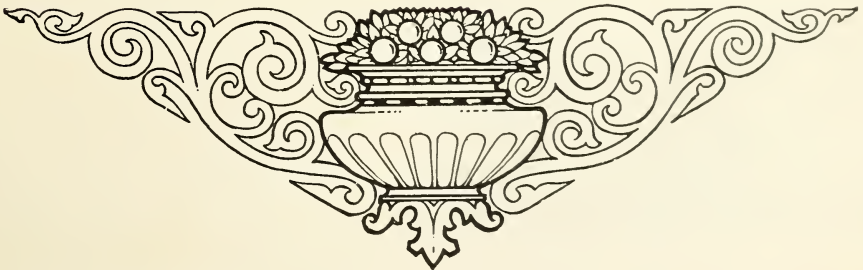
"Your kind letter written to my father, Martin Henry, came three weeks ago, and I have been unable to answer it until now. My dear father died only a short time before. He had failed rapidly in the past year, and in the last weeks he was unable to leave his bed, and his mind wandered a great deal. He often has told me about you, and was so pleased and happy and proud after his last visit to you. I thought it would interest you to know that in his wandering he often seemed to be talking with you as if you were a little boy, for his mind seemed to go back many years. The day he died we were standing near him, and we heard him talking to himself, and when I bent over him he smiled a little, and I heard him say, 'It's all right, Jeffy,—it's all right. Jeffy,—I want you to be a good man,' and then he gave a little sigh and was gone."

And in Jeffery's office, by the soft light of the lamp and the log fire, the figure of a man could be seen, with his head on his hands; and the surrounding stillness was broken only by the low ticking of the clock and the sound as of some one quietly weeping.

The flashing of many city lights, the roar of a rapid train rushing between confined walls of brick and stone, the restless movement of passengers approaching a great terminus, and suddenly through the din the strong, vibrant voice of Conductor York, "Back Bay," and the train stopped in the large, dismal station. The passenger, with a start as if awakened from a deep dream which had carried him far from present time and surroundings, hurriedly closed the book on his lap and quickly left the train.

"Good-night, Mr. York!"

"Good-night, good-night! Glad to have seen you again, sir!" And wending his way rapidly up the steep, gloomy staircase, through clouds of choking steam and smoke, amid a babel of hissing, thundering locomotives, rushing motor cabs and crashing electric cars, the passenger emerged upon the street above, and looking neither to right nor left, straightway plunged into the midst of the hurrying crowd and soon disappeared from view, lost in the rush and turmoil of a great city.



A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HAUNTS OF THOREAU—II

By C. T. RAMSEY

IN Thoreau's journal under the date of Nov. 18, 1875, appears the following:

"Flannery is the hardest working man I know. Before sunrise and long after sunset he is taxing his unweariable muscles. The result is a singular cheerfulness. He is always in good spirits. He often overflows with his joy when you perceive no occasion for it. If only the gate sticks, some of it bubbles up and over-

flows in his passing comment on that accident. How much more industry proves! There is a sparkle often in his passing remark, and his voice is really like that of a bird."

Climbing the fence near by, I walked in a southeastern direction, coming out on the Boston & Lowell railroad tracks. I continued on the ties for about a mile, and then went into the Great Meadows.

I found it a typical cranberry bog composed of low willows, andromedas, alders, vast areas of marsh, cinnamon, interrupted and royal ferns. In the more open places from the soft beds of sphagnum moss grew the matted cranberry vines laden with green fruit. In their midst grew the pitcher plant, and myriads of rose pogonias. While I was standing on one of these patches a pair of black ducks flew overhead, Indian file, heading down stream.

I soon tired of the drudgery, walking about here, but before I got out I became entangled in an almost impenetrable thicket of alders and cat brier along the border. I could neither go forward nor backward; it was only after I began to take drastic means with my jack-knife that I finally extricated myself.

I was glad to find an old fern-grown wood-road close by, which wound through a grove of white birches into the midst of a large full-blown area of sweet-pepper bush. I sat down in the midst to regale myself. The low streaming rays of the setting sun illumined the white-vested trunks of the birches so that they glistened like polished gold. The air was laden with a lilac-like fragrance and resounded with a busy hum of bees



THE HOME OF FRANK B. SANBORN

that were improving the last hour of sunlight and the sweet blossoms.

Taking my rather unsuccessful photograph of the place, I meandered along the road until I came to an open inlet of the meadow. Here on the dry banks I saw growing for the first time the regal purple flowers of the large blazing star (*Liatris scariosa*) in the height of prime, the same to which Thoreau made the following journal note on September 9, 1852.

"Ah! the beauty of the liatris bud just bursting into bloom, the rich, fiery rose purple, like that of the sun, at his rising." There were also a few asters, silver- and goldenrod in their midst; also the small iris (*Iris prismatica*) in seed along the border. But the liatris was such a gorgeous sight that one almost failed to see anything else. This brought the day to a grand climax, as far as my tramp was concerned. I trudged along the ties of the Boston & Lowell railroad toward Concord, arriving there at about 7.30 p.m.

Eating a hasty supper, I packed a few of my flowers in a box and mailed them, and then started for Mr. Sanborn's home.

My knock was answered by the familiar, "Come in." We soon fell into a lively conversation. It was a treat of a lifetime to look into that frank old face as he told the tales of yore. I felt as if I myself were living in the golden days of the grand old Concord School.

His mind was remarkably clear, and with his head at a slight angle and his eyes closed, he would enter upon a lengthy dissertation that flowed as crystalline as spring water; and there was no repetition in what he said. He was very much amused when I told him my experience with the Irishman Flannery, and remarked:

"A harder working man than Thoreau never lived. Of course, Flannery thinks a man must dig with pick and shovel before he can be classed as a worker. Thoreau's journal was the great storehouse to which he went in writing his lectures, essays and

books. He was forever toiling at his journal,—writing and rewriting his manuscript. In the manuscript of Walden, we find as many as six casts of a single paragraph. Frequently he failed to decide on the best one, by reason of this habit; the first cast was usually the best."

Thereupon he showed me a rare and beautiful two-volume edition of "Walden" that had been published for this reason by the Bibliophile Society. He told me "Walden" had been translated into the German. When I aired my opinion regarding Stevenson's outrageous essay on Thoreau, he merely remarked, "The man was incompetent to appreciate Thoreau's genius."

Regarding the general attitude of the public in Thoreau's day, he said, "He was regarded with a great deal of respect by the farmers—and, of course, misunderstood by most of them. For a long time readers and literary men did not regard him with any seriousness. Now, however, the current of feeling seems to have turned the other way; he seems to be the most popular of our Concord authors.

"Thoreau had a number of matrimonial proposals. On one occasion he read one of these missives in a joking manner to Emerson—to which the sage rebukingly said, 'Henry, we will have no more regarding the matter.'"

Of Thoreau's mental condition during his last illness, he said: "He was of singular good cheer, and a philosopher to the end. When his corpulent full-faced aunt came to his chamber door to inquire about his welfare, he remarked: 'Whenever Aunt——comes to the door I think it is the rising full moon.' To Parker Pillsbury, who approached him on the affairs of the next world, and as to whether he had made his peace with God, he voiced that classic: 'One world at a time, please; I have never quarreled with Him.'"

In all of Sanborn's remarks related to Emerson, I noted there was a high veneration. Speaking of Emerson's personality, he said, "Emerson never

overrated himself, and above all had a keen sense of propriety — if anything, his tendency was to underestimate his true place among our American men of letters."

He recounted a great deal of genealogical and biographical data that he must have spent the greater part of his life in securing, which will appear in his final "Life of Thoreau."

As I was busily engaged in looking over the manuscript and letters of Thoreau and his sister Sophia, he quietly disappeared. For a long time I failed to hear him. After I began to think of my peculiar situation, it seemed an age, I thought he had possibly tired of me and had gone to bed, letting me fight it out by myself among the material that was strewn all over the table. Finally, however, I heard him returning down the hall stairs. He made his appearance with a book in his hand. Asking me for my fountain pen, he autographed the fly-leaf and handed me the volume: a beautiful edition of "Ellery Channing's Poems of Sixty-five Years," selected and edited by himself, from a limited edition of three hundred copies. It was a very embarrassing situation for me. To this day I am not certain whether I expressed my appreciation. It was such a surprise, to think that he should shower all this kindness upon an utter stranger. But we were not strangers. He knew, "We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken." It is needless to say my interview with Mr. Sanborn was one of the happiest events of my trip.

"TO MY FRIEND F. B. SANBORN"

In the town of Concord, renowned,
Down by the river that steals so
Softly by those azure wands of
Pickerel weed and floating margin
Of water lilies spotless white
Where stands an elm, staunch, sentinel;
The other day I met a man,
The last of Concord's Grand Old School.

I had not horn of fame to blast
When entering at his vine-clad door.
Unknown I came; in tramping rags
I stood, to greet this grand old soul.

"Come in" — rang out the voice of time,
And lo, before me knelt my man
Bent on lacing his shoes. He rose
To welcome me with kindly eyes,
And hand extended for my grasp
As though he'd been awaiting me.

A thrill of joy it was to see
That youthful flame of ancient fire
When I surveyed his time-worn mien.

Crowned like Fuji with snowy locks;
His vesture a harmonic gray.
He wore a black Bohemian bow,
With neatness tied and flowing ends.

With lamp in hand he led me through
The old-time hall and rooms where hung
Collected art from Greece and Rome;
Thence, where the gods and he communed,
Where learn'd tomes obscured the walls.

And then we sat by Thoreau's books,
The table strewn with manuscript
Where once the lord himself had sat.
He told of many daring deeds
Those godlike men of Concord did.
I heard his psychic harp with mine
Play friendship's sweetest harmony.
With laughter and with subtle smile
The old man heard my prattling talk,
While Time his restless wings sped on.
Ah, 'twas all too short, o'er too soon.
I bade him sad "Good-night"; then it
Seemed, the ravishment of those hours
Was but the mockery of a dream.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1912, 6 A.M.

Awake to the calls of a noisy blue jay in the pine tree by Sleepy Hollow Chapel. Raining again. As I drew my awakening breath, and looked across the room to the dresser where a few remaining branches of sweet-pepper bush (which were scenting the room) and a few purple wands of the liatris were standing in a pitcher, I was keenly reminded of the joys of yesterday. For a while I consoled myself jotting a few notes and reading from Channing's "Poems of Sixty-five Years," patiently hoping for a change in the weather.

At 10 A.M. I decided to make the best of it by going to Boston for the day. Went by way of the electric road, which afforded a good opportunity to see the intervening country. In the vicinity of Concord the farmers seemed to be specializing on asparagus and strawberries, but coming closer

to Boston there was no end of green-houses, and truck-farming in general.

It was amusing when once I saw the map of Boston, with its patch-work, crazy-quilt effect. Settling in its early history must have been a very promiscuous event, with little need of trigonometry. Naturally, like every other stranger, when once in the city my troubles began. It seemed almost every other person I met was lost or hunting his way. I had the pleasure of making a complete circle — something that has happened to me but rarely in the woods.

However, I finally reached the Public Library, and saw for the first time the painting of the "Holy Grail," of which I had read and anticipated so much. But to frankly admit the truth, Mr. Abbey's picture flatly failed to appeal to my sense of æsthetics. I amused myself for a while watching the blank stare of the public as they sought out the various characters by aid of the guide-boards that were everywhere lying about. I did not see a single face that had a perceptible gleam of ravishment, though I waited for some time to detect it. They may have all been rustics like myself. The colors of this work are so vivid and grotesque that I was reminded of the old-time German almanac, with its bright colored dragons and coat of arms. It was with a thrill of keen delight I looked at the soft toned work of Puvis de Chavannes on the grand staircase.

In coming from the library I accidentally came by Ellery Channing's statue, and read this inscription: "He Breathed into Theology a Humane Spirit and Proclaimed Anew the Divinity of Man." Alas, I thought, how much more such "Breathing" it still needs!

En route to Concord, the sun came forth from a bank of clouds illumining them with gold, and then settled in a clear western sky, behind the purple hills.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1912, 5.30 A.M.

As I rub my eyes to the troubled

world of consciousness, through my open window from Sleepy Hollow cemetery comes a thin dissipated strain of the crickets; as if they had imbibed a little too freely while entertaining the spirits of the venerable dead.

Fog early this morning, but promising fair.

From the Walden Road I see a company of barn swallows, gracefully flitting and twittering low over Emerson's meadow.

The allied society of spiders apparently were banqueting last night; I see their napkin-like webs spread all over the fields and meadows, adorned with sparkling gems of dew.

As I enter the path to Brister's spring, the wood pewee calls, as though he were anticipating me. Silently I tread over the pine needles — here and there lie the first tinted tatters from vestures above. The air is filled with that fugacious aroma of leaves. I fill my lungs with its panacea. These are the moments when the walker who can appreciate solitude lifts up his head and prays like the Pharisee of old, "Lord, I thank thee I am not as other men," — and that other men are not like myself. Here we feel allied to the Universal; God is ever near the man in the country. In the city we lose our individuality — disintegrate into the mass and maze of commonplace animals whom the struggle for an existence has forced us to prey upon each other like parasites, in spite of Christian theories and ideals.

The pewee still calls. The first locust is now *Z'ing*, and that princely musician, the mosquito, whom we all love and who so dearly loves us, is entertaining me with his high-pitched harmonics as I take my picture of the path leading to the Pierian waters.

From the crest of Brister's hill the long streaming rays of the sun pierce the dim misty woods like a searchlight. Small butterflies and insects are disporting themselves in its warmth. The smallest insect is revealed as it passes through.

Going in the path to Walden, I find the bird's-foot violets (*Viola pedata*) in bloom. They have a delicate, elusive fragrance of lavender, such perfume as a nymph or dryad might choose. It is always a thrill of joy for the walker to find a flower blooming out of its scheduled season. I have tramped in the wintry months of December and January, when one would hardly expect to find anything but a stray chickweed, dandelion or hepatica in bloom, and on some sunny slope suddenly come upon these flowers — so blue among the sere grasses that I was tempted to think the very sky had shed cerulean scales. Of this flower Thoreau says, in May 10, 1858:

"How much expression there is in the *Viola pendata*! I do not know on the whole but it is the handsomest of them all, it is so large and grows in such large masses. Yet I have thought there was a certain shallowness in its expression. Yet it spreads so perfectly open with its face upward that you get its whole expression."

All about the site of the cairn I find luscious blackberries to eat with my breakfast rolls. As I munch and browse, I hear the chickadee sing, *Jenny dear-dee-dee*, mingled with the plaintive notes of the pewee. From afar comes the cawing of an obstreperous crow.

Stealthily, I walk down the path to Thoreau's Cove. Along the shore, with my glass, I see an American bittern, his head drawn close to his brown body, so quiet that a careless observer would have passed him by as a part of the log upon which he was perched, intently looking into the shallow water below — waiting, watching, waiting, every moment expecting his victim to appear. But his golden eye has not failed to note my next fatal step, and away he goes with lumbering flight across the pond through the rising mist.

7.00 A.M. On the trunk of a tree close by I read the following:

NOTICE!

"Bathers will wear suitable clothing after 9.00 A.M."

As I am still ahead of scheduled time, I take the hint. I search the shores with my glass for a possible pilgrim, but see nothing, not even a dryad or nymph. I was soon as naked as Pan — even more so; hairy as I am, evolution has made me much like the rest of my species.

I sat musing upon the rocky shore for at least half an hour before I took my first plunge. The air was balmy, and oh, how grateful it felt to have the breezes fan and caress me as I sat basking in the sun. There were no mosquitoes about, and but a few wood-flies. All about me grew clumps of pearly life everlasting, fresh and glistening after their bath of yesterday. I felt like an Oriental engaged in a sacred rite.

Gradually the midst cleared away, and the glassy surface of the lake reflected its sylvan shore. I could now fully appreciate what the poet had sung: "Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Skywater. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh; — a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush — this the light dust cloth — which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface and be reflected in it still."

There was the "Skywater" at my feet, as ethereal as he had seen it seventy years ago, and the Indian several centuries before. Close by, the bream was on her nest, guarding the young future generation of breams.



THE CAIRN, WALDEN

From a dead limb along the shore a kingfisher was sounding his rattle. Through the woods comes the *back — back — back* of the white-breasted nuthatch. Now I plunge. The shores echo the splash, and a great circular wave spreads over the mirror. I see my body in a new sphere, transformed by the crystalline water to an alabaster whiteness. The temperature of the water is just right to make it invigorating. How it thrills me! I give a wild yell like the Indian of yore, perchance I awake many a sleeping nymph and dryad in the surrounding grove. I am regenerated. I lave my sins in the water of Walden!

Now I sit on the raft watching the shimmering circles spread over its surface. Far beyond the spreading circles at the eastern end, the breeze is lightly dashing over the water line, rippling and reflecting the scintillating sunbeams like a string of diamonds.

I look into the depths to see the poetic reflection of the sky. I am standing on the brink of another world, gazing into eternity — the blue. Again I plunge, now for yonder reflected shore, banishing my fears as I sing Channing's "A Poet's Hope."

"Oh time! oh death! I clasp you in my arms
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
Gazing contented on your icy charms.

I laugh, for Hope hath happy place with me,
If my bark sinks, it's to another sea."

I plowed through the blue waters sailorwise until I came to the middle — here I floated on my back for some time, gazing into the transcendent blue, projecting myself into its mysterious realm. Again I gave a cry! Many a pickerel must have dashed into remoter quarters to wonder what was going to happen. I was beside myself with the effect of the water. It was as if I had lived an age of misery, and suddenly plunged into the proverbial fountain of youth.

On the other shore I found some luscious blueberries; the high-bush variety. Feasting myself on this delicious ambrosia for a while, I sat down at various points along the stony shore to contemplate the landscape for photographs. There was one place in particular I noted, where a good-sized pine tree arranged itself most effectively in the foreground, but I was too late for the proper lighting.

Returning to the other shore I let the sun and breezes serve for the lack-

ing towel, and then dressed. Here I devoted myself to photographing the pearly life everlasting. I had considerable trouble, as the wind had risen slightly, consuming the greater part of an hour in getting the two pictures.

The water of Walden was exceptionally low during my visit; and as stated by Mr. Sanborn, was then at its lowest point. According to Thoreau there is a gradual rise and fall taking place, though at irregular intervals, and not corresponding with the general wet and dryness. I noted also that the shore was remarkably free from *débris* in general.

Sitting in the hot sun all this while had made me extremely thirsty; so I decided to make a hasty retreat for Brister's Spring. On my way I was detained by a favorable lighting for another picture of the cairn looking north through the pines. A lover of Thoreau can't fail to be deeply impressed as he enters this sacred grove. As for myself, I felt a deep sense of retrospection steal over me whenever I passed the site of the poet's cabin. It is so ideal with its surroundings, that if it were in Japan it would doubtlessly contain a Buddhistic temple. But it is extremely gratifying that no such calamity has happened,—no religion, however sacred, can substitute that glorious past. We hope the pines may continue to whisper amongst themselves, and each spring the wood thrush and the veery find a congenial place to rear their young, and to pipe their wildwood strains for the many pilgrims yet to come. Walden is Thoreau's monument.

"It is Earth's eye, looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. The fluvatile trees next the shore are the slender eyelashes which fringe it, and the wooded hills and cliffs around are its overhanging brows."

My mouth was quite parched by the time I had taken my picture. As I wound along the path, two ladies came over the hill. It was interesting to me, as the average woman does not take kindly to the reading of Thoreau;

and as Mr. Sanborn said, "It is rarely that a woman comes to me for information regarding Thoreau, but when they do they are marked types." We passed in silence.

It was with real inspiration that I now quaffed the drafts from the famous spring. There is nothing in the world so fine as a drink of spring water under such conditions, and I am not a member of the "White Ribbon Society." You may do without your food for a long time, but water is the one thing you must have; it is the chief gift of the gods.

It was inspiring to think that I could enjoy this same spring that had been dug out by the poet's own hands almost seventy years ago, to indulge in the same joys at about the same hour. He says in "Walden": "Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring, which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows full of young pitch pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white pine, there was yet a clean, firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip a pail full without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest."

The air was laden with the aroma of sweet-pepper bush mingled with pine. In a neighboring tree a red-eyed vireo was expounding his woodland philosophy—*Do you see it? Do you understand it? Do you believe it?* The wood pewee, too, was repeating his plaintive call—*Here-are-wee*. It was quite natural for me to imagine these birds—particularly the pewee—to represent the reincarnation of the poet who had so celebrated this haunt. But as I have not yet tasted of the dragon's blood like the valorous Siegfried, I was compelled



THOREAU'S COVE, WALDEN POND

to be content with their rustic strains, and mused over these lines of Thoreau to his brother:

"Dost thou still haunt the brink?

What bird wilt thou employ
To bring me word of thee?
For it would give them joy,—
'Twould give them liberty
To thus serve their lord
With wing and minstrelsy."

Finishing my lunch, I stretched out on the pine-needled bank; but before long a probing sting and the high-pitched harmonics of a chorus of mosquitoes roused me from my nap.

I walked over the knoll to the pond again, strolling along "Indian Path," described in "Walden" as "A narrow shelf-like path in the steep hillside, alternately rising and falling, approaching and receding from the water's edge, as old probably as the race of man here, worn by feet of aboriginal hunters, and still from time to time unwittingly trodden by the present occupants of the land." It was extremely delightful here, being entirely free from the pestering mosquitoes. I walked and sat about for some time studying the various compositions of the vistas afforded,

before I finally decided on my choice.

The cool shade and fugacious aroma of the woods was so soothing that I lay amid the leaves to resume my nap. I had hardly closed my eyes, when a low, chuckling whistle attracted my attention; at first I thought it some distance away, being so artfully ventriloquized,—without raising my head I kept peering about, and to my surprise, but three feet away sat a chipmunk on his haunches, with an acorn under his arm. His little brown tail curled over his back, trembling as he whimpered, watching me with the most alert attention through his bead-like eyes, while he kept snuffing the air in my direction as though uncertain of his discovery. I slowly managed to get out my timepiece to see how long he would remain thus watching me. Here was a descendent from one of the first families of the region. How I longed to communicate with him! Would not his experience be a revelation to our pragmatic civilization? He seemed to be asking as many questions as were floating through my own mind. It was fully twenty minutes that we sat thus. In the midst of my observations an Englishman came

bungling along the path with a large camera and tripod strapped on his back. He reminded me of an Alpine explorer. The chipmunk chuckled and scampered away.

Seeing my camera, the Englishman said, "I say, sir, d'ye find any good views yet, about the place? I've been looking all mornin' and 'ave found little or nothin' yet."

"Oh, I have found a few that are pretty good," then pointing to my eastern lookout along Indian Path, I said, "I think that vista there quite nice." But he failed to see it, and said: "Tell me, sir, is the cairn close by? I've been huntin' the cairn all mornin'." I say, sir, that mon Thoreau was a queer fellow, but he was a great mon sure—don't ye know." With that he left me.

It was then about half past twelve. The sun became slightly dim and shone with an opalescent haze. I walked along Indian Path by the north shore to the beach, where a few boys were on the verge of taking a swim. We

saluted, and when I asked them how the water was, they replied, "Great." Continuing along the shore to the base of Emerson's Cliff on the south side, where, during my early morning bath, I had found the blueberries, I browsed about here for a while, thinking of Thoreau's philosophy regarding this celebrated fruit: "The fruits do not yield their true flavor to the purchaser of them, nor to him who raises them for the market. If you would know the flavor of huckleberries, ask the cowboy or the partridge. It is a vulgar error to suppose that you have tasted huckleberries who have never plucked them. A huckleberry never reaches Boston, they have not been known there since they grew on her three hills. The ambrosial and essential part of the fruit is lost with the bloom which is rubbed off in the market cart, and they become mere provender. As long as Eternal Justice reigns, not one innocent huckleberry can be transported thither from the country's hills."

(To be Continued)



AMONG THE BIRCHES

DUET PLAYING IN THE HOME

By ETHEL SYFORD

THIS article is written with the home in mind, for I believe that *music in the home* is one of our great needs. This remark may come to you as a perplexing one, inasmuch as a goodly share of our young America is sent back and forth to a music lesson at least once a week. But after all it is not merely the *music lesson* nor the perfunctory practice nor the playing in a recital that makes for sensitive musical appreciation, for a genuine musical atmosphere. Music means fellowship. A player presupposes a listener. An artistic performer presupposes, *needs*, a sympathetic and appreciative hearer. After all, Paderewski or any great artist has no real function without the presence of at least one sympathetic listener. I sincerely believe that fellowship in the home, in general, and musical fellowship in particular, is not only a need of us musically, but it is a need of the American home. So thoroughly do I believe in *ensemble* music, not only as a cultural force, but even more as a *family* force, that I am tempted to write at length because it is so intense a conviction of mine. All music teachers know the almost unreckonable value of piano duets, violin duets, etc., as a balancing force in the training of the student,—the pupil who is a slothful sight-reader simply must quicken his perceptions, concentrate his attention, if he is going to help his companion make the duet successful. I have keenly in mind their improvement, musically, of the student,—his advancement as aided by duet playing. But I have still more in mind the enriching the fellowship of the home by building within its walls a *co-operative* artistry, by helping music to make two people feel together the same little — or big — musical experience. Therefore, I am speaking to the mothers

and aunts and fathers and friends of musical young America, and my plea is for, as far as is possible, co-operative music in the home. In this instance I shall begin with piano duets. Under the guidance of a teacher or of an older pianist in the family, or with a little neighbor pianist, much advancement, much enjoyment and a developing experience may be gained. I have chosen piano duets which are *not* stock "collections," but ones which have been written or arranged by musicians whose work has borne fruit.

"The Children's Festival," Op. 18, by Charles Dennée, contains ten duets: a march, a waltz, a tambourine dance, etc., for pupil and teacher, in other words for an inexperienced pair of hands to play with a more steady pairs of hand. These are rhythmic and musical, and for advanced first grade.

"Tender Blossoms," Books I and II, by Cornelius Gurlitt, edited by Philip Hale, are about first and second grade. They are graceful and "The Return from Camp" and "The Hunters," will arouse lively interest.

Arthur Foote has written an attractive set of twelve duets on five notes, which, beside their instructive value, are attractive little first-grade poems for two. I have before commented on Florence Newell Barbour's "Rambles in Music Land," first-grade piano duets. These are so well written and so effective is their *ensemble* that the little player feels himself quite a music-maker. "Pictures from Youth," twelve melodious piano duets, Books I and II, by Arnoldo Sartorio, are picturesque and very attractive. Mrs. Crosby Adams has written "Four Duets for Two Beginners," which are interesting and well adapted to four little hands; also, "Three Piano Duets in Unfamiliar Keys," "The Peter Pan," a black-key study, being especially

good. Francois Grimaldi has written six duets, Op. 120, published separately: "Valse Lente," "Serenade de Pierrot," "Mazurka sans Gène," etc. The "March of the Cadets," by him is spirited, and sure to call forth enthusiasm with its martial rhythm and its band-like effect. "Pierrot's Serenade" is graceful and has a charming melody, with a guitar-like accompaniment. Grimaldi has also written (Op. 53) three pieces for four hands: "Valse Gaie" (C major), "Mazurka Amusante" (G major), which is full of the Mazurka rhythm and spirit, and "En Avante! Marche," in C major, in which the left-hand part should be played by the older pupil—about second grade, while the *primo* part, having both hands in octave relation, is excellent for a beginner. "Little Piano Duets" (Op. 26) by L. E. Orth, are attractive and excellently adapted for two beginners. "Pretty Dancer" is in C major and in waltz rhythm, and is graceful and pretty. "Airs and Graces," in B flat major, is a quaint minuet. "Taking Turns" is in C major; the *primo* part is in octave for the most part; the *secondo* is a trifle more complicated by the presence of an obligato inner part.

One of the best and most interesting collections of duets is "The Pupil's Duet Album," Books I and II (in Schmidt's Educational Series). These range from first to second grade, and I have never seen a more attractive set of easy duets. "Daisies and Buttercups" is a graceful waltz rhythm,—incidentally an excellent phrasing study. "An Evening Song," by Johannes Zeigler, contains work of equal difficulty for the *secondo* part. This piece is melodious and will be sure to prove a favorite. The "Tam-bourine Dance," by Charles Dennée, is, on account of its bizarre *vivace* rhythm, and its changing phrasing, for second or third-grade players. Likewise with the "Harvest Festival," by Max Franke, and "The Gypsies' Camp," by Seymour Smith, a brilliant characteristic piece. Book II is of about third-grade difficulty. In all

of these, but more especially in "The Harlequin," by Lynes and in "Spring's First Message," by Ferdinand Meyer, and in the "Allegro Moderato," by Schytte; the *secondo* part is of considerable difficulty. The "Allegro Moderato" is in *Scherzando* mood, and Bodenhoff's "Rococo" is very melodious, and is equally interesting to both players.

Bodenhoff has also written a set of six piano duets from Op. 7. These are of third-grade difficulty. The "Prelude" in E major, the "Larghetto" in F major, are really *ensemble* music; that is to say, the *secondo* part contains added voices, and is not a mere accompaniment to the *primo* voices. The last piece is a brilliant "Polonaise" in F major; another brilliant duet of about the same difficulty is Krentzlin's "Turkish March," Op. 26. The "Birthday March," by Krentzlin (Op. 20), is much simpler, but very effective. Carl Heins has also written a brilliant characteristic piece, "March of The Tartars," Op. 271, in D major. This piece is of about third-grade difficulty, but its wild rhythm and barbaric effects will make it a novel bit of wild spirit for older players. A "Rustic Dance," by Fritz Renger, Op. 34, No. 3, in E minor, is very well arranged, and the *secondo* part is more than a mere accompaniment. The "Rococo, Gavotte Gracieuse," Op. 366, No. 2, by Carl Bohm, is also in E minor, and this, with its gavotte rhythm give it a quaint piquancy. "Festal Day," by C. F. Hartung, Op. 81, begins with a march rhythm, to be followed by a *cantabile* and lyric part, very attractive.

"Rosetta," a Fantasie-Mazurka, by Carl Bohm, Op. 357, No. 4, is a more extensive duet, and one more successful with players whose efficiency can make its spirit effective. It is in E flat major. "Libussa," a Polonaise by Krentzlin, Op. 39, is in E minor. Its spirited Polish rhythm is relieved by a beautiful *cantabile* part, after which the polonaise resumes. "Three Gipsy Dances," by Emil

Söchting, Op. 63, are Bohemian in spirit and rhythm. These, especially the second, are of real beauty. The mood changes from an *allegretto grazioso* to a wild *con fuoco*, which melts into a mood of tenderness only to go back instantly to the *con fuoco*.

"From Far and Near," a set of five piano duets by Emil Kronke, Op. 66, are much simpler, but very melodious. "Poland," a peasant dance in G minor; "Germany," a song without words, in bright-colored E major, and of folk-song flavor; "Austria," a *valse lente* in B minor, and of marked rhythm and touched with melancholy; "France," a *gavotte ancienne*; "Spain," *L'Andalusienne*, with its suggestion of guitars and castanets,—all of these are duets which will prove entertaining in the home.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has written a charming set of six duets, Op. 47, "Summer Dreams." These are picturesque and suggestive. They are "The Brownies," "Robin Redbreast," "Twilight," "Katydid," "Elfin Tarantelle," and "Good-night." Technically, they are of third-grade difficulty, but they are too poetic and interesting to be merely so classified. They are little pictures and moods which can be enjoyed to the full by mature players. In fact, their beauty needs intelligent interpreters. The "Elfin Tarantelle" suggests the words which appear, "Fairies black, gray, green and white, you moonshine

revellers and shades of night." It is a veritable sprites' dance and wild revelry. The "Good-night" is a tone poem of beautiful suggestiveness. Its tranquil *lento* mood, its night's tolling bells, its dying away into night itself,—all its mood is an effective good-night.

I do not feel, even in the duets suitable for younger minds, and for beginners' technique and hands, that I have mentioned here any which are not suitable for pleasure in the home as well as for development of the pupil. The duets mentioned in the latter part of the article are sure to prove entertaining to players and to listeners. Many of them directly, and all of them indirectly, make toward—all duet playing, in fact, is a making toward the appreciation of *ensemble* music, strictly speaking, and we as a nation need to develop the *sense* of *ensemble* music, the music in which the virtuosity of an individual is subordinate, subservient to the beauty of the message of the whole. We need more of the spirit of musical fellowship, the spirit of music as a real beauty, not necessarily dependent upon the personality of a single ego. I believe that *ensemble* music, fellowship music in the home is a force for good and a step toward musicians and toward genuine musical appreciators. It is upon that rather than upon the presence of a handful of virtuosi artists that the musical status of a nation depends.

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXX

(Continued)

HE started out the door, and 'Gene pressed close at his heels. He wouldn't have stayed alone in that house for a thousand dollars, not even though he feared what was waiting for him in the other house almost as much. Bella had never told him anything about

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the kid, though now he saw in a flash a dozen pictures that should have served as hints. He recalled how busy she had been at her mysterious sewing during the last month. He remembered the look in her eyes the morning he had left—a look which ever since had haunted him because of its unfathomable wistfulness. He recalled half-finished sentences and

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the rings under her eyes and the stoop of her shoulders, which seemed to be supporting some great but unseen burden. But even had he then divined the hidden meaning it would not have meant to him what now the actual arrival did. To a man the long months of preparation mean little. Not until the first thin cry pierces his consciousness does he become a participant. Then the wonder of it crashes down like an avalanche.

There was much of the paternal in 'Gene. He was fond of children, and both tender and sympathetic with them. As he approached the house at Nat's heels, his fear vanished and he walked eagerly. He found himself resenting Nat's assumption of authority over the child. It was he who should be leading the way. For a moment this new spirit made him feel his brother's superior. At the door he stepped forward and preceded him into the house. His feet hadn't crossed the threshold before he heard a sharp cry, broken by his mother's voice.

"There, there, dearie! Sssh!"

Striding forward into the next room, he saw in the corner the old red crib in which he himself had been cradled. His mother was bending over it. Without turning, she called over her shoulder:

"I declare, Nat, it's enough to break a body's heart to hear the poor thing take on. I b'lieve he knows just what's happened."

'Gene grasped the sill.

"It ain't Nat; it's me, mother," he answered.

She turned instantly.

"Goodness gracious, 'Gene, where is Nat?"

"Here I am," the latter answered.

He pushed past 'Gene and made his way to the cradle. As he bent over and patted the little body, two hands were stretched towards him.

"Look at that," exclaimed Mrs. Page. "The poor thing thinks you're his Daddy."

"He's, sure 'nuff, smilin'," grinned Nat, as pleased as though he had accomplished a miracle.

"Then you can tend him while I finish dressin'. But what in the world brings *you* home, 'Gene?"

The words made him feel very much of a stranger. His whole better nature resented the speech.

"Why shouldn't I come?" he demanded.

"To th' fun'ral?"

"Ain't I a right to?"

Nat lifted his head.

"She knew 'bout 'Gene," he explained briefly.

Then the fear returned to 'Gene, and his face went white.

"I met her somewhar an' thought it decent to come 'long."

"Why, so it is," answered Mrs. Page. "It's a pity ye don't know her name."

"I don't see what diff'rence that makes."

He was looking hungrily towards the crib. Nat's broad back shut out every inch of it. He could have flung a chair at the man.

"Well," concluded Mrs. Page, as she hurried out, "I'll try to find a black tie for ye."

He was left in the room feeling like an intruder. He stepped forward resolutely towards the crib with his heart in his mouth. Over Nat's shoulder he caught sight of the tiny thing. For the fraction of a second he had a vision of light downy hair, of blue-gray eyes, of the dimples in his cheeks as he smiled back at Nat. There was a look there he recognized — an expression he had seen in Bella's face when she was at her best. He responded with an impulsive movement as though he meant to take the child from the cradle, but the latter caught sight of his unfamiliar face and expressed fear in a sharp wail. Nat turned as fiercely as though 'Gene had done harm to the boy.

"Get out of here," he commanded.

"Don't ye see you're scarin' him?"

'Gene recoiled, with his fists doubled up. Once again he felt for a second as though, if matters could come to blows then and there, he could master this man. Then, as his brother rose,

he faltered back towards the door, weak and trembling as a man with the fever. In the hall he shot a sharp look over his shoulder, as though fearing Bella might step out of the shadows. He skulked on into the sitting-room, and sinking into a chair remained with his head bowed in his hands until just before two his mother came in with a frayed black tie. He put this on mechanically, and followed the little group into the other house. Nat carried the baby in his arms, Mr. and Mrs. Page followed, and 'Gene brought up in the rear like a dog slinking behind a buggy.

When they entered, Fuller, the undertaker, met them and ushered them to seats before the oaken coffin. It was open, but 'Gene kept his eyes shut. He didn't dare to look. A few moments later the Rev. Elisha Gideon arrived, and still 'Gene kept his eyes closed. His hands were as cold as ice; his forehead was damp. He hadn't seen Gideon since the day he had stood before him with Julie in the parlor of the parsonage. And now the man who had made him the wife of one woman began the funeral services of this other. He made a brief prayer, read a selection from the Bible, and then opening a hymn-book selected a hymn. Without accompaniment he sang the first verse by himself. On the second Flint joined in, followed by Mrs. Page, and finally, as well as they could, by Nat and Tommy. After this he delivered a brief sermon based on the parable of the one lost lamb. He spoke from his heart, for the story of the stranger as told him by Flint had genuinely moved him. He grew eloquent, and soon the little group was weeping.

But 'Gene felt as though some one had him by the throat. He choked and gasped for breath, as the man went on, tortured to his soul. For the first time he realized fully the horror and brutality of what he had done. He too would have wept, had he been able, but the tears stuck half-way until he was in an agony of physical pain.

He heard a final brief prayer:

"O Lord God, Jehovah, we now give over this stranger into thy care in all trust and confidence. We who know little of her save that she sunk under some great burden too heavy for her, consign her to you, who know all. And we beseech your loving care for her and for the little babe she has left behind. Lord God, who art ever kind to strangers and the lone, we ask this in thy name. Amen."

There was a muffled shuffling of feet as the mourners arose. 'Gene too rose. They filed solemnly and slowly about the wooden box and glanced in. He followed blindly, with his eyes tight closed. Then all moved out to the teams, followed by the sound made by the dull thump of the undertaker's hammer as he shut out forever from human sight all that remained on earth of the stranger.

The ride to the cemetery and the brief service at the grave was an eternity of torture for the man. When it was over, he turned away by himself and hurried down the road on foot. He looked back once and saw Nat handing the child over to his mother as she seated herself in the sleigh.

CHAPTER XXXI

A LITTLE CHILD

WITH only one half his timber piled up on the river-bank and with two-thirds of his time gone, Nat found himself facing a crisis involving a possible load of debt that would burden him for years. There was just one way of meeting the notes coming due in the spring, and that was by getting to market sufficient lumber to cover them. He had been unfortunate from the start; much of the pine was more inaccessible than he had figured, the roads had been harder to make and keep clear, for not in ten years had so much snow fallen; and finally both men and horses had suffered from minor accidents which had laid them up from two days to a week at a time. He had

at present his full quota of men; to hire more would be added expense enough to absorb his profits. He had figured closely — too closely, it seemed. But when he had undertaken the contract, it was in a spirit that made all things possible. He had made the agreement after that week in the home of Julie Moulton and under the inspiration of her black eyes. At that moment nothing on earth could balk him of his desires. He could not at that time either see or grasp the meaning of failure in any enterprise tending towards her happiness. For her sake he had wished to make money and conduct a business of his own. He had taken the first opportunity which had offered itself. Had the inspiration remained, he would have succeeded; but it was a different matter with her gone from the partnership. He cared too little about his own personal fortunes to exert himself to the fullest. And his men, catching this mood, had toiled in merely a perfunctory way.

On the Wednesday afternoon of the funeral Nat had driven back to his own house with the baby in his arms. By that instinct which affords the young their sole protection, the child clung to him even in the face of the gentle coaxing of Mrs. Page. Whether it was the feel of his strong arms, the sympathy in his blue eyes, or something deeper and more mystical, only a seer or a poet could answer, but 'Gene, Jr., managed to make his partiality so obvious as to be at first rather confusing to the man.

"Land sakes," exclaimed Mrs. Page when, as they stepped from the sleigh, the youngster refused to leave Nat's arms, "I guess you've put your foot in it now."

Nat's face showed red beneath his tan, but drawing the child closer he bore him into the house. He insisted upon removing bonnet and cloak without assistance, and started for the kitchen to warm up more milk.

"What you goneter do now?" demanded his mother.

"Feed him."

"Heavens — he isn't a little pig. He can't eat all the time. I gave him his milk just before we started."

"Well," he hesitated, "I can get him some, and if he doesn't want it he needn't eat it."

"Come back here and sit down, Nat Page. He'll eat all he can lay his hands on, but I don't intend bein' up half the night with him."

"We've got to fat him up," retorted Nat, reluctantly giving up the idea.

Mrs. Page seated herself in a chair by the fire.

"What I want to know," she began ominously, "is what we're goneter do with him."

"What ye mean?" asked Nat in surprise.

"I suppose, long's we can't find any of his folks, he belongs to the town," she explained.

Nat caught his breath.

"Ye don't mean that, mother?" he said.

"It's certain that at my age I can't bring up another family — leastways a stranger's family," she answered.

"No one's asked ye to, has there?" he answered aggressively.

"Then who do you think —"

"I reckon we can look after the kid right where he is," he interrupted.

"Be you mad?"

"I reckon two men and a boy is enough to look after a feller who isn't knee high to a grasshopper."

The kid in question grinned his approval.

"We ain't goin' to bother no one," continued Nat. "I reckon long's there's wood on Eagle we can keep him warm, and long's there's a cow in the State of Maine we can keep him fed. The kid was brought here, and here he stays until some one shows a better right to him than I've got."

"Well, of all the fool notions ever I heern tell of, that's the foolishhest," exclaimed Mrs. Page. "Do you think for one minute I'd leave that poor lone infant here alone with a couple fool men?"

"Thet's just what ye're goin' to do," answered Nat uncompromisingly.

"To say nothin' of lettin' you kill the precious lambkin, don't you know you'd have the whole neighborhood talkin' about you?"

Nat rose to his feet. He stood flat-footed and square-shouldered before his mother.

"This kid is goin' to stay here," he said. "But there's one thing I'm goin' to do; if there's a law in the land that will let me, I'm goin' to change his name?" An' if there ain't no law that'll let me, I'm goin' to change it just the same."

"What's the trouble with his name?" she demanded.

"I don't like it," he answered.

Mrs. Page didn't let the matter rest there, but though she talked at him until the moment he left the next morning, her words had no perceptible effect upon him.

"He's stubborn's a mule about it," she informed her husband. "So I s'pose the best thing I can do is to see they don't stuff the precious dear to death."

The new interest sent Nat back to camp with fresh zeal. It gave him some objective, some goal outside himself, upon which to spend his energy. He had hoped to find this in his handling of 'Gene, but though he now had no intention of relaxing his efforts in this direction, he had learned that they did nothing but add fuel to his love for Julie. If he had hoped at first that his motive was unselfish, he had since learned that it was not. He sought her happiness, but his own was so involved with hers that in the end it became his. 'Gene was a mere instrument. He would have struck down 'Gene as quicky as he would lift him up, had he thought the former course would have made for her greater contentment. He had found himself taking less and less interest in the man himself, growing more and more impersonal towards him. And as this worked out, he found himself doing whatever he did for her sake alone. For the meanwhile his love for her grew with the task, and having nothing upon which to

feed, fed upon himself, burning him hollow.

So until now, he had lived through each week with no other joy in prospect than the walk back to St. Croix on Saturday. The sight of the house in which she lived was all the reward he asked in return for six days of hard work. That wasn't much for a man to live for; it was n't much to make a man work for. But it was all he had left in life until this new interest turned up. He used to rise early on Saturday morning with his lips dry in a fever of anticipation, for on that day he allowed his thoughts to run riot. With 'Gene by his side, with 'Gene moving ever nearer to her, he felt he could do this safely. There seemed nothing disloyal in this because he offset it by bringing her man home to her. For the license of those few hours he paid in full and paid bravely, and when it was over he cleared his brain of her as well as he was able until the next week. But while he was fighting the snow and the heavy miles of road, he lived over every minute of her that was fairly his, up to the moment that Foley had met him on the road and given him the news. There was not much even then—the night on the mountain top, the week when he had lain sick in her house, and a half-dozen moments after that—but always the memory of those things left him saner and steadier.

When on the morning after the funeral he strode into camp it wasn't an hour before the crew noticed a change in him. In the first snappy decisive half-dozen orders they knew that a master mind had grasped the loose end of the tangle of work with a steady hand. Instead of taking an axe and joining them merely as another workman, distinguished only by the almost inhuman amount of physical work of which he was capable, he became in reality the boss which until now he had been only in name. He stood among the cutters and outlined a campaign that doubled their work: he followed the teams down the road

and straightened out obstacles that had hectored their progress from the first snowfall; he was here, there, and everywhere, with a clear eye and a quiet voice, which in a week organized the crew into a smooth-running machine of double its former power.

There was a change, too, in 'Gene — an even more significant change. He had left the snow-covered cemetery that afternoon with the picture of Nat and the child the most significant feature of the whole tragedy. Stumbling off by himself, he had made his way back to St. Croix in a jealous rage that overshadowed every other episode in his life. Not even his first passion for Julie approached it in intensity. This new emotion was both deeper and cleaner. It sprang from the best in him. He spoke scarcely a half-dozen words to his wife the evening he unexpectedly appeared, and rose in the morning and stole out for camp with the house still asleep. In the meanwhile he had matured a plan that in itself promised better things for him. The child was his, blood of his blood, bone of his bone. The realization of this went to the core of him, and roused him as nothing before had ever been able to do. The child was his by every right, and on the climb up Eagle that cold morning he made up his mind that the child should in reality be his. This determination did not come in a mad frenzy, but in the cool afterthought of that frenzy. He knew what it involved — nothing short of that physical conquering of Nat which until this moment had appeared an utter impossibility. He could n't defeat him for the sake of Julie, but for the sake of the kid — Good Lord! the man should see in the end. It wasn't to be done in a day or a week, but by the end of the winter it might be possible. He felt his muscles swell and his chest expand at the very thought. He walked into the mess shack that morning a new man.

Most of the crew were as keen to note the change in him as in Nat. They let him alone even to the point of keeping aloof from him. So for a

month he swung his axe from morning to night undisturbed, and because life now had some meaning sound for him he slept better at night and ate better and from day to day grew stronger and hardier. He knew this because on the walks back home he found himself able to keep pace with Nat, and because every Sunday in the privacy of the big barn he tested his strength.

And in the house on the crest of Hio Hill the little child who was the cause of all these changes grew apace and cooed contentedly in his new surroundings.

CHAPTER XXXII

JULIE PAYS A VISIT

JULIE heard the report of the new arrival at the Page house and heard the inevitable gossip which spread in connection with it. To the first she listened with excited admiration for the man, but she tried not to hear the other tales. She knew, what the others did not know, that Nat Page needed no other motive than the inspiration of his big kindly heart to do what he had done. When she heard that he had legally adopted the child and given it his name, she replied indignantly to the further insinuations which followed. And finally, as the rumors continued to grow still more vicious and she learned that the house on the crest of the hill, which for the first week or two had been the center of many curious guests, was now being shunned, she determined upon an even more radical course to prove her confidence in the man.

"Father," she said one Wednesday morning, "I want you to drive me over to Hio to-day."

"What for?" he asked in mild surprise.

"I — I've made a few little things for Nat's baby," she answered.

He looked at her curiously a moment and then answered:

"All right, girl. We'll start right after breakfast."

She placed her hands upon her father's shoulders.

"Of course you've heard," she faltered, "but you don't believe — do you?"

"I don't believe nothin' but the square thing of Nat — if that's what ye mean."

"Then," she asked, almost with a plea, "why do they say all those nasty things about him?"

"Because they're nasty themselves — every mother's son of them," he growled. "You get on your things and we'll go over there. The ride'll do you good."

But she knew the ride wouldn't do her good. She dreaded the ordeal with a curious amount of feeling about the house on the crest of the hill. She had never returned to Hio since her marriage; never seen the house since that Saturday morning she had left. Though Nat had gone ahead stubbornly in the face of her warning, she had never been able to shake off an intensely personal attitude towards the structure. She remembered the pride in his eyes when he had first shown it to her, the tender eagerness with which he had cared for it all the fall, his disappointment at her refusal to go to the auction with him. It had been, of course, absurd for him to expect her to go. Any one else but Nat would have realized the impropriety. In this, as in everything else, he was to blame for his own willfulness, and yet though she saw this clearly enough, she had never been fully able to make herself feel his blame. She could put the facts into words and defend them with sound argument, but this was all, even as the wife of another man, that she had been able to do. When all was said and done, this wasn't much when the mere thought of entering the doors confused and excited her,

bringing her heart to her throat and the blood to her cheeks.

More than once she had envied both Tommy and his father their sex, which allowed them the privilege of this asylum. Had she been a boy, she too would have applied there, for of late 'Gene had destroyed to her utterly the meaning of home even by the side of her father and mother. For them also he had destroyed the meaning of home. Merely his right to come had done that, even though he availed himself of it only two days in seven. It turned the place into a public inn. It was as though the world at large had the privilege of invading the sanctity and seclusion of this roof, for 'Gene was to-day as much of an outsider there as when he had first crossed the threshold with his bride. There were fewer scenes now, but this betokened nothing but better control on the part of every one. There was no peace, merely neutrality.

Mrs. Moulton was to spend the day with a neighbor, and advised them not to return until the following afternoon unless the weather was fair.

"Perhaps you can help Mrs. Page with some sewing for the child," she told her daughter at parting. "I'm sure it must be pretty hard for her."

"I'll see," answered Julie with a nod.

It was six months ago that she had ridden over this same road with Nat by her side where now her father sat. To her it seemed six years ago except for the vividness with which she found herself remembering the details of that uncomfortable three hours. Much had gone from her since that time — much that would never again be hers.

It was a very sober world that confronted her now — a world with no spring and containing little of brave adventure. She no longer thrilled

with the magic of the sheer golden-blue day-sky; with the mystic call of the star-pricked night-sky. Birds, flowers, music—all the gladsome things of a light heart had vanished. Morning after morning she awoke to find her sky a sober gray. So it remained all day until at night it changed to an inky black. And there was no longer any brave land over the horizon line. Rio de Janeiro was only a name, a name at which she shuddered.

She reached the foot of Hio Hill and passed the little red schoolhouse with only a pang in her heart, but from that point on her thoughts took a new turn, and she began to look forward with some excitement to what lay ahead of her. When she came within sight of the house on the crest, she saw smoke curling from the chimney, and this was like an extended hand of welcome to her.

She stepped from the sleigh here, while Silas went on to the other house to put up his horse. She found herself at the door with her breath coming short. She stood there for a moment before knocking, and gazed across the deep white valley below and to Eagle Mountain beyond. In the clear winter air the latter looked very near. She felt as though a man with strong eyes might be able to see her from its summit. She shrank back and timidly knocked. Tommy answered the door and gave a glad shout of surprise at sight of her.

"Gee, Miss Moulton, have you come back?" he cried.

"Only for a visit, Tommy," she answered.

But the boy's words haunted her. She felt almost as though she had come back, as though she had returned from some dreary, long journey.

"Aren't yer comin' in?" he asked, as she still stood on the threshold in something of a daze.

"I—I came over to see the baby," she explained.

"The kid? Ye're just in time. He's just woke up."

"Is Mrs. Page with him?"

"Naw. Dad an' me's mindin' him. Come on."

She entered the door, and he led the way to the big room. She recognized all the furnishings. They were just as he had talked them over with her. In the living-room stood even the big clock with the parrot painted upon it. Flint was before the fire, sprawled out on the floor in front of a little bundle of white clothes. She motioned Tommy to remain silent and for a moment watched the picture.

She didn't see the child's face at first, but when finally the little thing turned in her direction she gave a start. The resemblance to Nat was even more marked than it had been described to her. As she saw the light hair, the blue eyes, and the thin mouth, she felt the blood rush to her cheeks. More even than the facial resemblance there was something else, something deeper, that left room for scarcely a reasonable doubt. She was clutched by an impulse to turn and run from the house, but at that moment the child caught sight of her and greeted her with a smile, a smile that filled her with infinite pity. She quickly crossed to Flint's side and knelt before the waif.

"Poor little thing!" she called.

"Ain't nothin' poor 'bout him," Flint corrected her, with some feeling.

"I—I didn't mean that he didn't have enough to eat," apologized Julie. "But it seems so hard for him to be left alone."

"Alone? Who's alone?" Flint bristled up. "Ain't he gut Tommy and me? Ain't he gut Nat?"

Julie glanced uneasily over her shoulder.

"Of course he isn't at home?" she asked.

"I bet he wishes he was," answered Flint. "Ye can't git him outer the house from Saturday night till Monday mornin'."

She sat down by the side of Flint and took the child in her arms.

"His name is Nat," Flint informed her.

"He isn't old enough for a name," laughed Julie.

"It's a good thing to have a name," said Flint. "*She* would have been better off if she'd had one."

Julie shuddered.

"Right thar in that room she died," explained Flint with a nod towards the corner. "It was mighty hard for her to leave the kid."

The chubby hands were fumbling about Julie's neck. The touch of them sent a warm thrill through her.

"The pity of it," answered Julie.

"Right," answered Flint. "An' the luck of it for the man who left her. I'd hate to be him and run foul of Nat."

The girl met Flint's eyes for a second. There was no vestige of suspicion there. She felt ashamed of herself. It was almost like accusing this child in arms of wrong to accuse Nat. And after all, what did it greatly matter? The point was that here was a new being who had come into the world by whatever means dependent upon the trust and kindness of those who had been here much longer. She placed the child on the rug and rose with an air of authority.

"I've come over to see if there isn't anything I can do to help you with him," she announced.

"With Nat?"

"With this Nat," she replied, stooping to kiss the child.

"Do we need any help, Tommy?" inquired Flint.

"What for?" demanded Tommy.

"Now look here — you two," broke in Julie. "You don't think you can bring up this child all by yourselves, do you?"

"I reckon," nodded Flint; "Nat and us."

"Well, you can't," she assured them. "Now where are his clothes?"

"Mrs. Page does those," said Tommy.

"Well, I'm going to help her from now on. Besides, you don't want to be piggy about the baby, do you?"

Flint bristled up.

"We don't want no charity, neither."

"Charity?" laughed Julie. "Do

you think any one would call it charity to have the chance to care for such a dear little mite as — as Nat?"

"Didn't know," answered Flint. "But if ye don't mean it that way I'll show ye where we keep his things."

He led the way to an old highboy, one of the purchases at the Lovell auction. She remembered that Nat had spoken to her of this and asked her if it would be useful in the new home. She had refused to answer him, but he had added:

"I'll get it anyhow. It will come in handy for your things."

Dear, stubborn Nat! He shouldn't have talked as he did or acted as he did, but the sight of the beautiful old piece of mahogany brought the mist to her eyes. She felt as familiar with it as though it had come out of her own room. Queer how much like home this whole house seemed!

Flint pulled open one of the drawers and stood back with the air of a satisfied showman. Well he might, for the outfit that stood revealed was worthy of a young prince. Julie stared at the delicate linen in astonishment.

"You don't mean to say Mrs. Page made all those things?" she demanded.

"She doesn't do nothin' but iron them," answered Flint.

"Then where —"

But Flint interrupted her by opening a second drawer. This also was filled.

"Well?" she demanded.

"He bought 'em."

"But where in the world —"

"Boston. Sent for 'em."

"Told 'em to send along fifty dollars' worth of kid's clothing," Tommy further explained.

Julie scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, but she felt decidedly like doing one of the two. She turned away with an exclamation of pitiful regret.

"Then there's nothing for me to do!"

Flint glanced at the Grandfather's clock and then back at the girl. He hesitated a moment, studying her with grave deliberation before reaching his decision. Then, apparently satis-

fied by what he read in her eyes, he said:

"Maybe now he wouldn't care if we let you feed him once, eh, Tommy? It's most time."

"I reckon he wouldn't care for once," Tommy backed him up.

"You're very, very good," laughed Julie with a little break in her voice.

"But you're sure he wouldn't mind?"

"Not for once," Tommy assured her.

Then Julie stood by and watched a most solemn and impressive ceremony. Flint, with Tommy by his side to watch every move, went down cellar and brought up a bottle of milk. With the air of chemists measuring to the fraction of drams, they poured into a second bottle exactly six ounces of milk. Tommy then went into the kitchen and returned with a dipper of boiling-hot water. They placed the second bottle in this, and watched the result as though expecting a spectacular reaction. At the end of five minutes there was another council of war as to whether the proper temperature had been reached. In this Nat, Jr., joined with very decided opinions that it was all right.

"Taste of it, Tommy," advised Flint.

Tommy touched the milk to his lips.

"A leetle longer," Tommy determined, at which announcement Nat, Jr., entered a protest in no uncertain language. Julie swooped down upon him and held him to her breast.

"There, there, dearie," she cooed. "You shall have it in a minute. It's a shame for them to tantalize you so."

She walked the floor with him until all was ready, and then was allowed the great honor of presenting his majesty with the bottle, while Flint and Tommy stood each side of her to make sure she did it properly. As a matter of fact, however, Nat, Jr., proved himself perfectly capable of managing the subsequent proceedings without either advice or assistance from any of them. In the midst of it

Mrs. Page and Mr. Moulton entered, and joined the admiring group with as much interest as though even to them the process were a new miracle of nature.

Mrs. Page greeted Julie affectionately, but more as a welcome friend than a daughter-in-law. She had never been able to grasp the fact of 'Gene's marriage. It had come to her as such a surprise, and she had seen so little either of the girl or her son since then, that she accepted it more as a well-founded report than an established fact.

"I'm glad to see you over here, Julie," she said, as though the latter's presence were a cause for some surprise.

"I knew the child had your care or I'd have come before," answered Julie.

"My care?" returned Mrs. Page. "Lord sakes, it's as much as ever Tommy will let me in the door."

Tommy looked away guiltily. Flint spoke up.

"Nat says visitors is perfectly welcome."

"Visitors?" snorted Mrs. Page.

"Hear that? He makes out his own mother to be a visitor. And 'tain't as though the child was his own, either."

"Perhaps that's the reason for it," answered Julie uneasily.

"There ain't no reason for it," declared Mrs. Page. "I s'pose you've heard all the stories goin' round?"

"Yes," admitted Julie.

"The people who started them ought to be put in jail," growled Moulton.

"Then you'd have to put the whole neighborhood in jail," answered Mrs. Page. "But I s'pose you have to expect sech things when a man makes sech a fool over a young un as Nat has made of this one."

The boy having finished his meal, Mrs. Page grabbed him from Julie's arms and proceeded to make about as big a fool over him with her senseless nothings as it was well possible for any one to do.

(To be Continued)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY

1914

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THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO.
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Beautiful New England

MID-WINTER

MID-WINTER brings to our fortunate northern country an added beauty as real as that which comes with the first tender green of Spring. Frost and snow and ice conceal the brown earth and withered grasses and cause the trees to put forth a new kind of fairy leafage. The streams glisten like polished steel, and the blue of the sky is a far, far-away blue of wonderful purity.

Better, far better than all this, the invigorating air gives a leap and bound to the pulse, and such a quickening of every sensibility of life, that we are newly awakened to the beauty that surrounds us. And to the soul thus touched and rendered alive, Nature has a wondrous story to unfold. Fortunate the man whose duties or opportunities include an experience of a New England Mid-winter.



AMONG THE AROMATIC
PINES OF A NEW
ENGLAND
FOREST

NO, THIS IS NOT ALASKA,
IT IS NEW ENGLAND





otograph by courtesy of AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

A BEAUTIFUL FIELD OF UNBROKEN SNOW



A NEW ENGLAND WINTER LANDSCAPE



BENJ. THOMPSON
ONE OF THE EARLY MAKERS OF NEW ENGLAND

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. L

JANUARY, 1914

NUMBER V

WHITE MOUNTAIN WILD FLOWERS

By Albert Hanford Moore

For a number of years I have spent part of every summer among the White Mountains. Being a botanist I was naturally interested in the study of the flowers and plants which grow there. My friends often urged me to place some of the store of knowledge thus acquired at their disposal in the form of a popular book, by which they could learn to recognize the commoner plants. Lack of time and the press of other duties have so far prevented this, but it has occurred to me that a brief account of some of the more noteworthy ones would not be without interest. In doing this no attempt at exhaustiveness or consistency has been made, so I warn the reader who is expecting it that he is going to be disappointed. This is neither the time nor the place for a dry list or a detailed treatise.

The plants which I have chosen are interesting because of their scarcity, their unusual distribution, or their natural charm, or for some similar reason, or again they are common in that region, but so unfamiliar to most of us that the question is frequently asked what they may be. Most of them belong to the alpine regions, so-called, that is, they are found on the summits or not below a certain approximate level, and generally among the rocks of the exposed ridges or in the ravines. All winter, and often well on into the summer, sometimes as late as the latter part of June, in some of the ravines, they are covered with ice and snow, and during the summer, especially at night, they are exposed to cold, often, also, to wet fogs and fierce winds, varying from 30 to 80, and even rarely to more than 100 miles an hour. In winter the winds may be even stronger, not infrequently 100 to 150 miles an hour. The highest wind ever recorded on the earth's surface, according to statistics obtained by the United States Signal Service on the summit of Mount Washington, attained the surprising velocity of 186 miles an hour.

In ascending one of the mountains, as the wayfarer approaches the region where these inclement conditions prevail, the trees begin gradually to become smaller and smaller, and more gnarled and twisted where they have suffered from the storms of winter, the branches, and even the needles, of firs and spruces becoming stiffer and more rigid. The wood of these forest heroes is almost like iron. I have more than once seen a good axe chipped and ruined in the effort to cut firewood from one of them. Suddenly, however, when the trees are only a little higher than a man, or in some places when only breast-high, there is an abrupt change, beyond which the trees look as if a branch had fallen to the ground and was lying in the direction of the prevailing winds. Finally they become entirely prostrate, almost as though they were creepers. It is mainly firs

and spruces, but also birches, which are so affected. There is, besides, a northern birch that differs in one or two minor details from it. The abrupt line referred to is called the timber-line or tree-line, neither of which names is a good one, for timber ceases far below it, and trees, identical except in size and method of growth, occur beyond it. The dwarf trees are termed scrub.

We are now in a strange land. Only the hardier and more venturesome of our familiar plants are able successfully to cope with the hard conditions. One might expect in the rugged climate, and on the rockiest and barrenest of soils, that this would be a land without flowers, but not so. True, many of the plants are comparatively scarce, some exceedingly rare—their haunts known only to the favored few—but others are common and striking, though nearly all are small. Early June is the best time on the exposed slopes—later July and early August in the ravines.

Among the showiest, as well as most abundant, are the Labrador Tea and the Mountain Sandwort. Great stretches are dotted white with these plants. The Labrador Tea is a plant of cold bogs extending as far south in New England as Connecticut, and even occurring in Pennsylvania. It is a rare plant, however, southward. North of the White Mountains, it becomes commoner and commoner. Like a number of other plants of cold bogs, it grows on the dry mountain slopes, contenting itself with the cold fog instead. I mention this merely to illustrate one type of distribution which these plants exhibit. The Labrador Tea is a low shrub, with leaves whose edges are turned under, partly protecting the lower surface, which, so far as it is exposed, has a close mat of soft, brown woolly hairs. It flowers abundantly, the small blossoms being borne in rounded head-like clusters. The leaves have a peculiar aromatic odor and flavor. It grows among the rocks, and can be seen from afar against the sombre grays of the enormous rock piles. The Mountain Sandwort illustrates a second type of distribution. It grows in Greenland and Labrador, on various of the mountains of New England and New York, and in the higher Alleghanies as far as North Carolina. By a singular exception, it is found, also, at Middletown, Conn. It forms little tufts of light green, tiny-leaved plants, literally covered with five-petaled flowers, and always producing many buds ready to replace the blossoms as fast as they drop. It grows among the rocks, especially where they have disintegrated a little, and in many places is exceedingly abundant. This little plant is certainly one of Nature's most charming works.

Everything here is in miniature. There is an alpine willow which creeps over the ground, here and there a stiff little cone-shaped catkin lifting its head above the dense mat of shiny green leaves. These catkins are brownish in early summer, becoming rosy and dotted with small white tufts later on. Unlike the other dwarf trees we spoke of, it never grows any larger. Still less like a willow, as we generally see them, is one which is found outside of Arctic America only on Mount Katahdin and Mount Washington. Its leaves are larger, almost round, and rather scattered on the branches. An arctic-alpine birch occurs, which might be confused with it, but the leaves are a little smaller and close together. An alpine Rhododendron, like the willows, prostrate, and forming broad patches, is called the Lapland Rose Bay. Its flowers are tiny and purple. The so-called Alpine Azalea, which is not a true Azalea, but a near relative, forms dense mats of minute, shiny green leaves, with the dearest, teeny little rose-colored flowers in clusters of two to five. Another very interesting plant is a miniature Goldenrod.

A dwarf plant very commonly met with, which is mistaken for a blueberry, but is only a relative, is known as the Bog Bilberry. It has light blue berries, of a slightly sour taste, not disagreeable at all, yet not comparable to our blueberry, and rounded leaves which take on a very beautiful purple or red tone in the Autumn. There is a true blueberry, however, with exceedingly narrow leaves. We are used to shiny black berries like the huckleberry, but one grows here which is of a dull black, appropriately called crowberry. It is not a true berry, for it has a little stone in the middle. The fruit snaps when bitten, and has a pungent taste. An account of the fruit department would not be complete without mention of the Mountain Cranberry. This, like all the others, hugs the ground closely. Its leaves are thick and stiff, not at all like those of the bog cranberry, so dear to our hearts at Thanksgiving time. The fruit also is round and hard. When raw, it is very sour like our cranberries; when cooked, however, it is quite different, but delicious, for the most part lacking the slight bitterness of the latter. Those who have traveled abroad will be very familiar with the *Kronsbeeren* or *Preisselbeeren* of the German bills of fare. The flavor of the Mountain Cranberry is about the same, as it is only a more prostrate variety of the European cranberry. It is excellent cooked with rice mush, in lieu of raisins. The flowers are a light pink, much resembling those of the common cranberry.

One frequently comes upon a curious plant, forming hard tufts, shaped exactly like pincushions, which blossoms in the latter part of June and has white flowers. Among the commonest blossoms, continuing well through the Summer, is the Three-leaved or Three-toothed Cinquefoil—a contradiction in terms. Unlike the little Cinquefoil of our lawns, it grows erect, having three leaflets and two or three large white, instead of yellow flowers. Much more like the Common Cinquefoil is one forming round clumps three or four inches across, which grows on a flat, gravelly area, at the foot of one of the peaks, and is found nowhere else in the world, although it has a sister on the other side of the water. Another plant of the same family (the Rose Family) is the Alpine Avens, also of very restricted range, being found only on exposed slopes in Maine and above the tree-line in the White Mountains. A few stragglers are also met with at one or two points in the valley. I am frequently asked what the plant that looks like a buttercup is. The flowers are a bright yellow, much larger than those of a buttercup, while the big round, almost undivided leaves, are totally different.

One of the most attractive of the plants is the Hare's Tail. It is also a plant of Labrador and Alaska, extending southward on high mountains and in cold bogs. On the White Mountains it is found in swampy spots about the alpine lakes. An alpine lake in the White Mountains might be defined as a body of water too small to be called a pond. The flowers are inconspicuous, but in late June, when the Labrador Tea and Alpine Sandwort are in their full glory, the Hare's Tail is in fruit, bearing at the tops of the slender, wiry stems, a white cottony ball, which waves gently to and fro in the breeze. It is closely related to the Cotton Grass of our lowland meadows, which it considerably resembles.

Close to the home of the Cinquefoil, which is known only from the White Mountains, grows one of the smallest flowering plants in the world. It grows about an inch high and bears two or three baby blossoms, almost white, with purplish veins and a yellow eye. It is a kind of Eyebright. So minute is it, that it is overtopped even by creeping and

prostrate plants, and can be found only by a long search on hands and knees. It is known from this small area and from Mount Katahdin, but from nowhere else in the world. It has a sister with brownish-purple flowers and deeper colored veins, known absolutely only from the east side of the peak of Mount Washington.

But the real fairyland of flowers is Tuckerman's Ravine, also scenically the most famous, and without doubt, the most beautiful of the ravines. Magnificent is the only word which really describes it—its great rock walls glistening with moisture, and in many places tiny streamlets trickling down it, at one place combined into a mist or veil of water, poetically named the Fall of a Thousand Streams. The term ravine in the White Mountains is restricted to that type of valley, known to geologists as a cirque, probably nowhere reaching a higher state of perfection than in the hard gneiss—that is, a granite which has undergone certain changes, as a result of being subjected to great pressure, and consequently to great heat, by the deposition of layers of a softer rock above, which was subsequently worn away, exposing the original surface once more—out of which the cirque is, in this case, modeled. The ordinary valley is V-shaped, that is, it grows gradually narrower up stream, and while it may be very steep and have cliffs and waterfalls in places, it does not have a perpendicular or nearly perpendicular headwall, so-called, as does the cirque. It is on the floor of this sort of a roofless room, and primarily on the headwall, where Nature has lavished her riches. In the corner, and here and there in other places, the headwall is not so steep, because of slides of rock and gravel from above. Here the plants can find a foothold.

In July and August this otherwise bleak spot is turned into a veritable flower garden. On the floor, the most conspicuous vegetation is composed of breast-high willows and alders. The prettiest of the former have the leaves silvery beneath, presenting a lovely appearance in the sunlight when they are stirred by a passing breeze. Mixed with it is another one, whose leaves are only slightly paler beneath than above. Both are arctic willows, which extend southward to the highest mountains of Quebec, Maine, and New Hampshire (the latter also to Vermont). The alder is readily recognizable as such, but has smaller leaves, downy underneath. In August and September a beautiful, large-flowered blue Aster, at home also in Labrador and Newfoundland, is found amongst them.

(Continued on page 469)

EVENING

By SHEILA PARKER

A red-gold sunset flushes all the sky,—
 Sunrise or sunset, either, who could tell,
 Save that the close of day is drawing nigh?
 The red-gold sunrise filled the sky as well.

So Love's great glow, or coming soon or late,
 Floods a whole life with its own rosy flush,
 Youths' morning sky foretells a promise great;
 A richer glory fills life's sunset hush.



WINTER SPORTS IN MAINE





WINTER SPORTS IN
MAINE



WINTER IN THE HILLS



BREAKING OUT THE ROADS



IN THE SILENT PLACES

(Continued from page 464)

Emerging from the thicket to the foot of the headwall, in July and to a less extent in August, a most charming picture greets the eye. The most conspicuous thing is countless patches of Innocents, differing from our common Innocent or Bluet in the somewhat larger flowers, which are always pure white, contrasting with the bright yellow eye—a never-failing source of delight to the visitor. It is also found in other places above timber-line in the White Mountains, but nowhere so abundantly, never having been discovered outside of them. Occasional smaller flowered white Innocents are seen in other regions, but in Tuckerman's Ravine they are never bluish while in their prime. Another of the choice things is a plant forming clumps a foot or more in diameter, bearing at the summit of the stems flowers which are completely concealed by a cup of greenish-white leaves, many of them shading off at the tips into delicate tints of rose and salmon.

Three of the striking plants of this ravine, which are often described, are not alpine, but seem to find conditions well-suited to their growth. One is the Cow Parsnip, with flat white heads of flowers (like very large heads, or umbels as they are technically termed, of the Wild Carrot, Queen Anne's Lace, or Bird's Nest, as it is variously called, of our fields and meadows). Another is a relative, called Angelica, which has quite globular heads of greenish flowers and purple stems. And, finally, the False Hellebore of our marshes, with its green flowers, dotted with the tiny yellow heads of the stamens. It is singular that this last plant, so common in most parts of New England, is here very abundant in all wet places on the high slopes, but apparently absent from the adjoining valleys. I have been asked what a flower was that looked like a very big specimen of the Lady's Tresses. This is one of the Habenarias or Fringed Orchids—and therefore of the same family as the Lady's Tresses—which bears a tall spike of white flowers. It, also, is not strictly alpine.

A dainty little blue flower, the blossoms never fully opening, is an alpine Speedwell. Probably most are acquainted with the valuable hay grass, Timothy. There grows in Tuckerman's Ravine, a dear little sister of it, the tips of the heads usually with a purplish red spot.

When one knows how many of the plants about him are at home in the colder regions of the North, and perhaps feels some of the icy winds which seem equally at home there, one truly feels himself transported into an unknown country. A number of the Latin scientific names are reminders of this fact. Thus the Mountain Sandwort is called *Arenaria groenlandica*, the pincushion-like plant is called *Diapensia lapponica* (meaning of Lapland), the flower of Tuckerman's Ravine which is surrounded by a cup of greenish, tinted leaves, bears the long name *Castilleja pallida* var. *septentrionalis* (the last signifying northern), the Speedwell is known as *Veronica alpina* var. *unalaschensis* (reminding one that it is a variety of an Asiatic alpine plant, which was first discovered on the Island of Unalaska or Unalashka, one of the Aleutian Archipelago). Still others, like the dwarf Timothy, are named for their fondness for high mountains, *Phleum alpinum*, etc.

Before leaving the White Mountain wild flowers entirely, a word or two on four woodland plants, which are so often seen that their names are very frequently asked for, will not be out of place. One is a Wood Sorrel which is common in mossy places, having much larger leaves than the little garden weed known to us by that name, and

at the same time much larger white flowers, striped with rose-colored or purple veins. A stretch of mossy woods with an abundance of these flowers, which bloom all through the Summer, is very pretty. The second is a plant with two or three broad, shiny, oval leaves, which lie on the ground and from between which a stalk comes up, bearing a few straw-colored, bell-shaped flowers in the Spring, and in the Summer two to four or five blue berries reputed to be poisonous. One of Nature's little darlings is the Creeping Snowberry, which grows just as close to the ground as it can, rather infrequently producing perfectly egg-shaped, snow-white berries having a mild flavor of wintergreen; and, finally, perhaps the dearest and daintiest of all flowers is the Twinflower or *Linnaea* (the botanical name being in honor of the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus, the founder of the modern science of botany). This is also a creeping plant, from the runners of which numerous slender stalks grow, each with a pair of tiny bells of the tenderest purplish-rose. (Really they are white, tinged and striped with rose, but this does not appear at a glance.) All four of them are found far southward, but are, for the most part, especially in Massachusetts, quite rare. In the northern woods of New England and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, as well as farther north, they are everywhere.

I could and fain would linger longer to speak of more of the plant treasures of our alpine areas and White Mountain woods, but then I should be writing a book, and that was what I promised not to do.

PULE ANAANA

or

"Praying to Death" on Hawaii.

Charles Fessenden Nicholls

Until close upon the present decade, and long after spiritual enlightenment had pervaded Hawaii Nei, the Report of the Board of Health at Honolulu seldom lacked this item: Eight, ten, or more deaths throughout the island territory—"unattended."

An item quite commonplace, it might seem, and no one at Honolulu wondered, but everybody knew that a certain proportion, perhaps half, of these people "unattended" by a regular physician, were victims of the death-socery or incantation *Pule anaana*. Just so many persons, natives, had been found "prayed to death," somewhere in town or outland, in house or hut or cave, or fleeing terrified in boat or canoe (*waa*), vainly seeking asylum from an old woman's prayer, while missions, and the Law, and modern clothes and medicines were unavailing, for the mind of a native of the Sandwich Islands is liable to be "its own place" and *Pule anaana* still slyly triumphs in the heartingles of many of our citizens.

Lacking serpents, these fair islands have produced the witch-doctor (*kahuna-anaana*), with rattle (*naheke*), hypnotic fascination, secreted poison, and the power of death.

If we except the awful details of the erewhile child murder, where a native father was known to break his child's back for the sake of annoying the mother, there has been no darker outgrowth of savagery than the *anaana*. This power of "praying" any person to death, even his chief or the kind, gave to *kahuna-anaana* an influence outlasting the

force of arms, among all the tribes of Polynesia. Originating in part as a jealousy between priest and warrior-chief, there was finally collusion, and priests and chiefs were united in their control of the mass of the natives. Vancouver and Cook found the *anaana* to be an ancient establishment. When human victims were needed by the priests for sacrifice, they were selected from among the king's enemies, and then, one good turn would deserve another!

The earlier processes of praying to death were as follows: "Any native whose goods were desired, or who might otherwise have given cause of offense, summoned by *anaana*, instantly suspended his avocation" and, hastening to the *hahuna*, crouched in abject submission to his will, until death took place, usually in a few hours, and apparently from exhaustion.

A *hahuna-anaana* capable of exerting this power could have his services secured (like a hired assassin's) by gifts of white fowls, brown hogs, woolly dogs, etc. Death was almost certain to follow the machinations of a *hahuna* of approved power, unless his dupe could soon secure the intervention of a *hahuna* of higher rank, usually one of greater age.

Frequently a *hahuna* repaired in person to the abode of his victim and placed himself in the presence of the man, thereupon muttering incantations and prayers. The *hahuna's* own favorite god was addressed and also such *aumahuas* and deities as were supposed to have been offended by the victim, "who sits quietly before his antagonist, takes no food and but little drink, and dies in a few days."

If the proposed victim were a chief, or a person living at a distance, the effort was to secure some tissue or secretion of the body; here the saliva was of especial service. "Unimpeachable, in truth, must be the character of the royal spittoon bearer, to this day an office of dignity in the farther isles of the Pacific."

All the "divinity that doth hedge a king" must prove of slight avail if speck or slightest trace of the kingly spittle fall into possession of any sorcerer ready for regicide. A nail-paring, a hair, or a tooth would also be favored (as in clairvoyance) by any businesslike *hahuna* who could warrant a result. "The *hahuna* seems to deify this material, which he then addresses as an idol or fetich, praying it to destroy the life of the patient."

It is obvious that the dread of death and the expectation of it, which seize upon this race when approached by *anaana*, chiefly explain the uncanny power; yet, in certain instances, we might summon modern science and dignify our subject by considering it a phase of hypnotic suggestion. The sole "suggestion" is death, and, from a critical standpoint, we are justified in accepting a few well-described cases as probable verifications of the power of a hypnotic will.

This exercise of murder as the right of the strongest is but an outcome of the mighty *tabu*, embodiment of selfish tyranny. *Tabu*, a forbidding, is of two sorts, what the king or chief forbids, and what the *hahuna* forbids. Kingly *tabu* it was, and punished by death, to step in the shadow of the king or chief; to walk in the shadow of the house of any chief, unless especially clothed; or if the native failed to fall prostrate at the name of his chief. Priestly *tabu*, for noise during prayer, or if a common native stayed at home with his family on sacred (*tabu*) days, etc. A man must choose for his personal *tabu* idol some object, such as a tree, a fish, or a fruit. To him hence-

forth it was *tabu* death to touch or partake of this, his own *tabu*. By chiefs and priests alike, for their own benefit, certain paths, springs, and bathing places were, at intervals, made *tabu*. A sudden *tabu* might, at any time, be declared against affairs not usually prohibited; even an occupation, privilege or a habit, class of animals, or a manner of eating or drinking, might, without warning, become *tabu*. To women, bananas, cocoanuts and pork were always forbidden by *tabu*. Yellow was the *tabu* color of royalty, red of the priesthood; thus, flowers and clothing of either color were forbidden the vassal-native.

Evidently, selfishness was determined to appropriate every coveted object, and *tabu* was the method.

The writer remembers, with returning appetite, a *tabu* feast to which he was invited, as a foreigner. There were goldfish, *poi* of the breadfruit, edible flowers of the taro (*arum aesculentum*) cooked as greens (in cutting which acres of the roots had been destroyed), roasted dogs, and salted seaweed. On this occasion cloaks made of the tabooed feathers of the sacred O-o were worn by the queen and others.

Yielding subjects indeed have been the earlier islanders, whether exposed to the greedy strength of *tabu* or the malign influence of its corollary, our theme, the praying *anaana*. Both amid Nature's supremest beauty, where grandeur and fragrance and sweet sounds should evolve love and loving-kindness, the thoughtless, nameless, hopeless myriads swarmed into being, as if created only to yell and murder and desecrate the beautiful life surrounding them. An early traveler says: "I heard a shriek expressive of the utmost horror, when a powerful man ran rapidly past me and threw himself on the ground, senseless in a convulsion. It was almost impossible to arouse or control him, and it appeared that the man thought himself pursued by his own wraith."

The multitude of the Hawaiian race has seemed to court death. What we have now seen of its racial character, habits and surroundings seems to show extraordinary susceptibility to threats, or individual fears or superstitions, on very moderate bodily exposure or shock.

In 1878, a native called at the shop of Mr. C. E. Williams, of Honolulu, and bought for himself and wife (both living) two coffins; went home, bathed, changed his dress, and was buried in a week with his wife. There was no suspicion of poisoning.

A native workman who had been in Mr. Williams' employ for many years, admiring one day a showy coffin of koa-wood, which he himself had polished, strongly hinted his desire to be interred therein. "Yes, Moku, when you die it shall be your *pahu*" (box), said the employer. But the impatient Moku could endure but one brief day, for he was buried within forty hours of acquiring his possession. In these instances some emotion other than fear—ambition, perhaps, or avarice, seemed to influence the early death.

Even modernly it is often impossible to induce a sick native to submit to medical treatment. Here the saving power of a *kahuna*, who may rise to the occasion and appear in the role of a friend, is displayed. Black pigs are roasted for the invalid and his family and the *kahuna*, while communications, well paid for, are held with the powers above and below. There is then no limit to the fortitude with which the patient will endure suffering unrelieved. Pretending to obey the foreign physician, he follows the directions of the *kahuna*, who, in his twofold function of doctor and priest, is preaching



Courtesy of AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

ROLLING WATERS THAT NEVER FREEZE



THE DREARY HILLS OF A SNOWLESS WINTER



SCENE FROM "UNDER COVER," PLAYING AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE



SNOW ARCHITECTURE

It may not be without significance that the pointed arch and traceried window of Gothic architecture are of Northern origin. Are they not suggested by the delicate forms assumed by snow and frost-laden trees?

(Continued from page 472)

and practising behind the scenes and throwing away the mixtures of his foreign rival (perhaps themselves of questionable adaptability).

In common with other isolated races, the Polynesian, when "virgin" to each unaccustomed disease, strangely lacks tenacity of life; although capable of great exertion on sea or land, the grandly muscular bodies yield to fright or dread. In 1853, alarmed by smallpox, thousands threw themselves into the water, to stop the fever, and many died in the act. An epidemic of measles, a few years later, proved harmless to the whites, but several thousand natives perished. Mr. Bishop thinks that this "ready surrender to sickness is, in most cases, due to a definite belief in a demon whom the native feels working in his vitals and whom it is hopeless to resist."

A Honeymoon Interrupted:—In 1873 old O-o, tall and of smiling dignity, had long been cook for Madam Dominis, with her little family,—the Princess, soon to be Queen Liliuokalani, our Governor John, Mr. Perkins, and the writer. But when a young man his good looks had nearly cost O-o his life. One morning his mistress found no cook to prepare breakfast—an irregularity so possible that his absence throughout the day was overlooked. But as he did not come to the kitchen the next morning and it was reported that he was being prayed to death, Madam Dominis walked to his straw hut. O-o had been married the week before, breaking an earlier promise, and the slighted woman had repaired to his hut intent on *anaana* revenge. The man showed great exhaustion, the effect of fasting and fear. He was seated on the floor, naked,—his hair disordered, his eyes fixed on the ground, features and limbs tremulous and cold to the touch. His friends (wife and relatives) chanted a sad death-song, while the author of the trouble crouched in a corner of the room under a heap of shawls and rags, her eyes fixed sleepily upon her former lover. Madam Dominis found no difficulty in expelling the jealous one. O-o recovered his balance in a few days and again cooked merrily on, an instance of recovery without medical treatment, the irritating cause having been removed.

Close upon the year 1872, the American consul at Lahaina, on island Maui, and Peter Treadway, sheriff of the island, had each a body servant; both the servants were also policemen. An old native, who lived a league or more from Lahaina, accused of hog stealing, the two policemen were sent to arrest him. The culprit expressed his resignation, but, while he recognized the propriety on their part of obeying the sheriff's order, he nevertheless assured the officers that it would be his duty to pray them to death, and both sat down in the hut before their prisoner! Their plight was soon known at Lahaina: the consul, highly valuing his servant, rode to the scene of counter-imprisonment, but the sheriff, who was compelled to be present at a court session, stayed at home. The appearance of the policemen resembled that already seen in O-o's case. Nothing had been eaten since the old man began his invocations, but fear had reduced the vital power to a degree far lower than could have been expected from the fasting alone. The consul's man readily obeyed his master's order to go home, where he recovered; but native logic required the sheriff's personal presence to command his own man; the second policeman remained behind and died.

Nowadays the milder native life is in evidence, with the musical cry "Aloha"

("love to you") voicing the gentler aspect of the native life, while yet, not so very far away is the hysterical thought of ghou and shark-fiend, *Pule's* fire and *kahuna's* threat!

Have we indeed dealt too seriously with this weird subconsciousness, this wave of fear that lurks in the coral caves that underlie *terra-firma* in the Hawaiian mind, in chief and vassal alike? Let me tell you of Likelike. The writer well remembers Princess Lifelike, the cultured and charming wife of Governor Cleghorn. An eruption of volcano Kilauea had persisted nearly nine months when the *akwas* announced that a royal victim must be sacrificed to stay the progress of the advancing lava. Likelike immediately offered herself as a sacrifice for her people. She slowly sank, in spite of medical treatment which her husband insisted on, and died in February, 1887.

Kalahaua, a king, escaped all possible attacks from *anaana* by his concessions: in fact, his career proved so agreeable to the *kahunas* that he was deified and worshiped as a god a few days before his death.

And Liliuokalani, Queen in Exile, has not lacked in faith and fear inspired by The Deadly Prayer.

PURIFICATION

By GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY

Ah, human nature is a thing
Too often bitter, selfish, dull;
Which grovels when it cannot sting,
And scorns the wise and beautiful;

But your undarkened soul is worth
All that hands strive and strain to hold —
The precious jewels of the earth,
The hoarded mines of potent gold;

And yours is such a gentle heart
That fools can wound it, yet so deep
That few may sound it with their art,
Though they may force you, dear, to weep.

Through you I rise above the lust
Of sin, the burning shame and crime,
Above despoiling years that thrust
Desires into the graves of time.

Through you I learn what life may be
To one who dreams and utters truth
In love, which lifts him strong and free,
And showers its glory on his youth.

OLD "TORY ROW"

By Edwin T. Stiger

"Tory Row,"—the very name calls up in the mind visions of dignified, aristocratic men in satin and velvet small-clothes, and of beautiful, stately women in widely spreading silks, with powdered hair and face patches, of courtly manners, of obsequious servants, of lavish entertainment and wholehearted hospitality. In this case the facts do not belie the name, for "Tory Row" in Cambridge in the years just preceding the Revolution was the center of fashionable life in the Colony. Its estates were expansive and elegant, its houses large and magnificent for those days, all of them overlooking the river, with lawns and gardens and orchards stretching down to the bank. These estates, owned by citizens who adhered to the British Government, instead of being carried away by the prevailing feeling of the times, and consequently called "Tories," spread along Brattle Street, which was then known by the name of "The King's Highway," from Brattle Square to Mount Auburn. Within this mile there lived seven of these families, most of them connected by relationship and all of them forming a select and exclusive social circle, to which few outsiders were admitted. Once each year, from a sense of propriety, each family gave a social entertainment to the president and the professors of Harvard College, and then, its duty done, retired to its distance and confined itself to its own small set.

When the Revolution broke out all the occupants of the "Row," vowing allegiance to Great Britain, became refugees, and their mansions and estates were confiscated by the American Government for public use. Few of these loyalists were allowed to return to reclaim their old property after the war; most of them were considered enemies of the movement in behalf of liberty, and their estates were sold or transferred. Although nearly a century and a half have passed since the days of the grandeur of these houses and of the festivities for which they made the setting, we are fortunate today in having all of them preserved to us, most of them, aside from gardens and estates, presenting much the same appearance as in the days of their prime, with the exception of one, which has been so changed over as to be hardly recognizable. Two of them, on account of later associations, have become literary shrines, and for this reason, if for no other, will probably be kept sacred while they endure.

Before taking up the details of these interesting old houses a brief list of them will probably serve to make them stand out more clearly, and also, if one is familiar with Cambridge, help to identify them. The first of the houses which may properly be considered as a part of the old "Tory Row" is the Brattle House, now the home of the Cambridge Social Union, the second building on the left side of the street in going up Brattle Street from Brattle Square, and directly next to the Brattle Hall auditorium. The next mansion is the Vassall House, standing on the same side of the street on the easterly corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets. Then comes the Craigie, or Longfellow House, on the other side of Brattle Street, easily recognized from the pictures of the house and grounds which have been scattered broadcast, and also from the Longfellow Memorial Park in front, which preserves the poet's view of the marshes

of which he was very fond. Just beyond is the Lechmere-Sewall House, very much altered and not even on its original site, but nevertheless much the old house. This house now stands on the right hand side of Brattle Street as one goes towards Mount Auburn, just beyond Sparks Street and on the corner of Riedesel Avenue. The next of the "Tory Row" houses is but a few steps beyond and on the same side of the street,—the Joseph Lee House, numbered 159 Brattle Street and very near Kennedy Avenue. The sixth house in the "Row," the Fayerwether House, is the large, square, three-story building, also on the north side of Brattle Street and almost facing down Elmwood Avenue. A turn down this avenue brings one to "Elmwood," James Russell Lowell's old home, which is also the last house in "Tory Row," and one filled with historical and literary memories.

Having strolled past these old mansions one may easily imagine the general appearance they presented in their halcyon days just prior to the Revolution, with their gardens about the houses and the orchards and fields stretching out from one boundary to another, and, having imagined this, it is very easy to believe the interesting descriptions and the stirring events which have come down to us as history. There is hardly one of these estates which is without a story, either of happenings within its borders or of tales of its aristocratic owner, some perhaps a bit mythical, but most of them vouched for as truth.

The first of these houses which we observed in our walk along Brattle Street, the Brattle House, dates back to about 1727, when Katherine, the daughter of Governor Gurdon Saltonstall, became Mrs. William Brattle and was installed as mistress of the house her husband had just built for her. It was a two-story house with gambrel roof and attic, with a hall running through it from north to south, and with paneled rooms leading off from it on either side. General William Brattle was "the universal genius of his time," as one writer has said, a man of eminent talents and great eccentricities, a graduate of Harvard, a theologian, a preacher, a soldier, a physician, a lawyer, attorney-general and a politician. Under his ownership and that of his son, the Brattle grounds, which extended to the river and as far west as the Vassall estate, or Ash Street, as the land now lies, became the show place of New England. The town spring, which bubbled forth where Brattle Hall now stands, overflowed enough to form a good-sized pond on the Brattle land, with a little island in its center and with rare and attractive trees and shrubs interspersed with statues on its banks. With a native taste for horticulture and from observation in foreign lands, General Brattle's son, Thomas, was able to improve on what had been begun by his father, until the grounds became the boast of all the country round. A mall was laid out and a formal garden made in the latest European style; there was a marble grotto, a pond for goldfish and a *parterre* for aquatic plants.

At the time of the siege of Boston, General Brattle resided here, but as the feeling against those who adhered to Great Britain grew among the Cantabrigians he deserted his estate and fled to friends in Boston, with whom he stayed until the withdrawal of the British troops, with whom he sailed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1776. Upon his departure the house was taken over by the patriots, and when the Continental Army entered Cambridge it was assigned to Major Thomas Mifflin, a Philadelphia merchant who held the office of Commissary General. He was shortly afterwards joined by his wife, and while they were in Cambridge the house became a social center,

(Continued on page 485)



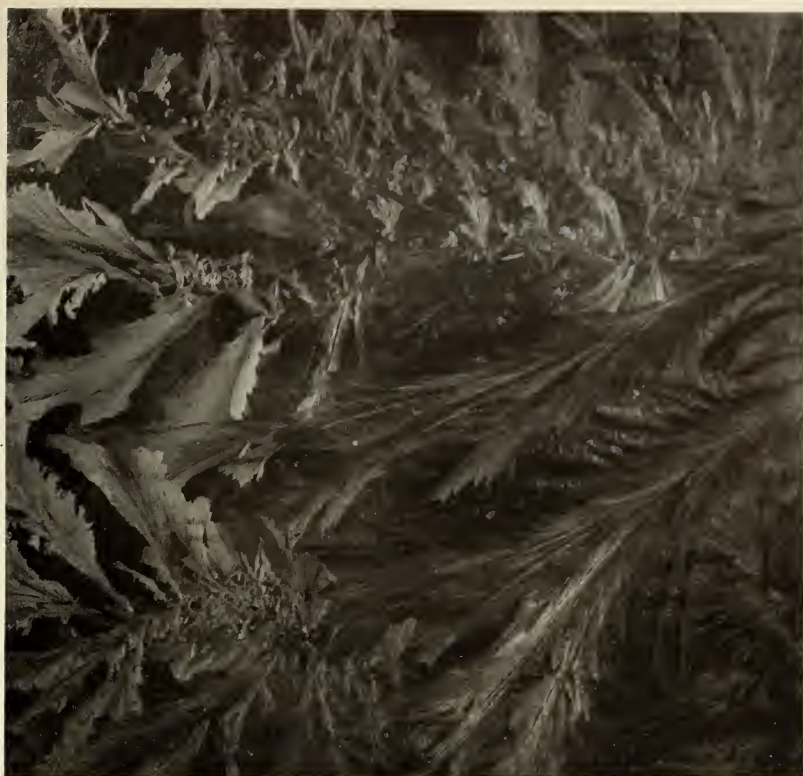
THE WONDERFUL CURTAIN OF GLASS MOSAIC, MADE BY TIFFANY STUDIOS FROM A DESIGN
BY LOUIS TIFFANY, FOR THE MEXICO CITY OPERA HOUSE

In the pain and stress of war and international misunderstanding, let us not forget the better side of Mexican life. Our Mexican neighbors are developing a civilization with a background and traditions of an elevating nature and with an eager desire for the upbuilding of the arts of peace.

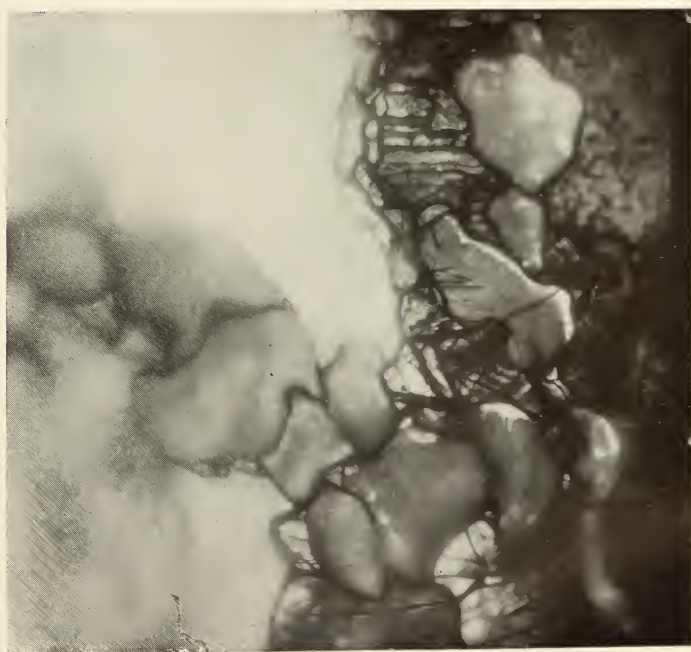


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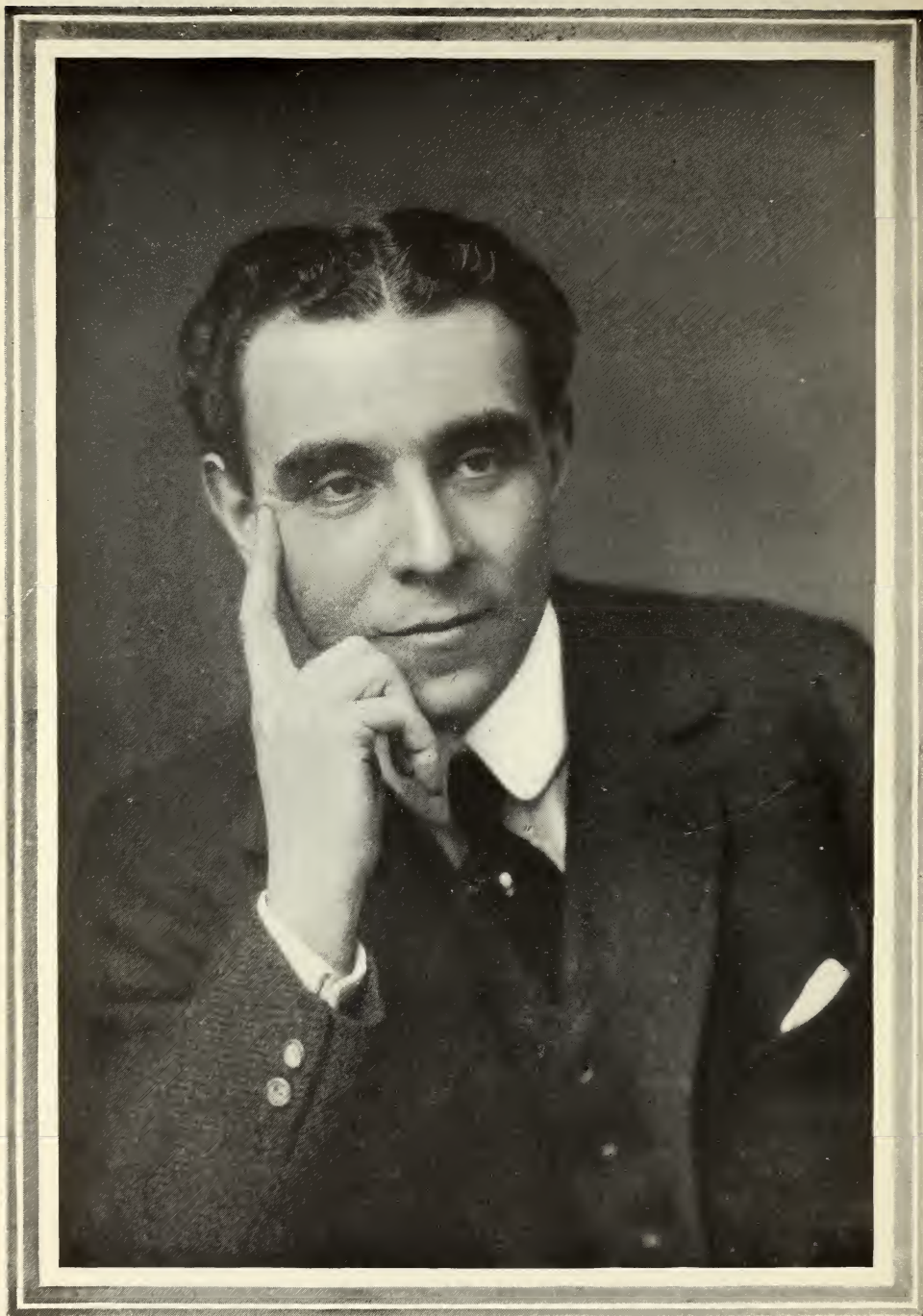
WHERE JACK FROST WORKS, HIS MAGIC



COURTESY of AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY
SNOW FORMS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



SNOW FORMS FROM A WINDOW, BY TIFFANY STUDIOS



MR. HENRY RUSSELL WHO HAS PUT BOSTON OPERA ON ITS FEET

(Continued from page 480)

the Mifflins entertaining such guests as John Adams and Generals Washington, Putnam, Gates and Lee. After the Revolution Thomas Brattle returned to his ancestral estates from England, and, on a strong presentation of his claims to neutrality and his exertions to alleviate the trials of American prisoners in that country, his plea was granted. After his death, in 1801, the grounds became divided and subdivided and the house passed through many hands, at one time having been the home of the Countess d'Ossoli, and at another time, when used as a students' lodging house, it is said that John Lothrop Motley had his room in it. Of late the Cambridge Social Union has occupied the house, which still preserves much of its old appearance, in spite of the loss of the beautiful grounds and the destruction of the long line of sheds and stables which used to stretch out from the main building in a long line towards the south.

Immediately adjoining the Brattle estate were the spacious grounds of the Vassalls, Henry and John, on which were their mansion houses. The first of these houses, commonly called the Vassall House, stands on the southeast corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets. While it was probably built about 1635, it has been materially altered several times since, the western end, with its eight-foot, square stack chimney being the oldest portion. Built on a different plan from the other Colonial houses of Cambridge, this one has two halls instead of a central one running through the house, and a large room crossing them both from north to south, while, true to the tradition of old houses, one of the rooms had a sliding panel, allowing escape to the cellar in case of need. Passing through the hands of several early owners, it was sold to the Vassalls in 1741. The following year Colonel Henry Vassall married Penelope Royall, of the well-known Medford family, and brought her to this house. Although he died in 1769 his widow continued to live here until the time of the Revolution, when, with the other Tories, she removed hastily to the more congenial society of Boston, the Provincial Congress allowing her to take with her any of her effects except "provisions and her medicine chest." As the Continental Army then had but two of these chests, one in Roxbury and the other Madame Vassall's, all of the regimental surgeons getting their supplies from these, the cause of this decision on the part of the Congress may be easily understood. Perhaps because the medical supplies were located here, this house became the medical headquarters of the army, and here it was that one of the surgical staff, Surgeon-General Benjamin Church, was imprisoned for treason, disclosed by a secret correspondence with General Gage, leaving his name, which may still be seen, cut into one of the doors on the second floor.

The next house of the "Row," and probably the most famous of them all, is the house known as the John Vassall House, the Craigie House, the Longfellow House, or Washington's Headquarters, according to the time to which reference may be made, for it was all of these, having been built in 1759 by John Vassall, taken over by the Committee of Safety at the breaking out of the Revolution, occupied by Washington while he was located in Cambridge, bought in 1793 and occupied by Andrew Craigie for twenty-six years, and some years later bought by Longfellow's father-in-law, Mr. Nathan Appleton, who presented it to his daughter. This house, which stands on the northern side of Brattle Street, facing the Charles River marshes and the distant hills of Brookline and Newton, is built on the plan of most of the Colonial houses, with a broad

hall running through the center from the front to the rear, and with two large square rooms on either side. The house is highly wainscoted throughout, all of the woodwork is painted white, while the mantels and paneling are designed in the chaste and dignified Colonial style.

John Vassall, the builder of the house, was an ardent Loyalist who cursed the "rebels" and drew back his garments from their touch as one fearing to be defiled. Naturally the community became aroused against him and in 1774, after his house had been surrounded by a mob, he retired to the protection of the British Army in Boston, leaving for England when the city was evacuated and thereafter living there in high style on the income from his properties in the West Indies. After his estate in Cambridge had been confiscated by the Continental Congress his house was used as a hospital and as quarters for the troops of the American Army, a company from Marblehead under the command of Colonel John Glover having been assigned to it.

When Washington came to Cambridge to take command of the army of patriots, Wadsworth House, the home of the college presidents, the same house which may now be seen in Harvard Square, standing squarely out against the sidewalk on Massachusetts Avenue, was prepared for him, but after a bomb-shell from Boston broke in upon a breakfast table gathering it was thought to be wisdom to remove the commander of the American forces to a safer position. Accordingly, the Marblehead troops went into camp near by and Washington moved into the Vassall house, where a few months later Mrs. Washington joined him. Although the times were too serious and Washington too much burdened to have an outburst of social festivities, the house became a center of hospitality, and on January 6, 1776, he was persuaded to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding with a Twelfth Night party. While Washington occupied the house he took the southeast room on the first floor, at a later time Longfellow's study, for his office, the room over it for his bedroom, and held his councils of war in the northeast room, while Mrs. Washington used the southwest room as her reception room, the room back of it being the dining room.

Upon the evacuation of Boston, Washington withdrew to that city, and after a lapse of five years this already famous house, with one hundred and sixteen acres of land, was sold for \$21,320 to Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport, the owner of one of the largest fleet of privateers fitted out during the Revolution, a man of wealth so great for those days that it was said that by reason of his large holding of estates he could travel from Newburyport to Philadelphia, sleeping every night in one of his own houses. During his regime the house again became famous for its entertainments, until Mr. Tracy's fortune dwindled away and he was obliged to sell his house and land. Thomas Russell, a Boston merchant, next acquired the place, but his occupancy was a short one, and in 1793 it went to Andrew Craigie, a rich Scotchman, who had been Apothecary-General, or Surgeon-General, as we would now call his office, during the Revolution. Under his direction the house lost nothing of its name for hospitality, and the grounds gained much in appearance, since he laid out gardens in the taste of that period, built a greenhouse where the Episcopal Theological School now stands, and astonished his neighbors by erecting an icehouse near the present Harvard Observatory, that ground then being included in his estate. His Cantabrigian friends could not quite fathom the whims of a man who wanted ice in the summer and flowers in the winter, and they were still more

startled by his entertainments during the Commencement season, when he would sometimes act the host to over a hundred guests.

Of Mrs. Craigie a romantic story is told. She was a Miss Shaw of Nantucket, a daughter of a highly educated minister of that island to whom Harvard students who were in arrears in their studies were sent to be coached. Among these college men was a handsome youth from Alabama, whose father was a rich Southerner with large plantations and many slaves. He fell in love with his tutor's daughter, and although he confided to her that he feared his father would not give his consent to their marriage, they became engaged, trusting that circumstances would favor their cause. Having finished his studies he returned to his Southern home, which seemed inexpressibly far distant from Massachusetts then on account of the infrequency of communication and the irregularity of mails. Then, after a long silence, Miss Shaw, feeling that her emotions had been trifled with, gave him up and engaged herself to a Nantucket lover who had the temerity to take her to a Harvard Commencement, where she met Mr. Craigie, who dazzled her with his wealth and position. As a result she cast off her country suitor and shortly became Mrs. Craigie. One ill-fated day, some time after her marriage, the letter-bag was brought in, a letter was given her, and after reading it she turned pale and sank to the floor in a dead faint. The letter, of course, was from her first lover, telling her of his father's death, of his inheritance of estates, and saying that he still loved her, more in fact than ever, hoped she had been true to him, and that he was soon coming north to claim her. Mr. Craigie picked up the letter, read it and fell into an intolerable rage, the beginning of an estrangement between him and his wife which was never overcome. From this time he plunged into speculation and flung his money away in extravagance, with the inevitable result of financial distress, becoming after a while a bankrupt, unable to leave his house except on Sundays from fear of being arrested for debt. In the midst of these difficulties Mrs. Craigie took charge of the estate and until her husband's death held the house, paid off many debts and sustained the hospitable reputation of the place. After his death, the estate still being encumbered, she reduced her servants to two, lived in the back part of the house and rented all the large rooms to students and professors. It was at this time that the Craigie House became the temporary home of Edward Everett, to which he brought his bride in 1822, Jared Sparks, and Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of dictionaries.

In 1838 Longfellow, already a professor in Harvard College, approached Mrs. Craigie with a request for rooms, but on account of his youthful appearance he was refused until he impressed Madame Craigie with the fact that he was a professor, not an undergraduate, when she consented to his occupying the northeast chamber and the adjoining room. The Craigie House now became Longfellow's home for life and later became known as the Longfellow House, for after his marriage to Miss Frances Appleton in 1840, Mr. Appleton bought the estate, then much smaller than in earlier days, and presented it to his daughter. Since then it has been in continual possession of his family. Longfellow made the southeast room on the first floor, Washington's office, his study, and under his influence and that of his wife, the house became the center for scholars and for famous men of this country and Europe. On account of his great interest in the history of the old house and his reverence for its traditions, no changes have been made in it since the additions built by Mr. Craigie in 1793.

The next house on the "Row" was the Lechmere-Sewall House, still standing on the north side of Brattle Street at the corner of Riedesel Avenue, but very much changed in appearance, a new basement story having been built under it and the top story having been cut off when the house was moved from its original location on the eastern end of the land upon which it now stands, the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets. This old mansion was built in 1762 by Richard Lechmere, a rich distiller of Boston, who married the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phips. The builder and his family did not live here many years, however, for in 1771 it was acquired by Jonathan Sewall, the last of the Royal Attorney-Generals. This Judge Sewall was so staunch a loyalist that in 1774 a mob of boys and negroes surrounded his house, breaking windows, but doing no serious damage. He went to Boston with the other Tories upon the breaking out of the Revolution, and his estate was confiscated. Before the estate was disposed of by the Continental Congress, however, it passed through one of the episodes of its history, for in 1778 the Baroness von Riedesel, the wife of the commander of the German allies captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga, was quartered here with her little family and her servants. In this instance the name of the Baroness is somewhat better known in this vicinity than that of her husband because of the publication of her letters and journals written during the Revolution and describing her life in various parts of the country as she followed her husband about. From her vivacious account we learn of the happiness and contentment of her life in Cambridge and of some of the social events in which she participated before being ordered to Virginia. Her name, scratched with a diamond on one of the window panes, was long treasured as an heirloom of the house. After the prisoners had departed, the estate was granted to Thomas Lee, of Connecticut, whose name, "English Thomas," to distinguish him from a neighbor, is often connected with the house in speaking of it. Mr. Lee, who was the possessor of an ample fortune, kept open house and entertained on a large scale. Mrs. Lee, however, was somewhat eccentric, showing the miserly trait of hoarding gold and giving rise in the neighborhood to sundry ghost stories by her nightly visits to her hidden treasure.

When "Tory Row" was in its prime the next estate adjoining the Lechmere-Sewall place was Judge Joseph Lee's, whose mansion house, believed to have been built before the days of Charles II, now stands as 159 Brattle Street. The house was originally the home of a Watertown farmer, the dividing line between the towns then having been along what is now Sparks Street, whose land extended from Fresh Pond to the Charles River. We know that the house passed into the hands of several owners before it was acquired in 1758 by Judge Lee, who made many improvements and probably added the third story, making the house one of the handsomest of its type to be found. The judge was of a retiring disposition and his Toryism was of so mild a type that, although he was in Boston during the siege, he was permitted to return to his house after the English Army had left the city, on the condition that he would not interfere in politics. The frame of his house was brought from England, the walls are of double thickness, every one being shut off from the one adjoining by a space of about a foot, so that voices can never be heard in the next room unless a door is open.

In connection with this house it is interesting to read a contemporaneous account as written in the diary of Dorothy Dudley. She says:

"In my childish days I used occasionally to visit at his house, and my eyes always

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XXXII

(Continued)

At dinner-time Mrs. Page insisted upon all, including Nat, Jr., going over to the other house. Then, at the end of the long afternoon and before the boy went to bed, she further insisted that Julie and her father spend the night with her.

"Perhaps Flint will let you put the young un to bed," she added as a further inducement. "Anyhow he'll let you look on."

Julie was glad to stay. She was finding the first relaxation in months here. And so it happened that at five o'clock she and Flint and Tommy returned to the house on the crest of the hill, while Mr. Moulton remained behind to talk with Mr. Page, and Mrs. Page busied herself about supper.

This was how it happened that, when a half-hour later a sandy-haired broad-shouldered man, his cheeks stung crimson by the cold after his long walk from the top of Eagle Mountain, tiptoed to the sitting-room after a warning from Tommy, he saw this picture: the room dark save for the glow of embers in the hearth; before this hearth the figure of a young and very fair girl; in her arms a child. It is small wonder that he caught at the panels; small wonder that when he heard the croon of her voice singing the old French chansons she used to sing on the doorstep, the picture grew misty and he had to clutch his throat to keep back the cry that rose from the depths of his aching heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CRY OF A HUNGRY HEART

LIKE a man watching a vision, Nat stood by the door in dumb amazement, hardly daring to believe his eyes. A hundred times sitting alone in this room he had dreamed this dream; a hundred times he had seen her sitting just as she was sitting now with a child in her arms. But always she had been a silent figure. He had never heard her voice. And now—the wonderful melody of it to him how had not heard it for six long months. It was this which made her now a glorious reality.

His hungry eyes feasted upon every strand of her hair as though each were a separate and individual Julie. It lay massed in rich folds upon the top of her head, and at the temples and in the gentle nape of her neck escaped in tiny silken tendrils. He followed every line of her profile, every curve of her neck, every rounded line of her body with breathless eagerness. He made no attempt to check his passion. For the moment he gave himself up utterly. If at any time during the last few months he thought he had fought a good fight and won, he now realized the mockery of his supposed victory. Never had he felt the sheer intoxication of love as now: he had never as now realized the power and grip of that passion. He might as well have tried to check single-handed the onrush of a broken log jam as his present emotions. The girl was part of his very soul, part of his very being. He would have had to lie to every instinct in him to have

denied this. He was able to connect her with no past save his own; with no present, no future, save that. The present picture told him what should be. If circumstances had altered that decree, then they were basely wrong. Here she was and here she belonged, and the child in her arms should have been their child.

Trembling and dizzy, he watched her; with dry lips and an aching heart he watched her; with a joy that was almost pain he watched her. She was rocking back and forth, with her head bent over the child. Though the lad had long since gone to sleep, she still sang on in a low monotone. She raised her head and with her eyes on the crimson embers continued her song. Her face grew infinitely tender, infinitely wistful. It was a mother's face Nat saw then as she sang on, not to the child in her arms, but to her own dream children. And those dream children were his dream children. They were the same who had watched him at his building, who had watched him in the dawn of those glorious purple mornings, who had played about the barren sills when his building was done. They were the same who had tried to comfort him when he had sat in this dark room alone. To them she was crooning; to them who had moaned because they were motherless. It was a black lie that she belonged to any one else.

She rose with the child in her arms, and still singing tiptoed into the dark of the bedroom. After she had disappeared, Nat still heard her voice, and even without seeing was able to follow her movements as she tucked the little fellow into his crib. Then there was a pause as though she were praying there. Then she stole out, pausing on the sill a moment to make sure the boy was asleep. He heard her sigh as she came on across the room uncertainly with her eyes still in that dream country. Reaching the chair before the fire, she hesitated and then sank down in it. Her head dropped and she covered her face with her hands.

Nat strode to her side. She raised her head and stared up at him. In one long unfettered gaze he met her eyes and then fell upon one knee in front of her.

"God forgive me, Julie," he choked. "But it's true now, as it's always been."

She neither moved nor spoke. Right or wrong, wife or not, no woman could resent the honest, whole-souled confession expressed in that cry. The sight of him there with bowed head, his big frame shaken in his terrible struggle for control, gave her courage. She knew that in the end he would win—that he would be strong. Though his very presence sent the blood racing through her veins like a mill stream, she knew no fear either for him or for herself. She placed her hand upon his head for a moment, and smoothed his tangled hair as though he were another child. But through that touch she felt his kisses course from her burning finger-tips to the crown of her head. Hot though they were, they were as clean and brave as the winds that blew off Eagle; hot though they were, they were as sacred as this room hallowed by the babe fresh from the fountain spring of love. They were the kisses of the May wind upon the pink lips of the drowsing Mayflowers. They were the kisses of the spring rain upon the swelling tree buds. Once again, as on the mountain top, he took her back, through them, to primal joys. She stood again in a world belonging to him and to her alone—a sweet spring world big with promises that quickened the inner heart of her.

As she removed her hand, he raised his head. She closed her eyes. She dared not let him see into them just now. It seemed as though these eyes took little account of the proprieties. They were as lawless as her own heart. They refused to obey her brain, holding themselves accountable to her heart. And her heart—her heart was at times a wild braggart of truthfulness.

Gently pushing him away from her, she made her feet.

"I must go. You must let me go now," she said.

She heard her own voice as though it were some other speaking.

"I've let you go until I'm half dead for need of you," he cried, springing to her side. "I can't never let you go again. I—"

But even as his strength was her strength, so his weakness was her strength also.

"Nat," she said quietly, "I don't think you know what you're saying."

In shame, his extended arms fell to his side. She moved on towards the door, when she was checked by a cry from the next room. It was a queer little cry, like the whimper of a blind kitten seeking its mother.

"He wants ye," said Nat. "The boy wants ye."

Again the restless cry was repeated.

"He's feelin' round in the dark for ye," whispered Nat.

"Not for me," she answered pitifully.

"For you," nodded Nat. "He's missin' you."

He knew how the others had missed her—those who played around the barren sill.

"But I can't stay," she said in terror. "You must go in to him."

"I'll go," he said quickly. "But ye'll wait and see? I know how he'll feel when he—he can't find ye."

"Go to him," she commanded.

He obeyed. She heard him trying in vain to comfort the child. The crying brought both Tommy and his father to the door.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the former excitedly.

She was ashamed to answer, and with her finger to her lips motioned them both back. Then she crossed the room and went in to the side of the crib. The little hands were pawing restlessly about, refusing the comfort of the big hands so eager for them. But when the little fingers felt her fingers, the crying ceased instantly. Repeating her crooning song, she drew the clothes snugly about the small chin and stood on there for a moment. Opposite

her, in the dark, stood Nat. He neither spoke nor moved, but she felt as though his big arms were about her and his lips whispering hot words of love to her.

When she came out of the room, she hurried at once to find Tommy, but Nat still pleaded with her.

"Stay just a moment," he called.

"I mustn't," she answered firmly.

"I've waited a long while to see ye, Julie."

"But you needn't have," she replied weakly. "You've always been welcome at our house."

"It wouldn't have been you I'd have seen there, Julie," he cried.

He placed a chair before the fire for her and another for himself the other side of the hearth. He stood behind the latter as though to reassure her.

"I want to see ye sittin' here—just once," he pleaded. "There isn't nothin' wrong in that, is there?"

She seated herself, though it was against her best judgment, and for a moment or so he did not speak but just gave himself up to the illusion. But this couldn't last. Leaning forward, he asked her abruptly a question:

"Julie—are ye happy?"

She started. She moved uneasily, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap.

"I—I don't think you have any right to ask me that," she answered.

"Ye mean—ye mean ye don't want me to ask?"

"Yes."

"But he's good to ye. Isn't he good to ye?"

"Nat," she cried sharply, as she half rose, "I can't let you question me like this."

"Why not?" he asked simply.

He rose heavily to his feet and at sight of him towering above her she shrank back weakly.

"It isn't right," she answered.

"Maybe it isn't," he choked, "and maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, but I've held in long's I can. I can't lie to myself any more an' I can't lie to you. I want to tell ye that

somehow he — he don't make any difference. I've gone on day an' night all this winter lovin' ye more an' more. I've tried every way I could to stop it; I've worked myself numb an' I've lied to myself an' it's just the same. It's Gawd's truth he don't make any difference."

"Nat," she cried, "he does and he must. Don't you understand? He's my husband. 'Gene's my husband."

She said this as much to steady herself as to steady Nat. She said it over and over again to herself, while he talked on:

"Julie, if it's all straight, why can't I see straight? Why can't I stop lovin' ye?"

With his brows together he leaned over her as though pleading for an answer.

"Why don't he make a difference?" he repeated.

She was asking that of herself. The question seemed to pierce her very soul. With her heart pounding in her throat, with her head grown dizzy, she sought an answer.

"Julie, Julie," he called hoarsely.

She felt herself tottering as on the edge of some great height. Then she flung her arm over her treacherous eyes and backed away from him.

"He's my husband. 'Gene's my husband," she called wildly.

She stumbled on towards the door, and he watched her, understanding nothing but the plea of the upraised arm as though she were defending herself from an expected blow. He followed to her side.

"Gawd forgive me," he cried. "I've hurt ye. I've hurt ye agin."

He led the way to the front door and swung it open for her, bowing his head as she passed out.

"I'm sorry," he said again.

Then he added fiercely:

"But if it's a thousand years, I'll wait for ye."

Once outside, Julie turned and ran. Back to the Page house she ran — wildly and with a great joy in her heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE DRIVE

THE picture of Julie sitting by the fire with the lad in her arms — that was what he took back to camp with him on Thursday morning. He hugged it close, making himself forget all else. It was this which put new life into him and gave him courage to face, with confidence and clear vision, the problem of the timber still unhewn. It was something to dream about at night; something to bring a man out of bed at dawn with the zest of a pioneer. And this it was which put new life into the whole camp.

Even 'Gene seemed to catch the contagion. He worked as hard as the best of them, with a tireless energy that once again won for him the respect of the men. He grew serious and held himself aloof from the rest of the crew. At night he no longer told stories of adventure, but sat by himself and turned into his bunk early. Every Saturday he hurried back to St. Croix alone, no longer waiting for instructions. All this relieved Nat of a strain and gave him more time for his work.

With April Nat began to see the end of his labors. In the twilight of one fair day when the snow was heavy with the warmth of the sun, Father Laramie came into camp. It was his custom to visit his children at about the time the ice began to crack on river and lake, knowing that they would soon be out of his hands on the dangerous drive and later in the greater danger of the city which lies at the end of the drive. He was as sure a harbinger of spring as the Mayflowers. Nat saw him come toiling up the tote road and hurried out to meet him, respectfully removing his cap and grasping in his calloused paw the thin white hand of the priest.

"Welcome, father," he exclaimed heartily.

The priest studied the ruddy smiling face with some curiosity.

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found a world of pleasure to explore in the pleasant rooms hung with landscape paper and well stocked with pictures and ornaments, while the wide window seats afforded a resting place for me to view the surrounding landscape. I remember with especial pleasure a complete set of linen coverings on the furniture and bed in an upper chamber. The gay figures of birds perched upon trees scarcely larger than themselves, the tempting strawberries corresponding in size to the plants by their side, the dogs and deer, and animals I could find no names for, all worked in gorgeous colored worsteds by the aristocratic fingers of Mrs. Lee; these had a peculiar fascination for me."

In 1802 Judge Lee, a much respected gentleman of the old school, died, and this house remained in the Lee family until about 1860.

Further along on Brattle Street and facing Elmwood Avenue stands a large, square, three-story house, the Fayerwether House, the next of the "Tory Row" mansions. Originally situated in a large garden with acres of land stretching back to Fresh Pond, it made a fitting companion to the other stately houses of the "Row." This house was built about the middle of the eighteenth century and was sold in 1771 to Colonel George Ruggles, a wealthy planter of Jamaica who had married Susanna Vassall, a sister of John and Henry Vassall, who in turn sold it for \$10,000 to Thomas Fayerwether a few months before the Revolution. As Mr. Fayerwether was a patriot, he was one of the few owners of real estate in this vicinity who was not obliged to flee from Cambridge upon the breaking out of the Revolution, and as a patriot he gave up a part of his house for hospital use after the battle of Bunker Hill. Some time in the 1820's, the estate passed to William Wells, at whose school James Russell Lowell, William Wetmore Story and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson were pupils, and he enlarged and modernized the house, taking care, however, to preserve the peculiarities of its early construction, the spacious hall and handsome stairway, the large rooms and the high ceilinged parlor, with its panelled woodwork.

A short distance down Elmwood Avenue may be seen one of the finest Colonial mansions, a stately square, three-story house with balustraded roof, standing in the midst of wide lawns and surrounded by noble elms and pines. This is Elmwood, the last of the houses on "Tory Row," built about 1760 by Thomas Oliver, the Royal Lieutenant-Governor, and later occupied by Elbridge Gerry and James Russell Lowell. While the interior of this house is plainer than that of the Craigie House, it is in the same general style, the hall, eight feet wide, running through the center of the house, with broad glass doors at either end opening upon the lawns and garden. The drawing room, in the south corner, is wainscoted and has a large fireplace, on each side of which are deep recesses furnished with panels, while back of this room is the library, also with a paneled fireplace.

Thomas Oliver, the builder of the house, had inherited a large fortune from his grandfather and was connected by marriage with many of the neighboring Tory families. Until 1774, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, he had largely kept out of politics, but with his accession to office his troubles began, feeling against him becoming more and more bitter until it culminated on September 2, 1774, on which day a mob gathered about his home compelled him to resign his office in a letter ending with these words: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by about four

thousand people, in compliance with their command, I sign my name. Thomas Oliver." Shortly after this occurrence he left Cambridge for Boston, where he was Civil Governor until its evacuation, when he went to Halifax and later to England. The house, confiscated by the Congress, was used as a hospital during the war, and was then sold with the estate and many acres of salt marsh to Andrew Cabot, of Salem, for \$235,000, who transferred it later to Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Engrossed with cares of state he used the "farm" as a quiet refuge rather than as a place of entertainment, and in 1818 he sold it to the Rev. Charles Lowell, the father of James Russell Lowell, in whose family the estate remains to the present day. The greater part of the poet's life was spent here and his letters are full of tender allusions to the place which was so dear to him. In one letter, written from Paris to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was occupying Elmwood in his absence, he wrote: "It is a pleasant old house, isn't it? Doesn't elbow one, as it were. . . . Don't get too used to it. I often wish I had not grown into it so. I am not happy anywhere else." And here he lived until his death, surrounded by his books and his congenial friends.

With this house ends "Tory Row," and we may say, as Dorothy Dudley did in her diary, "Shall we ride still further or shall Tony turn the horse and drive us home again?"

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"All is well with you?" he asked.

"Couldn't be finer," answered Nat. "We'll be ready for open water in a week."

"Good. You look better than when I saw you last."

"You have heard about my boy?"

"Ah, that was a fine thing for you. I want to see the lad."

"He's gained two pounds," Nat confided.

"Wonderful," exclaimed the priest.

"But you — you have gained ten."

"So?"

"And your eyes look better. You were in some trouble when I came before. That has gone?"

Nat flushed.

"Some of it," he answered slowly.

"The young get over such things quickly, but you — I was a little afraid it would take longer."

"If you mean I've got over lovin', you're wrong," answered Nat.

"How?"

"I've just begun."

"But Julie Moulton — I had not heard she was a widow."

"She isn't," answered Nat.

The good priest looked at him anxiously.

"Then —"

"I had a talk with her."

"Tut, tut," answered Father Laramie. "I do not like the sound of that, my son."

"I told her I loved her; that 'Gene didn't make any difference."

"And she let you tell her that?"

"Because she couldn't help it and I told her because I couldn't help it."

"Well?"

"That's all."

"It is not well for young wives to hear such talk," answered Father Laramie sadly.

"It's done," said Nat, "and it makes it easier to wait."

"For what?" demanded the priest sternly.

Nat was startled by the question. He had never asked himself that. It didn't seem to matter. His brows came together in a perplexed frown and his face grew sober.

"I wish you hadn't asked me," he answered slowly.

"My son," said Father Laramie, "it is for us to ask just such questions, for in those questions, the questions a man does not ask himself, sometimes lies the sin."

"Sin?" cried Nat.

"The sin," continued the priest. "It will not do for you to wait. The sin is as great as though you did not wait."

At the pain in the big man's face, Father Laramie placed his hand firmly on his arm.

"*C'est grande dommage*, but you understand?"

When the priest saw the stubborn jaws lock together, he knew the man did not understand.

"D'ye think a man can talk himself into not lovin' when he does love?" exclaimed Nat.

"He can talk himself into not hoping when there is no hope," answered the priest quietly. "So you will keep your love pure."

Father Laramie was a very wise old man. He knew when to stop talking as well as when to begin. Taking Nat's arm, he started on towards the camp.

"I must see that boy of yours," he said. "After the drive I will come."

It was well for Nat Page that the ice broke up early that spring, for he needed this work. And it came, as it always comes, with the fierce onslaught of the swollen waters themselves. From the first moment the logs were rolled into the frenzied icy current the battle was on. The contest was easier than it sometimes is, for he had plenty of water and had the upper stream to himself, but even with those advantages the task was the task of a man.

Take a tortuous forty-foot stream which has been for centuries eating its rugged path along the base of a

mountain and suddenly swell this to five times its normal size; into this frothing turmoil dump some five thousand twenty-foot logs, and then for fifty miles try to keep them moving straight on. That was the task. Spill a box of jackstraws into the gutter after a spring rain and you'll see what the drive looks like. But each individual log is further endowed with the power of a catapult. It is a drunken giant of strength. It is a rudderless, crewless battering ram moving always full steam ahead. Each is a writhing, crushing demon of destruction.

To guide these five thousand demons in some sort of orderly fashion, Nat Page chose ten men from his crew, among them 'Gene; ten men armed only with peavey sticks, ten men who together could not have lifted from the ground a single one of these logs lying passive. And yet they attacked them when they were a writhing mass with a thousand horse power back of them, and made as light of it as though this some were new sport. With sure step they leaped from one rolling slippery log to another, taking in at a glance the stubborn ones and prodding them on with unerring instinct. A single misstep and the logs would close over the unlucky man, forcing him beneath the waters and battering his head if he struggled through an opening. It was a wild, chaotic game these men played with a jest on their lips and Bangor ahead of them.

Through three days they played the game from dawn to sunset without mishap, for neither bruises nor duckings in the icy waters counted — nothing short of a maiming injury or death being worth more than a laugh or an oath at most. Then one night an impish log managed to get itself wedged against a rock in mid-stream in such a position as to check those behind. In an instant a hundred more rushed in to tighten the wedge, and in another hour the pile rose thirty feet high and barricaded the stream. Behind this the mighty waters flooded back to increase their

power, but though they boiled through the tangle and pressed hard, nothing stirred. The mightier the force back of the jam, the more firmly it was locked.

When the daylight came, Nat Page grasped a peavey stick and asked for a man. 'Gene was the nearest and stepped forward. For a second the two looked into each other's eyes as they had not done for several months. Each knew that the work before him meant a gamble with death—the odds even. It was as though each accepted it in the hope that here at last death might straighten out the tangle of their lives. This was possible by eliminating one or by eliminating both, but it was on the first chance that 'Gene was acting and his brother knew it. Because of this Nat for the first time in his life looked upon him as a man.

Nat leaped upon the nearest log, and 'Gene followed. Balancing themselves with the heavy sticks, springing like cats from position to position, they were both soon in midstream at the base of the treacherous pile of logs. Facing each other, they pried about for the key log, and the danger of this is comparable to nothing except toying with an avalanche.

So they worked for five minutes, while the waters swirled at their feet and the pile above them groaned and creaked. So they worked without looking to the right or left of them or at each other. Together they drove their spikes into a final log which looked no different from the others, but which from this impact alone caused the whole mass to shiver.

"Ready," shouted Nat.

With their shoulders to the task they gave one mighty heave and then sprang. Slowly, uncertainly, the logs bore down upon them as they scrambled for the shore still side by side. Side by side, with an inch to favor either, they reached the half-way mark out of danger of the tearing, grinding avalanche of timber. But, here startled by the roar behind him, 'Gene turned his head the fraction

of a second. It cost him his balance, and he slipped, clutched wildly at the logs and was swept on down stream. Nat saw him fall, and turning hurled his body to the right in time to grasp the man's hair. So together they swirled on in the maddening maelstrom of timber and boiling waters. But Nat with his free arm outstretched hugged a pine log to his side, while he shouted his orders to 'Gene.

"Let yourself go—with the current."

'Gene struggled to raise his head higher above the stinging waters. He was panic-stricken, frenzied, and yet mad as he was one idea stood out clearly in his mind; this other must go down with him. He must not die alone. In the flashing white foam he saw the drawn features of a dozen Bellas; in the roaring waters he heard her mirthless laugh. Twice he tried to turn to get his arms around his brother's neck. Twice the latter warned. Once more he tried, but this time 'Gene received no warning. He felt a blow that seemed to lift his head from his body and knew no more.

When 'Gene recovered consciousness, he was lying wrapped in blankets on the bank beside a small fire. He rose stiffly to his elbow and looked about. He was quite alone. At his feet the stream swept up, still bearing a few straggling logs. He shuddered as he saw it and remembered. With a splitting head he sat up. He saw his clothes hung up before the fire. He crawled towards them and, finding them almost dry, put them on. Then he stumbled on along the bank in search of the rest of the crew. He found them a mile or more down stream at their work, with Nat at their head. The latter looked none the worse for the episode. It was nothing more than an episode. It might happen again a dozen times before the end of the drive. 'Gene seized a peavey stick, and through the rest of the day toiled as best he could, neither hearing comment nor making comment on what had passed. The next morning he was quite himself again.

So five days went by, and on the sixth they came to deeper and less troublesome waters. Then the talk of the men changed from the usual discussion of minor camp episodes to what was waiting for them behind the swinging doors and behind the shaded windows; then the men grew restless and slept uneasily at night. So too 'Gene grew restless, though he did no talking and though his thoughts were not of Bangor.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE MIRACLE

WITH the last straggling log safe within the boom and the boom safely moored alongside the mill above Old Town, Nat hurried off to Bangor one morning, and came back with the money which had been deposited there by Judge Morrison as an advance to enable him to pay off his men. As each received his winter's wages and stuffed it into his trousers pockets, it was as though the hardships of the winter had never been. For the moment each man was a millionaire and Bangor only a short ride away. There was much song and jest and horseplay as the little group gathered in a knot and half sheepishly sidled off towards the railroad station. Bartineau alone hung back by the side of Nat and 'Gene. For one thing, he did not like the look in the eyes of 'Gene Page. They were too narrow, and they followed the movements of his brother too closely.

The three were standing on the river-bank when Nat counted out three hundred dollars in bills and handed them over to 'Gene. He did this with apparent reluctance and with an expression in his eyes that betokened anxiety. 'Gene accepted the money and started off, when Nat spoke. The latter turned sharply, his shoulders squared, and faced his brother. It was as though he had been expecting this.

"I reckon ye'd better wait for me," said Nat. "We'll catch the afternoon train home."

Bartineau moved closer, because he saw 'Gene's arms stiffen and saw his fists clench. The man drew a long deep breath and made his answer: "I reckon I'll do as I damned please, Nat."

Even Bartineau realized that the man who uttered these words was not the same man who had slunk away from before his fists. There was no bravado in the speech.

"Ye mean—" began Nat.

"That I'm through with you," 'Gene broke in.

Instead of backing away as was his custom even when he made a brave speech, he stepped nearer.

"You're ready to fight?" demanded Nat.

"If ye want to fight," answered 'Gene.

Nat glanced towards the big saw-mill which had already begun to sing its way through the fallen logs. He saw a half-dozen men moving about.

"Good," he answered. "Let's go back here a ways—out of sight. Ye'll come along, Pierre?"

"If he wants to fight—*sacré*, he owes me a fight too," growled Pierre.

"I've been waiting for this six months," answered Nat. "Ye'll do nothing but see that the fight is fair."

The three moved on across the sawdust waste and on into a group of pines which hid them from sight. Nat led the way, 'Gene followed and Bartineau brought up in the rear. Bartineau looked rather solemn. He began to sense the fact that this was to be no ordinary fight. It looked serious to him—too serious.

Once in the shelter of the pines, 'Gene threw off his coat. He did this eagerly, like a man who has been long waiting. He loosened the collar at his throat and rolled his sleeves to the elbow. Bartineau glanced at his arms. They were good arms, extraordinarily good arms. Tense as they now were, the muscles showed up to advantage. The last three months with an axe had counted for something. Pound for pound the two men were about of a weight.

Inch for inch their backs and chests would have measured the same. It would have been difficult to match two men more evenly as far as beef and brawn go. And yet Bartineau had seen lesser men whip this 'Gene. He had done it himself, but then there had been a difference. When he had fought, he had watched his eyes and had seen them grow afraid even before the fighting began. He studied them anxiously now for some return of that shifty back glance, but, much as he hated to admit it, he saw nothing of that. 'Gene stood straight and looked straight, and his breath came softly and not in gasps through his tight lips. It was a miracle he could not understand.

"Nat," said 'Gene in a voice as hard as black ice, "the Frenchman is goneter keep out o' this?"

Nat nodded. As he did so, 'Gene rushed.

Now a fight between big men with naked fists is not a boxing match. There are no breathing spaces and no rules. It is a battle—a bloody, gruesome elemental struggle. It is not pretty to watch and impossible to describe. Bartineau sitting on his haunches grew pale and breathless. Back of every blow struck by either there were two hundred pounds of madman; back of every rush there was the naked lust for destruction. Within five minutes both men were bruised and battered and blood-stained. It seemed impossible that this should last, but minute after minute it did last. There was no parrying, no guarding, no side-stepping—nothing but give and take, with something akin to murder in every blow. Even when the two began to stagger, there was no sign of stopping.

"*Sacré Dieu*," exclaimed Bartineau. "You'd better quit."

No one heard his cry. In the near-by trees the spring birds whistled and chirped, and overhead a chipmunk scolded. The sun sifted through the green branches upon both men.

And still, to Pierre Bartineau the miracle was that this yellow dog of a

'Gene, this man upon whom he had spat, this liar and coward and beater of horses, fought on without moan or whimper. With his face cut open, with his breath spent, he fought on, returning from each blow that staggered him, to hit back as hard as he could. And he could hit hard—that was another miracle. Even now, when the fight had lasted ten minutes, there was nothing to choose between the two. It was difficult for Bartineau to believe that in all the world there lived another man as powerful as Nat Page, and yet he was forced to admit that here there was just such another. But where had he found his strength, this yellow dog of a man?

Where the naked fists struck, either they bruised deep or cut deep. It was a sickening sight to watch, enough to turn a man's stomach forever against fighting. Had the two been armed with knives, bent upon hacking each other to pieces, it could not have been worse. And yet, too, there was something awesome about it—like a great storm at sea or a Northern blizzard.

Once again they came together, landing blow for blow, each tottering back at the end. But this time Nat was the first to recover, and tumbling forward he struck again. Lifting his weak arm, 'Gene tried another blow only to feel his legs crumble beneath him. Still he neither shielded his head nor asked for mercy. He rose upon his hands and feet; he tottered up, when again his legs played him false and he fell. He had reached the farthest possible limits of his endurance. Within arm's length of him Nat threw himself upon the ground panting for breath. So for a moment the two lay, their hot eyes upon each other.

Pierre Bartineau stood over them both.

"This is enough," he trembled. "*Nom de Dieu*, this is enough."

Before the words were out of his mouth, 'Gene made a final desperate attempt to reach his brother. Because his legs refused to obey his will, and

because of baffled rage and baffled hopes, he began to curse — brokenly and to himself. The sight was pitiful.

"You fought like a man," exclaimed Pierre, the words springing to his lips unconsciously.

Then Nat looked up at Pierre.

"This," he said, "this is the husband of Julie Moulton."

But the man on the ground knew better. From the beginning of the fight he had not thought of Julie Moulton. He was not thinking of her now. The thing that had made him fight was the memory of another man bending over the cradle where it was his own right to be; it was the memory of two tiny small arms clinging to the neck of another when they should have been clinging to his own; it was the heart hunger of a man for his own. That was the miracle.

CHAPTER XXXVI

QUITS

NAT PAGE sent Bartineau back to his sister on the first train. Then he engaged rooms at Old Town for himself and his brother because neither of them was presentable. For a week both men lived in seclusion with their own thoughts.

It was not a pleasant week for either man. From dawn till dark Nat paced his room with the words of Father Laramie ringing in his ears. The sin lies in hoping, the good priest had said, and though at the time the words had stung they did not bite into his soul as they now did. In the first place he had had many other matters on his mind until now, and in the second place he had not then been dealing with the same man who now lay in the room next to his. He was cruelly honest with himself, and admitted that though in the end he had pummeled his brother to the earth it was the latter who had won the victory and not himself. 'Gene had stood in his tracks and fought for all there was in him, sinking to the earth at the end without a cry, without a whimper, and

that was all that any man could do. 'Gene had fought for all there was in him — that was what had counted. It did not matter if that was much or little so long as it was all. It wiped out whatever had gone before. A man need prove himself a man but once to challenge the world forever after.

This then was what Julie had seen in 'Gene at the beginning; this was what she saw now. This was what had called forth her love; this was what retained it. Where he had been blind, where others had been blind, she had pierced the veil of 'Gene's superficial weaknesses to the bold heart of the man. The man who had slinked into camp that morning in the early fall was all that he and others had seen; the man who had faced him in the spring was the man she had seen. It was as clear as daylight to him, but, like daylight flashing upon a man long blind, it confused him. In the first ache of it he would rather have remained blind.

But though Nat writhed under the truth, though the admission of it left his future black as hell, he did not attempt to avoid it. He was his own Father Laramie without the good father's gentleness. He was brutal with himself, as brutal as ever he had been with 'Gene.

He had, then, no further right to hope. He held fast to that fact. Julie belonged to 'Gene, to the man who had stood in his tracks and fought for all there was in him. By the law of man and by the law of might, she was now his alone.

He himself then had no further business with 'Gene. From this moment on he must not thrust himself into 'Gene's life. This meant that he must leave his home, must go somewhere and start again. He would leave the house on the crest of the hill to Tommy and his father, take the boy, and go somewhere else. The boy! Here was his one ray of hope in a future black as night. With him to strive for, the world still held out some promise. Always at the moment

when the tension became so strained as to seem upon the point of breaking he came back to the boy. It was through him that he must begin his life once more and live his life. He had not seen him now for three weeks, and on the sixth day of this last week he found himself so homesick that he could wait no longer.

In the meanwhile the man on the other side of the wall had sat most of the days and half the nights by the side of the window with his head bowed and his hands clasped loosely before him. He was waiting—for what he did not know, for what he did not care. Broken, humbled, confused, he was more dead than alive. Of Julie Moulton he thought nothing. She was as completely out of his life as though she had never been. Had she walked in upon him here, he would have done no more than glance up and then away. In the bitter ache of the greater thing he had lost, she counted for nothing.

And it was a big thing he had lost—the best thing in him, the only thing in him. From the moment he had first seen the child this inspiration had been born, this clean passion of fatherhood. It had been like a morning wind sweeping through a room heavy with the stale debauchery of the night before. So his heart had been freshened to make a place for this one pure guest. The night after the funeral he had known that he must seek life through this child and had begun his task the next morning. He had striven his best—God knows how hard he had striven. The man had dreamed, actually dreamed, decent, sane, unselfish dreams. These had brought him sleep at night which gave him further strength. The last few months had been the biggest and happiest of his life.

And now the dreams were gone. He had lost. He had lost forever. He knew it. Never again would he be so strong as he was on the morning he had faced his brother. It wasn't possible for him ever again to feel so strong physically or so confident.

When he had begun to fight and up to the moment his legs had crumbled beneath him he had been as sure of accomplishing his purpose as it is possible for a man to be. And he had lost. Even after that he had lost. With the blue eyes of his own son, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood, spurring him to his best, he had lost. Good Lord, he had lost! He felt like shrieking this to God himself in a defiant challenge for an explanation. But, after all, what did it matter now? For the first few days he moaned this fact to himself. Now he didn't even do that. With head bowed he listened while the words were tolled into his dull brain.

So when on the sixth morning Nat walked in upon him, 'Gene felt no interest in what the latter might say. He looked up dully and waited. He heard Nat speaking to him, his voice coming from a great distance:

"'Gene, I'm going back home now."

He did not answer.

"I'm going back home," repeated Nat. "Why don't ye come along with me?"

This was not a command; it was merely a suggestion.

"What for?" asked 'Gene.

"I expect they'll be missin' ye by now."

"Who?" asked 'Gene.

"Why—all your folks. It's three weeks since ye left."

'Gene looked up at his brother, then out the window, then back at the floor.

"We'll catch the first train, and that'll get ye to St. Croix this afternoon. What d'ye say?"

"All right," answered 'Gene indifferently.

As the man rose to his feet, Nat stepped forward with his hand outstretched.

"It's quits with us, 'Gene," he said. "I want to tell ye straight that I haven't given ye credit for what there is in ye. I guess no man has a right to judge another nohow. After this we go our two ways. And if it'll help ye any, I'll tell ye I'm going to clear out."

"Clear out?" questioned 'Gene with a flicker of returning hope.

"I'm going to quit Hio. I'll take the boy and start somewhere else."

"Where?" demanded 'Gene, his eyes growing narrow.

"I dunno. I don't care. It don't make much difference where."

"You're going to take the kid?"

"Ye didn't think I'd leave *him*, did ye?"

'Gene's eyes grew dull again.

"No," he answered, "I s'pose not."

"Ye don't know what that boy's come to mean to me, 'Gene. He's all I've got now. I guess it's him that's made me see straighter. Queer what a grip the little devils get on ye!"

'Gene put on his hat and coat. He was ready, as ready as he would ever be. He followed at Nat's heels like a small boy. The latter settled the hotel bill and led the way to the station. Silently 'Gene followed him into the train and took a seat by his side.

It was not until the train drew into Bangor that there was any change in him. Then the noise and the bustle and the sight of many other people roused him. He felt an insane desire to get away from himself. While alone in his room, this hadn't seemed possible. He had felt caged, imprisoned within himself. He glanced furtively at Nat, but the latter was too deep in his own thoughts to notice.

At the station they found that the train to St. Croix would not leave for two hours.

"Let's go down town," suggested Nat. "I want to get something to take home to the kid."

With the blood in his face, his eyes burning as though with fever, 'Gene followed. They went into a toy-store and there Nat bought an armful of dolls and tiny carts and gayly colored balls. 'Gene watched him in a daze. It was he who by rights should have been buying those things. He saw as in a vision those chubby hands reaching out to grasp the toys, and his throat grew tight and hot.

From there they went into a clothing

store, and here Nat bought recklessly. The salesman had only to show him a cap or a pair of tiny shoes or a dress in order to make a sale. Nat laughed as he bought, and without asking the price reached down into his pocket and brought out bills by the handful.

'Gene fumbled at the bills in his own pocket. They burned his fingers. He sought the door for air. Then he stepped out upon the sidewalk, and before he knew it found himself carried on by the crowd. He quickened his pace. Once beyond the direct influence of his brother, 'Gene felt as in a panic. He didn't know where he was going; he didn't care. He wanted to get away from the memory of those dolls and dainty caps; he wanted to get away from the memory of everything. He turned down a side street, and as he did so he saw a man bolt through a pair of swinging green doors. He found himself before a bar.

"Whiskey," he ordered.

The hot liquid burned his throat as he poured it down, but he liked it. He drank another glass and then another. It sent the blood to his brain and quickened his thoughts. In another few minutes it had made a man of him again. Once again he felt the old power in his arms; once again he dreamed his old dreams. He had thought that never could he face Nat again, and now — why he could batter down a dozen men his size. An inspiration seized him; he would find Nat and beat him where he found him. He would take the train back to Hio and seize the child. It was his child. He had a right to his own. He would take the kid off to Boston. He could get a job there. He must find this man.

He strutted out of the bar-room to the street. There was nothing to show the liquor in him. He walked steadily and was dizzily clear-headed. He hardly felt the walk beneath his feet. The noise and the colors of the passers-by came to him as from a distance. So he wandered aimlessly up one street and down another, peering into the face of every man he met.

He wondered why they grinned back at him. This didn't irritate him, but it seemed queer.

Then he met a woman. She had passed him twice and had followed him for a block or more. She was a pathetic, wan creature, trying hard to preserve a youth which was fast fading before her own eyes. Her bonnet was too young for her cheeks, her ribbons too young for her eyes, her dress too young for her body. As 'Gene paused at a corner, she brushed by him and then turned to laugh. At first it had been a forced laugh, but as she caught a fair look at his handsome ruddy face, handsome though scarred in several places, her eyes so brightened that the laugh sounded genuine.

"Did you speak?" she asked.

The first effects of the liquor after his long walk had by now left him. He was no longer possessed by his original idea, but he was still in a genial mood.

"I dunno," he answered good-naturedly. "What's your name?"

"Marie," she replied. "Seems though I'd met you somewhere."

"P'r'aps now ye did," he admitted.

"My name's 'Gene. Where ye goin'?"

"Nowhere partic'lar."

She turned hereyes modestly towards her feet. They were trim little feet — quite the trimmest feature about her.

"I'm feelin' kind of lonesome."

"I'm a stranger myself," he confessed.

She became bolder.

"If you want to come along, I know where we can find something to cheer us up."

"Lead the way," he invited.

"Follow behind," she instructed. "Pretend you don't know me."

She tripped ahead of him, and he followed. They turned this way and that until finally she brought up before a block of houses. She hurried up a flight of steps and opening a door held it for him to pass in. In another minute he found himself in a tawdrily furnished room and sank down in a comfortable easy-chair. She placed two glasses on a small table before

him and proceeded to fill them with whiskey.

"Here's how?" she said, lifting her own.

"How," he nodded.

So the pitiful tragedy began. As the girl listened to his loosened tongue, she forgot the treacherous part she had been assigned to play. He talked marvelously of adventures at sea, of daring exploits in foreign ports, of hairbreadth escapes in the jungle. His imagination had never been more nimble. It flushed his cheeks and brightened his eyes and gave a brave poise to his shoulders. It made him a very handsome figure of a man.

Then his talk suddenly shifted. She was wearing a pin bearing on its face the photograph of a child. His eye caught it.

"Yourn?" he asked.

She covered the picture with her hand and shrank away from him. He did not notice this, but ran on about his own.

"I've got a boy," he said. "I'm on my way back to him now."

For a moment the path lay clear before him. Nat did not figure as an obstacle at all. 'Gene voiced here before this woman every dream he had dreamed this winter. His voice grew gentle and tender as he rambled on about the youngster and the great things he was going to do with him. He relished the opportunity to put these fancies into words, to hear his own voice expressing them.

When he reached again for more whiskey, he saw the girl in tears. Her hand was upon the bottle before him. She was leaning over the table.

"See here," she called. "Get out o' here. Get back to your kid with your money."

"Let's drink to the kid," he suggested.

But she swept the bottle to the floor and rose to her feet.

"Listen," she called earnestly. "Get out of here now. You've had enough, and in a minute it'll be too late."

With startled eyes she faced the door. It was already too late. The

door opened, and a man, thick-shouldered, evil-eyed, entered. At sight of 'Gene he leaped forward in mock rage. It was the old, old game; 'Gene must pay big to the irate husband to escape the consequences of this compromising position. 'Gene listened to the man's tirade without understanding more than that the fellow wanted his three hundred dollars. He sought the girl, who had crowded herself into a corner of the room, her hands over her face.

"We were only drinkin' together. She'll tell ye," he faltered.

"She will, will she? I know what I've seen, don't I? Hand over what ye have or you can tell your story to the police."

There was too much liquor in 'Gene's brain to let him think clearly. But the girl had lowered her hands. She shook her head at him. He saw again the pin on her breast. He remembered then what she had told him to do with that money. She was right. He must get it back to the boy. It was the boy's money. Once more the old strength returned to his arms and he flung himself forward upon the man. The latter sank to the floor, but at this point the door opened and two others entered. The girl screamed a warning to 'Gene, and he made his feet. Then he fought the three and bore them back out of the door and into the hall. So he would have beaten his way into the street had it not been for the knife. Some one produced it and struck three times. As he fell, the outside door opened and he was thrust out upon the sidewalk. Then one of the thugs fumbled for his pockets, but it was Marie who frightened him off.

"*Mon Dieu*," she cried. "He is the only man among you. Let him alone."

When 'Gene recovered consciousness he was lying on a narrow white bed in the hospital. An officer was bending over him as though watching for just this flicker of returning life.

"What's your name?" he asked hurriedly.

"'Gene Page."

"Home?"

"St. Croix."

"Anything ye want to say afore —"

"The money's for the boy," answered 'Gene Page.

Then something happened inside of him and he writhed a moment, and that was the end of his life.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE END OF IT ALL

WHEN Nat Page looked around and found his brother missing, he was not greatly disturbed. He understood how little interest 'Gene must take in an expedition of this sort, and concluded that tiring of it he had made his way back to the station alone. He himself continued down the street, still looking for more things to purchase. He gave up only when he could find nothing which seemed even remotely suitable for a baby. Yet he was by no means satisfied. He had a pocket full of bills left that he wanted to spend for the sheer joy of spending it on the lad. He passed a millinery store filled with pretty ribbons and laces for women. He paused here, for a second finding a new temptation. These trifles would do for Julie. That bit of ribbon would look well in her hair, that collar seemed made for her neck. Then there were dainty handkerchiefs that matched her own daintiness. In fact, every exquisite thing in the store looked as though it had been made for her and her alone. He had almost entered when he forced himself back, with his jaws hard set. He had no right to buy for her. That pleasure was for 'Gene alone. He glared down the street in search of the man. With his winter's pay in his pocket, 'Gene ought to go home laden with gifts for his wife. Queer 'Gene hadn't thought of doing this when they had started out together! He felt again the old domineering instinct; felt again personally responsible for 'Gene's thoughtlessness. Then he remembered all that he had worked out during this last week and went on about his own business. Perhaps, after all, this was just what 'Gene was

now doing. Perhaps he had gone off to buy presents for Julie.

Nat came back to the station, but when the train for St. Croix pulled in his brother was still nowhere to be seen. For a moment he hesitated and then reluctantly resolved to wait over for him. 'Gene, in the excitement of shopping for Julie, might have lost track of the time. He piled up his bundles on a seat in the waiting-room and went out for a bite to eat. When he came from the dining-room he bought one of the extras which the newsboys were shouting up and down the station. It seemed that some one had been murdered. As he glanced carelessly at the headlines, a name leaped out at him like a tongue of flame. It scorched his eyes for a moment so that he could not read on. He blinked at the people around him, as though expecting them to rush forward with an explanation. No one moved; no one cared. And yet 'Gene was dead! But ghastly as this crude fact in itself was, it wasn't 'Gene's white face that flashed before him now; it was Julie's. He saw her pale but steady, big-eyed but firm-lipped. He saw the agony reflected in her big dumb eyes. 'Gene was dead, but the greater tragedy was that 'Gene was dead to her. He had pictured her glad welcome to 'Gene, and now some one must go back and tell her that he would not come — that 'Gene never would come again. The man who had fought so hard for her was dead.

He forced himself back to the paper and staggered through the rest of the story. He had been confounded by the climax of the tragedy, but as he read the details he was dazed. He couldn't understand this. 'Gene had been lured into the apartments of a woman who was a stranger to him. She had confessed that it was all a cold-blooded conspiracy to rob the lumberman, but nevertheless 'Gene in the first place had followed her. That was the shameful, brutal heart of the matter. On his way home to Julie, 'Gene had followed another! In the end he had fought hard to

escape, it had taken three of them and a knife to kill him, but what of the beginning?

For one moment Nat saw red, and the next he felt like slinking out of sight. If 'Gene had died in this way a year ago, it would have been no more than he expected; if six months ago it had happened, he would not have been greatly surprised. But coming after 'Gene had the love of Julie to strengthen him, coming after this love really had strengthened him and made a man of him, why, it seemed like some hideous accident for which the boy was not responsible.

So he stood for a moment trying to force into the noisome tragedy some decent explanation, always with the eyes of Julie before him pleading, pleading, pleading. Then he saw quite clearly that explanations didn't matter. They mustn't matter. He must go farther back than this end. The 'Gene he must restore to Julie was the 'Gene who had stood in front of him on the sun-lighted pine knoll and had fought until his legs crumbled beneath him. The 'Gene he must bring back to Julie must be the 'Gene she had made her husband. He had done his best to find this man for her in the living 'Gene and had succeeded. His faith, based on the evidence of his own eyes, was not yet entirely shaken. He had seen the man fight as only a man can fight who loves and has the right to love. That was what had beaten him — 'Gene's right to love. It had beaten him in the end, though 'Gene had fallen at his feet. This victim of murderers was some other man, and yet even he had done his best towards the end. He must have been fighting for something besides himself to ward off four of them and save his money. 'Gene wouldn't have done that for himself alone or for the money alone.

'Gene had been murdered while defending his money and had fought well. That was all Julie must know. He would get 'Gene back ahead of the gossip, ahead of the papers.

He made his way out of the station,

forgetting the toys and little dresses he had left in the waiting-room, and stood on the curb staring blankly at the street. He didn't know how to go about what he had to do, but even out here Julie seemed to wait expectantly. A cabby came up.

"The City Hospital," Nat ordered.

At the hospital they were glad to see him in order to make the identification of the man complete. A ward tender escorted him down the long corridors and into an outer building of brick. He fitted a key into a cast-iron door, swung it open, and stepped into a cold cell-like room. There on a granite slab Nat saw a sheeted figure. It struck a chill to his heart. He turned aside as the orderly snapped back the covering.

"Here he is," the man called to him sharply, in a hurry to get away.

Nat turned and looked. He saw his brother's face. There was no trace of horror in it, nothing uncanny about it. It was as though the man were asleep. It was the face of a very young 'Gene, the face of the boy 'Gene. Nat stepped nearer. He caught his breath; it was even the face of the little child at home. It was unbelievable, but as he stared on the conviction grew. The forehead was the same; the eyes, closed as in sleep, the same; the mouth and chin and shape of the head the same. The mouth was graced with what seemed almost like a gentle smile, the smile of one sleeping with pleasant dreams. So the boy often slept.

"That the man?" demanded the ward tender.

"Yes," answered Nat. "That's 'Gene."

"Then there's an officer wants to see you," the ward tender answered, as he flicked the sheet back over the silent form.

Nat followed the man to the office. Officer Sunderland was there.

"Any one round here to identify you?" he asked in a businesslike voice.

"There's the First National Bank," answered Nat.

The two went over there, and this

formality over, the officer drew from his pocket a sealed envelope containing three hundred dollars.

"He said this was for the boy. They was his dying words," confided Officer Sunderland.

Nat seized the officer's arm in a grip that made the latter wince.

"You sure of that?" demanded Nat.

"Sure? Wasn't I bending right over him? 'The money's for the boy,' he said, kind of smiling. The boy meaning his kid, I take it. Anything queer 'bout that?"

Nat passed his hand over his forehead.

"No," he answered slowly, "I s'pose not, only — I reckon that it was the boy who made him fight, eh?"

"I dunno what it was, but he fought all right 'cordin' to what the girl says," answered the officer.

Nat turned away.

"You can have him soon's the inquest's over," the officer called after him.

That was not until next morning. In the meanwhile Nat neither telegraphed nor wrote. There didn't seem to be anything to say or anything more to be done until he stood face to face with Julie. Then — well, there wouldn't be very much to say even then. He didn't see that this new development made any difference. If the man were still living — It was well for 'Gene that he was not living. Dead, every fact was unalterably fixed for all eternity. Nothing could change them. No redress was possible. It was all over — ended. This seemed all the more reason for not disturbing the dreams of the living.

On the train back to St. Croix, Nat reviewed the evidence; there was the mother of the boy who confessed that she knew 'Gene; there was the fact that she had given 'Gene's name to her son; there was 'Gene's peculiar conduct at the funeral and afterwards; there was the physical resemblance which was more than striking; there were 'Gene's last words and his last request. There was no escape from the conclusion.

Nat found that the news had preceded him to St. Croix. The villagers stood about in groups and watched him with curious interest as he strode past them. He made his arrangements with the local undertaker and hurried on to the home of Silas Moulton. The latter met him at the door.

"It's all ture?" Silas demanded.

"Yes," answered Nat.

"Then he's dead — gone?"

"Yes," answered Nat.

"Thank God," exclaimed the father of Julie Moulton.

He drew out his handkerchief and wiped his hands, as though he had rid himself of an unclean thing.

"Does Julie know?" asked Nat.

"She knows the man's dead," answered Silas grimly. "That's all — so far. I've kept the papers away from her."

"Good," nodded Nat.

When Julie came into the room, she walked towards Nat with her hand outstretched. She was very pale but quite calm. There were no tears in her eyes and her voice was steady.

"I'm glad you're here, Nat," she said.

He took her hand and held it firmly.

"Your father said he told you," he began. "And — I'm sorry for ye, Julie."

"Nat," she said, "you needn't make up any more stories. It's over now. And, after all, this end doesn't count for any more than it is the end. I knew long before that."

"Knew what?" he gasped.

"I knew that the good in him was the good in you — that there was no other good in him," she answered slowly.

He met her eyes, but he couldn't face them long. She checked the speech that was upon his lips with a wave of her hand.

"I knew long ago that he came home because you made him come home," she ran on. "And the little presents — they pleased me at first, but, oh, it was all such a pitiful farce."

Her lips began to tremble, but she took a fresh grip on herself.

"I've lost my youth, Nat. I'm an old woman now."

"Julie! Julie!" he cried. "Then I'll make ye young again. Come with me — come back to the house that's been waitin' for ye."

Though she resisted, he took her in his arms; though she sobbed a protest, he would not listen. So for a moment she suffered her head to rest on his shoulder. But even in that moment the mock years that burdened her shoulders disappeared and were as though they had never been. Nat was talking softly to her — gentle nothings that were like caresses. It would have been very easy for her to have rested there forever. But gently, sadly, she freed herself from his strong arms.

"I mustn't," she whispered.

"Mustn't what?" he asked in astonishment.

"You don't understand," she ran on excitedly. "Once you — you offered me your best when I had my best to give you. And I wouldn't take it. I was blind. I was blind and stupid, thinking I saw that best somewhere else. And I was selfish. And all the while I wanted just you. Only because I was blind I couldn't see that it was you."

But he took her in his strong arms and gently pressed back her head so that he could look fair into her dark eyes.

"Julie," he finished for her, "if ye can't come to me, then all I can do is to take ye by main force."

"Nat, Nat," she cried, "you don't understand."

"Yes," he answered, "I reckon I understand now."

Still she struggled. But he didn't say any more. He patted her gently as he might soothe a startled fawn with a murmured —

"So. So."

Then, after a moment, she didn't struggle any more.

THE END.



